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THE LION'S HEAD.

We are not often in the habit of eulogizing our own work,—but we cannot neglect the opportunity which the following explanatory note gives us of calling the attention of our readers to the deep, eloquent, and masterly paper which stands first in our present Number. Such Confessions, so powerfully uttered, cannot fail to do more than interest the reader. We give the following chronological explanation in the author's own words, and at his request,—

NOTICE TO THE READER :—The incidents recorded in the Preliminary Confessions already published, lie within a period of which the earlier extreme is now rather more, and the latter extreme less, than nineteen years ago : consequently, in a popular way of computing dates, many of the incidents might be indifferently referred to a distance of eighteen or of nineteen years ; and, as the notes and memoranda for this narrative were drawn up originally about last Christmas, it seemed most natural in all cases to prefer the former date. In the hurry of composing the narrative, though some months had then elapsed, this date was every where retained : and, in many cases, perhaps, it leads to no error, or to none of importance. But in one instance, viz. where the author speaks of his own birthday, this adoption of one uniform date has led to a positive inaccuracy of an entire year : for, during the very time of composition, the *nineteenth* year from the earlier term of the whole period revolved to its close. It is, therefore, judged proper to mention, that the period of that narrative lies between the early part of July, 1802, and the beginning or middle of March, 1803.

We are still prevented from giving the 2d Number of the *Lives of the Poets*, owing to the absence of the author, who is at present on the Continent. We have every reason to expect his return in time to enable us to continue this interesting Series in our next Number, or in the one immediately succeeding.—In the meanwhile, we are enabled to promise a Second Letter from Mr. Edward Herbert, on *Greenwich Hospital*, with the prospect of others (addressed to the Family of the Powells) descriptive of Scenes in London, which our readers may feel interested in witnessing. Mr. Herbert appears to be a country gentleman of considerable curiosity, and his London Researches have led him into strange places, and have made him familiar with strange customs.

The Letters of T. T. T. and The Theban touch the Heart of Lion's Head. The feeling, temperate, and sensible spirit in which they are written, speaks eloquently for the minds of the writers, and we almost grieve at the severity which marked our rejection of their offers. They will, we are sure, properly estimate our present respect for their gentlemanly and intelligent acknowledgments of the justice of our rebukes.

The two little Poems found amongst the papers of a deceased young Lady, could never have been intended by the Authoress for publication. They are very pretty portfolio reading ; but printing would destroy them.

* * —No.

Sonnet to Autumn.—"Have not we seen that line before, Mr. Puff?"—The other Sonnet on the Anvil may as well not be hammered into shape. Venus has two dimples.

The writer of "the following Lines" (which do *not* follow) has sent us his "*second* thoughts," which rather too closely resemble the *first* thoughts of some other Author. The verses that "are lighter" are sadly heavy. We should conceive from this specimen, that the Author had more power over tears than smiles. He might make a water-man; he is no *lighter*-man.

We are compelled to announce to E. R. that "the Storm" is blown over. The Broken Heart should certainly have a place in our pages, if we thought it would give pleasure either to the writer or to the public; but we are quite sure that its appearance in print would make more broken hearts than one.

We do not see any vast objection to the Sonnet of J. J. W.; it is as innocent as Sonnets generally are. But we have a word or two to say to this writer, on the subject of his "Russian Flower Girl, a simple Tale." Can the Author be serious in his wish that we should print it? A more painful and immoral rhapsody we never remember to have encountered from the most bewildered brain of the most bewildered novelist. J. J. W. will do well to write decently, if he cannot write ably.

The Stanzas of H. D. are very promising, if the Author be really young. But if he has reached twenty, we recommend him to cut the rhymes from his sonnets, and make essays of them.

The Streamlet is beautifully *written*. We were tempted to exclaim with Sir Roger de Coverley, "What a remarkably handsome hand!" By the bye, Mr. Carstairs appears to have been drilling our contributors of late; the soul of Tomkins is abroad!

We are grieved to reject the last lays of a Poet, who chaunts his own elegy. If he is really a swan "singing as he dies," he

Will not want beneath his head
A downy pillow.

Let him

Put his head under his wing.

Lion's Head cannot see its way through L. L.'s "lines called *Night*." Were the Lion to put, as the writer requests, his "correcting hand" to them, L. L. would soon be induced to cry "*paws off!*"

Was G. asleep during the performance at the Haymarket which he affects to criticise? If not, we think he might as well have been so. The ability and the justice of his criticism are about upon a par.

We must also inform him that we *breed* our own critics.

There is another G. who addresses us, (for a very facetious reason,) "Dear Sir." Had all the lines been equal to the first one of his "Familiar Epistle," we should have been happy to avail ourselves of his contribution.

We are compelled to decline "One brief Remembrance of the Youthful Bard."

The papers from L——, and from Fitzroy Square, my Uncle John, &c. are received, and under consideration. *The Life*, by a Dublin Correspondent, is printed, for insertion.

We have received many other communications from Correspondents bespeaking or requiring our special lenity. We spare them accordingly, and thank them for their good *Intentions*.

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VOL. IV.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF A SCHOLAR.

PART II.

So then, Oxford-street, stony-hearted step-mother! thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee: the time was come at last that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces; no more should dream, and wake in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors, too many, to myself and Ann, have, doubtless, since then trodden in our footsteps—inheritors of our calamities: other orphans than Ann have sighed: tears have been shed by other children: and thou, Oxford-street, hast since, doubtless, echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts. For myself, however, the storm which I had outlived seemed to have been the pledge of a long fair-weather; the premature sufferings which I had paid down, to have been accepted as a ransom for many years to come, as a price of long immunity from sorrow: and if again I walked in London, a solitary and contemplative man (as oftentimes I did), I walked for the most part in serenity and peace of mind. And, although it is true that the calamities of my noviciate in London had struck root so deeply in my bodily constitution that afterwards they shot up and flourished afresh, and grew into a noxious umbrage that has overshadowed and darkened my latter years, yet these second assaults of suffering

were met with a fortitude more confirmed, with the resources of a maturer intellect, and with alleviations from sympathising affection—how deep and tender!

Thus, however, with whatsoever alleviations, years that were far asunder were bound together by subtle links of suffering derived from a common root. And herein I notice an instance of the short-sightedness of human desires, that oftentimes on moonlight nights, during my first mournful abode in London, my consolation was (if such it could be thought) to gaze from Oxford-street up every avenue in succession which pierces through the heart of Marylebone to the fields and the woods; for *that*, said I, travelling with my eyes up the long vistas which lay part in light and part in shade, "*that* is the road to the North, and therefore to ———, and if I had the wings of a dove, *that* way I would fly for comfort." Thus I said, and thus I wished, in my blindness; yet, even in that very northern region it was, even in that very valley, nay, in that very house to which my erroneous wishes pointed, that this second birth of my sufferings began; and that they again threatened to besiege the citadel of life and hope. There it was, that for years I was persecuted by visions as ugly, and as ghastly phantoms as ever haunted the couch of an Orestes: and in

this unhappier than he, that sleep, which comes to all as a respite and a restoration, and to him especially, as a blessed* balm for his wounded heart and his haunted brain, visited me as my bitterest scourge. Thus blind was I in my desires; yet, if a veil interposes between the dim-sightedness of man and his future calamities, the same veil hides from him their alleviations; and a grief which had not been feared is met by consolations which had not been hoped. I, therefore, who participated, as it were, in the troubles of Orestes (excepting only in his agitated conscience), participated no less in all his supports: my Eumenides, like his, were at my bed-feet, and stared in upon me through the curtains: but, watching by my pillow, or defrauding herself of sleep to bear me company through the heavy watches of the night, sate my Electra: for thou, beloved M., dear companion of my later years, thou wast my Electra! and neither in nobility of mind nor in long-suffering affection, wouldst permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. For thou thoughtst not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to servile† ministrations of tenderest affection;—to wipe away for years the unwholesome dew upon the forehead, or to refresh the lips when parched and baked with fever; nor, even when thy own peaceful slumbers had by long sympathy become infected with the spectacle of my dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies that oftentimes bade me “sleep no more!”—not even then, didst thou utter a complaint or any murmur, nor withdraw thy angelic smiles, nor shrink from thy service of love more than Electra did of old. For she too, though she was a Grecian woman, and the daughter of the king‡ of men, yet wept sometimes, and hid her face§ in her robe.

But these troubles are past: and thou wilt read these records of a period so dolorous to us both as the legend of some hideous dream that can return no more. Meantime, I am again in London: and again I pace the terraces of Oxford-street by night: and oftentimes, when I am oppressed by anxieties that demand all my philosophy and the comfort of thy presence to support, and yet remember that I am separated from thee by three hundred miles, and the length of three dreary months,—I look up the streets that run northwards from Oxford-street, upon moonlight nights, and recollect my youthful ejaculation of anguish;—and remembering that thou art sitting alone in that same valley, and mistress of that very house to which my heart turned in its blindness nineteen years ago, I think that, though blind indeed, and scattered to the winds of late, the promptings of my heart may yet have had reference to a remoter time, and may be justified if read in another meaning:—and, if I could allow myself to descend again to the impotent wishes of childhood, I should again say to myself, as I look to the north, “Oh, that I had the wings of a dove—” and with how just a confidence in thy good and gracious nature might I add the other half of my early ejaculation—“And that way I would fly for comfort.”

THE PLEASURES OF OPIUM.

It is so long since I first took opium, that if it had been a trifling incident in my life, I might have forgotten its date: but cardinal events are not to be forgotten; and from circumstances connected with it, I remember that it must be referred to the autumn of 1804. During that season I was in London, having come thither for the first time since my entrance at college. And my introduction to opium arose in the following way. From an early age I had been accustomed to wash my

* Φίλον ὕπνῳ θελήγητρον ἐπικύρον νοση.

† ἤδη δαλευμα. Eurip. Orest.

‡ ἀναξάνδρον Ἀγαμέμνον.

§ ὄμμα θύο' εἰσω πεπλαν. The scholar will know that throughout this passage I refer to the early scenes of the Orestes; one of the most beautiful exhibitions of the domestic affections which even the dramas of Euripides can furnish. To the English reader, it may be necessary to say, that the situation at the opening of the drama is that of a brother attended only by his sister during the demoniacal possession of a suffering conscience (or, in the mythology of the play, haunted by the furies), and in circumstances of immediate danger from enemies, and of desertion or cold regard from nominal friends.

head in cold water at least once a day: being suddenly seized with tooth-ache, I attributed it to some relaxation caused by an accidental intermission of that practice; jumped out of bed; plunged my head into a basin of cold water; and with hair thus wetted went to sleep. The next morning, as I need hardly say, I awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face, from which I had hardly any respite for about twenty days. On the twenty-first day, I think it was, and on a Sunday, that I went out into the streets; rather to run away, if possible, from my torments, than with any distinct purpose. By accident I met a college acquaintance who recommended opium. Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had of manna or of Ambrosia, but no further: how unmeaning a sound was it at that time! what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest circumstances connected with the place and the time, and the man (if man he was) that first laid open to me the Paradise of Opium-eaters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless: and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford-street; and near "the stately Pantheon," (as Mr. Wordsworth has obligingly called it) I saw a druggist's shop. The druggist—unconscious minister of celestial pleasures!—as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a Sunday: and, when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do: and furthermore, out of my shilling, returned me what seem-

ed to be real copper halfpence, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, in spite of such indications of humanity, he has ever since existed in my mind as the beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself. And it confirms me in this way of considering him, that, when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not: and thus to me, who knew not his name (if indeed he had one) he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford-street than to have removed in any bodily fashion. The reader may choose to think of him as, possibly, no more than a sublunary druggist: it may be so: but my faith is better: I believe him to have evanesced,* or evaporated. So unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature, that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug.

Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking: and, what I took, I took under every disadvantage. But I took it:—and in an hour, oh! Heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished, was now a trifle in my eyes:—this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me—in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea—a *φάρμακον νήπιον* for all human woes: here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered: happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket: portable ecstasies might be had corked

* *Evanesced*:—this way of going off the stage of life appears to have been well known in the 17th century, but at that time to have been considered a peculiar privilege of blood-royal, and by no means to be allowed to druggists. For about the year 1686, a poet of rather ominous name (and who, by the bye, did ample justice to his name), viz. Mr. *Flat-man*, in speaking of the death of Charles II. expresses his surprise that any prince should commit so absurd an act as dying; because, says he,

Kings should disdain to die, and only *disappear*.

They should *abscond*, that is, into the other world.

up in a pint bottle: and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail coach. But, if I talk in this way, the reader will think I am laughing: and I can assure him, that nobody will laugh long who deals much with opium: its pleasures even are of a grave and solemn complexion; and in his happiest state, the opium-eater cannot present himself in the character of *l'Allegro*: even then, he speaks and thinks as becomes *Il Penseroso*. Nevertheless, I have a very reprehensible way of jesting at times in the midst of my own misery: and, unless when I am checked by some more powerful feelings, I am afraid I shall be guilty of this indecent practice even in these annals of suffering or enjoyment. The reader must allow a little to my infirm nature in this respect: and with a few indulgences of that sort, I shall endeavour to be as grave, if not drowsy, as fits a themelike opium, so anti-mercurial as it really is, and so drowsy as it is falsely reputed.

And, first, one word with respect to its bodily effects: for upon all that has been hitherto written on the subject of opium, whether by travellers in Turkey (who may plead their privilege of lying as an old immemorial right), or by professors of medicine, writing *ex cathedra*,—I have but one emphatic criticism to pronounce—Lies! lies! lies! I remember once, in passing a book-stall, to have caught these words from a page of some satiric author:—"By this time I became convinced that the London newspapers spoke truth at least twice a week, viz. on Tuesday and Saturday, and might safely be depended upon for—the list of bankrupts." In like manner, I do by no means deny that some truths have been delivered to the world in regard to opium: thus it has been repeatedly affirmed by the learned, that opium is a dusky brown in colour; and this, take notice, I grant: secondly, that it is rather dear; which also I grant: for in my time, East-India opium has been three guineas

a pound, and Turkey eight: and, thirdly, that if you eat a good deal of it, most probably you must—do what is particularly disagreeable to any man of regular habits, viz. die.* These weighty propositions are, all and singular, true: I cannot gainsay them: and truth ever was, and will be, commendable. But in these three theorems, I believe we have exhausted the stock of knowledge as yet accumulated by man on the subject of opium. And therefore, worthy doctors, as there seems to be room for further discoveries, stand aside, and allow me to come forward and lecture on this matter.

First, then, it is not so much affirmed as taken for granted, by all who ever mention opium, formally or incidentally, that it does, or can, produce intoxication. Now, reader, assure yourself, *meo periculo*, that no quantity of opium ever did, or could intoxicate. As to the tincture of opium (commonly called laudanum) that might certainly intoxicate if a man could bear to take enough of it; but why? because it contains so much proof spirit, and not because it contains so much opium. But crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol; and not in degree only incapable, but even in kind: it is not in the quantity of its effects merely, but in the quality, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting, and tending to a crisis, after which it declines: that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours: the first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute—the second, of chronic pleasure: the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this, that whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a proper manner), introduces amongst them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his

* Of this, however, the learned appear latterly to have doubted: for in a pirated edition of Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, which I once saw in the hands of a farmer's wife who was studying it for the benefit of her health, the Doctor was made to say—"Be particularly careful never to take above five-and-twenty ounces of laudanum at once; the true reading being probably five and twenty drops, which are held equal to about one grain of crude opium."

self-possession: opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness, and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker: opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive: and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections: but then, with this remarkable difference, that in the sudden developement of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation, there is always more or less of a maudlin character, which exposes it to the contempt of the by-stander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears—no mortal knows why: and the sensual creature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benigner feelings, incident to opium, is no febrile access, but a healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation of pain that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good. True it is, that even wine, up to a certain point, and with certain men, rather tends to exalt and to steady the intellect: I myself, who have never been a great wine-drinker, used to find that half a dozen glasses of wine advantageously affected the faculties—

brightened and intensified the consciousness—and gave to the mind a feeling of being “ponderibus librata suis:” and certainly it is most absurdly said, in popular language, of any man, that he is *disguised* in liquor: for, on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety; and it is when they are drinking (as some old gentleman says in Athenæus), that men *ἐαυτοῖς ἐμφανίζουσιν ὅτινες εἰσιν*—display themselves in their true complexion of character; which surely is not disguising themselves. But still, wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance; and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilize and to disperse the intellectual energies: whereas opium always seems to compose what had been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted. In short, to sum up all in one word, a man who is inebriated, or tending to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which calls up into supremacy the merely human, too often the brutal, part of his nature: but the opium-eater (I speak of him who is not suffering from any disease, or other remote effects of opium) feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity; and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect.

This is the doctrine of the true church on the subject of opium: of which church I acknowledge myself to be the only member—the alpha and the omega: but then it is to be recollected, that I speak from the ground of a large and profound personal experience: whereas most of the unscientific * authors who have at all treated of opium, and even of

* Amongst the great herd of travellers, &c. who show sufficiently by their stupidity that they never held any intercourse with opium, I must caution my reader specially against the brilliant author of “*Anastasis*.” This gentleman, whose wit would lead one to presume him an opium-eater, has made it impossible to consider him in that character from the grievous misrepresentation which he gives of its effects, at p. 215—17, of vol. I.—Upon consideration, it must appear such to the author himself: for, waiving the errors I have insisted on in the text, which (and others) are adopted in the fullest manner, he will himself admit, that an old gentleman “with a snow-white beard,” who eats “ample doses of opium,” and is yet able to deliver what is meant and received as very weighty counsel on the bad effects of that practice, is but an indifferent evidence that opium either kills people prematurely, or sends them into a mad-house. But, for my part, I see into this old gentleman and his motives: the fact is, he was enamoured of “the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug” which Anastasis carried about him; and no way of obtaining it so safe and so feasible occurred, as that of frightening its owner out of his wits (which, by the bye, are none of the strongest). This commentary throws a new light upon the case, and greatly improves it as a story: for the old gentleman’s speech, considered as a lecture on pharmacy, is highly absurd: but, considered as a hoax on Anastasis, it reads excellently.

those who have written expressly on the *materia medica*, make it evident, from the horror they express of it, that their experimental knowledge of its action is none at all. I will, however, candidly acknowledge that I have met with one person who bore evidence to its intoxicating power, such as staggered my own incredulity: for he was a surgeon, and had himself taken opium largely. I happened to say to him, that his enemies (as I had heard) charged him with talking nonsense on politics, and that his friends apologized for him, by suggesting that he was constantly in a state of intoxication from opium. Now the accusation, said I, is not *primâ facie*, and of necessity, an absurd one: but the defence is. To my surprise, however, he insisted that both his enemies and his friends were in the right: "I will maintain," said he, "that I *do* talk nonsense; and secondly, I will maintain that I do not talk nonsense upon principle, or with any view to profit, but solely and simply, said he, solely and simply,—solely and simply (repeating it three times over), because I am drunk with opium; and *that* daily." I replied that, as to the allegation of his enemies, as it seemed to be established upon such respectable testimony, seeing that the three parties concerned all agreed in it, it did not become me to question it; but the defence set up I must demur to. He proceeded to discuss the matter, and to lay down his reasons: but it seemed to me so impolite to pursue an argument which must have presumed a man mistaken in a point belonging to his own profession, that I did not press him even when his course of argument seemed open to objection: not to mention that a man who talks nonsense, even though "with no view to profit," is not altogether the most agreeable partner in a dispute, whether as opponent or respondent. I confess, however, that the authority of a surgeon, and one who was reputed a good one, may seem a weighty one to my prejudice: but still I must plead my experience, which was greater than his greatest by 7000 drops a day; and, though it was not possible to suppose a medical man unacquainted with the characteristic symptoms of vinous intoxication, it yet struck me that he might proceed

on a logical error of using the word intoxication with too great latitude, and extending it generically to all modes of nervous excitement, instead of restricting it as the expression for a specific sort of excitement, connected with certain diagnostics. Some people have maintained, in my hearing, that they had been drunk upon green tea: and a medical student in London, for whose knowledge in his profession I have reason to feel great respect, assured me, the other day, that a patient, in recovering from an illness, had got drunk on a beef-steak.

Having dwelt so much on this first and leading error, in respect to opium, I shall notice very briefly a second and a third; which are, that the elevation of spirits produced by opium is necessarily followed by a proportionate depression, and that the natural and even immediate consequence of opium is torpor and stagnation, animal and mental. The first of these errors I shall content myself with simply denying; assuring my reader, that for ten years, during which I took opium at intervals, the day succeeding to that on which I allowed myself this luxury was always a day of unusually good spirits.

With respect to the torpor supposed to follow, or rather (if we were to credit the numerous pictures of Turkish opium-eaters) to accompany the practice of opium-eating, I deny that also. Certainly, opium is classed under the head of narcotics; and some such effect it may produce in the end: but the primary effects of opium are always, and in the highest degree, to excite and stimulate the system: this first stage of its action always lasted with me, during my noviciate, for upwards of eight hours; so that it must be the fault of the opium-eater himself if he does not so time his exhibition of the dose (to speak medically) as that the whole weight of its narcotic influence may descend upon his sleep. Turkish opium-eaters, it seems, are absurd enough to sit, like so many equestrian statues, on logs of wood as stupid as themselves. But that the reader may judge of the degree in which opium is likely to stupify the faculties of an Englishman, I shall (by way of treating the question illustratively, rather than argumenta-

tively) describe the way in which I myself often passed an opium evening in London, during the period between 1804—1812. It will be seen, that at least opium did not move me to seek solitude, and much less to seek inactivity, or the torpid state of self-involution ascribed to the Turks. I give this account at the risk of being pronounced a crazy enthusiast or visionary: but I regard *that* little: I must desire my reader to bear in mind, that I was a hard student, and at severe studies for all the rest of my time: and certainly I had a right occasionally to relaxations as well as other people: these, however, I allowed myself but seldom.

The late Duke of — used to say, “Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk:” and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often, within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks: for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as I did afterwards) for “*a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar.*” No: as I have said, I seldom drank laudanum, at that time, more than once in three weeks: this was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this. In those days Grassini sang at the Opera: and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. I know not what may be the state of the Opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years, but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of public resort in London for passing an evening. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres: the orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and the absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were divine to hear: and when Grassini appeared in some in-

terlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache, at the tomb of Hector, &c. I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the Paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the Barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by the bye, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in *Twelfth Night*, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature: it is a passage in the *Religio Medici** of Sir T. Brown; and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so: it is by the re-action of the mind upon the notices of the ear, (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed: and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind generally, increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct out of the raw material of organic sound an elaborate intellectual pleasure. But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters: I can attach no ideas to them. Ideas! my good sir? there is no occasion for them: all that class of ideas, which can be available in such a case, has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes: it is sufficient to say, that a chorus, &c. of elaborate harmony, displayed before me, as in a piece of arras work, the whole of my past life—not, as if recalled by an act of

* I have not the book at this moment to consult: but I think the passage begins—
“And even that tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, in me strikes a deep fit of devotion,” &c.

memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music: no longer painful to dwell upon: but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction; and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women: for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians: and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld the traveller lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women; for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds: for such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.

These were my Opera pleasures: but another pleasure I had which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the Opera; for, at that time, Tuesday and Saturday were the regular Opera nights. On this subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader, not at all more so than Marinus in his life of Proclus, or many other biographers and auto-biographers of fair reputation. This pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What then was Saturday night to me more than any other night? I had no labours that I rested from; no wages to receive: what needed I to care for Saturday night, more than as it was a summons to hear Grassini? True, most logical reader: what you say is unanswerable. And yet so it was and is, that, whereas different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor, chiefly by sympathy, expressed in some shape or other, with their distresses and sorrows, I, at that time, was disposed to express my interest by sympathising with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of; more than I wished to remember: but the

pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their repose from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now Saturday night is the season for the chief, regular, and periodic return of rest to the poor: in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood: almost all Christendom rests from its labours. It is a rest introductory to another rest: and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always, on a Saturday night, as though I also were released from some yoke of labour, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, to which the poor resort on a Saturday night, for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of his children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent: but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, hope, and tranquillity. And taken generally, I must say, that, in this point at least, the poor are far more philosophic than the rich—that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils, or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties; and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which, if not always judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or expected to be so, or the quartern loaf a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were expected to fall, I was glad: yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of

consoling myself. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into a compliance with the master key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances: for an opium-eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes in my attempts to steer homewards, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and head-lands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, such enigmatical entries, and such sphynx's riddles of streets without thoroughfares, as must, I conceive, baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney-coachmen. I could almost have believed, at times, that I must be the first discoverer of some of these *terre incognite*, and doubted, whether they had yet been laid down in the modern charts of London. For all this, however, I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannized over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep, with the feeling of perplexities moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience.

Thus I have shown that opium does not, of necessity, produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me into markets and theatres. Yet, in candour, I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater, when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state, crowds become an oppression to him; music even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence, as indispensable conditions of those trances, or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much, and to observe too little, and who, upon my first entrance at college, was nearly falling into a deep melancholy, from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently

aware of the tendencies of my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them.—I was, indeed, like a person who, according to the old legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius: and the remedies I sought were to force myself into society, and to keep my understanding in continual activity upon matters of science. But for these remedies, I should certainly have become hypochondriacally melancholy. In after years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. And, at that time, I often fell into these reveries upon taking opium; and more than once it has happened to me, on a summer-night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could command a view of the great town of L—, at about the same distance, that I have sat, from sun-set to sun-rise, motionless, and without wishing to move.

I shall be charged with mysticism, Behmenism, quietism, &c. but *that* shall not alarm me. Sir H. Vane, the younger, was one of our wisest men: and let my readers see if he, in his philosophical works, be half as unmystical as I am.—I say, then, that it has often struck me that the scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of L— represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight, nor wholly forgotten. The ocean, in everlasting but gentle agitation, and brooded over by a dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then first I stood at a distance, and aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult, the fever, and the strife, were suspended; a respite granted from the secret burthens of the heart; a sabbath of repose; a resting from human labours. Here were the hopes which blossom in the paths of life, reconciled with the peace which is in the grave; motions of the intellect as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm: a tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms; infinite activities, infinite repose.

Oh! just, subtle, and mighty opi-

um! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for "the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric steal-est away the purposes of wrath; and to the guilty man, for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and to the proud man, a brief oblivion for

Wrongs unredress'd, and insults un-
venged;

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges:—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendour of Babylon and Hekatómpylos: and "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the "dishonours of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium!

INTRODUCTION TO THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

Courteous, and, I hope, indulgent reader (for all *my* readers must be indulgent ones, or else, I fear, I shall shock them too much to count on their courtesy), having accompanied me thus far, now let me request you to move onwards, for about eight years; that is to say, from 1804 (when I have said that my acquaintance with opium first began) to 1812. The years of academic life are now over and gone—almost forgotten:—the student's cap no longer presses my temples; if my cap exist at all, it presses those of some youthful scholar, I trust, as happy as myself, and as passionate a lover of knowledge. My gown is, by this time, I dare to say, in the same condition with many thousands of excellent books in the Bodleian, viz. diligently perused by certain studious moths and worms: or departed, however (which is all that I know of its fate), to that great reservoir of *somewhere*, to which all the tea-cups, tea-cad-

dies, tea-pots, tea-kettles, &c. have departed (not to speak of still frailer vessels, such as glasses, decanters, bed-makers, &c.) which occasional resemblances in the present generation of tea-cups, &c. remind me of having once possessed, but of whose departure and final fate I, in common with most gownsmen of either university, could give, I suspect, but an obscure and conjectural history. The persecutions of the chapel-bell, sounding its unwelcome summons to six o'clock matins, interrupts my slumbers no longer: the porter who rang it, upon whose beautiful nose (bronze, inlaid with copper) I wrote, in retaliation, so many Greek epigrams, whilst I was dressing, is dead, and has ceased to disturb any body: and I, and many others, who suffered much from his tintinnabulous propensities, have now agreed to overlook his errors, and have forgiven him. Even with the bell I am now in charity: it rings, I suppose, as formerly, thrice a-day: and cruelly annoys, I doubt not, many worthy gentlemen, and disturbs their peace of mind: but as to me, in this year 1812, I regard its treacherous voice no longer (treacherous, I call it, for, by some refinement of malice, it spoke in as sweet and silvery tones as if it had been inviting one to a party): its tones have no longer, indeed, power to reach me, let the wind sit as favourable as the malice of the bell itself could wish: for I am 250 miles away from it, and buried in the depth of mountains. And what am I doing amongst the mountains? Taking opium. Yes, but what else? Why, reader, in 1812, the year we are now arrived at, as well as for some years previous, I have been chiefly studying German metaphysics, in the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, &c. And how, and in what manner, do I live? in short, what class or description of men do I belong to? I am at this period, viz. in 1812, living in a cottage; and with a single female servant (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), who, amongst my neighbours, passes by the name of my "house-keeper." And, as a scholar and a man of learned education, and in that sense a gentleman, I may presume to class myself as an unworthy member of that in-

definite body called *gentlemen*. Partly on the ground I have assigned, perhaps; partly because, from my having no visible calling or business, it is rightly judged that I must be living on my private fortune; I am so classed by my neighbours: and, by the courtesy of modern England, I am usually addressed on letters, &c. *esquire*, though having, I fear, in the rigorous construction of heralds, but slender pretensions to that distinguished honour: yes, in popular estimation, I am X. Y. Z., *esquire*, but not Justice of the Peace, nor Custos Rotulorum. Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium? On Saturday nights. And, perhaps, have taken it unblushingly ever since "the rainy Sunday," and "the stately Pantheon," and "the beatific druggist" of 1804?—Even so. And how do I find my health after all this opium-eating? in short, how do I do? Why, pretty well, I thank you, reader: in the phrase of ladies in the straw, "as well as can be expected." In fact, if I dared to say the real and simple truth, though, to satisfy the theories of medical men, I *ought* to be ill, I never was better in my life than in the spring of 1812; and I hope sincerely, that the quantity of claret, port, or "particular Madeira," which, in all probability, you, good reader, have taken, and design to take, for every term of eight years, during your natural life, may as little disorder your health as mine was disordered by the opium I had taken for the eight years, between 1804 and 1812. Hence you may see again the danger of taking any medical advice from *Anastasis*; in divinity, for aught I know, or law, he may be a safe counsellor; but not in medicine. No: it is far better to consult Dr. Buchan; as I did: for I never forgot that worthy man's excellent suggestion: and I was "particularly careful not to take above five-and-twenty ounces of laudanum." To this moderation and temperate use of the article, I may ascribe it, I suppose, that as yet, at least, (*i. e.* in 1812,) I am ignorant and unsuspicious of the avenging terrors which opium has in store for those who abuse its lenity. At the same time, it must

not be forgotten, that hitherto I have been only a dilettante eater of opium: eight years' practice even, with the single precaution of allowing sufficient intervals between every indulgence, has not been sufficient to make opium necessary to me as an article of daily diet. But now comes a different era. Move on, if you please, reader, to 1813. In the summer of the year we have just quitted, I had suffered much in bodily health from distress of mind connected with a very melancholy event. This event, being no ways related to the subject now before me, further than through the bodily illness which it produced, I need not more particularly notice. Whether this illness of 1812 had any share in that of 1813, I know not: but so it was, that in the latter year, I was attacked by a most appalling irritation of the stomach, in all respects the same as that which had caused me so much suffering in youth, and accompanied by a revival of all the old dreams. This is the point of my narrative on which, as respects my own self-justification, the whole of what follows may be said to hinge. And here I find myself in a perplexing dilemma:—Either, on the one hand, I must exhaust the reader's patience, by such a detail of my malady, and of my struggles with it, as might suffice to establish the fact of my inability to wrestle any longer with irritation and constant suffering: or, on the other hand, by passing lightly over this critical part of my story, I must forego the benefit of a stronger impression left on the mind of the reader, and must lay myself open to the misconstruction of having slipped by the easy and gradual steps of self-indulging persons, from the first to the final stage of opium-eating (a misconstruction to which there will be a lurking predisposition in most readers, from my previous acknowledgments.) This is the dilemma: the first horn of which would be sufficient to toss and gore any column of patient readers, though drawn up sixteen deep and constantly relieved by fresh men: consequently *that* is not to be thought of. It remains then, that I *postulate* so much as is necessary for my purpose. And let me take as full credit for what I postulate as if I had de-

monstrated it, good reader, at the expense of your patience and my own. Be not so ungenerous as to let me suffer in your good opinion through my own forbearance and regard for your comfort. No: believe all that I ask of you, viz. that I could resist no longer, believe it liberally, and as an act of grace: or else in mere prudence: for, if not, then in the next edition of my *Opium Confessions* revised and enlarged, I will make you believe and tremble: and *à force d'ennuyer*, by mere dint of pandiculation I will terrify all readers of mine from ever again questioning any postulate that I shall think fit to make.

This then, let me repeat, I postulate—that, at the time I began to take opium daily, I could not have done otherwise. Whether, indeed, afterwards I might not have succeeded in breaking off the habit, even when it seemed to me that all efforts would be unavailing, and whether many of the innumerable efforts which I *did* make, might not have been carried much further, and my gradual reconquests of ground lost might not have been followed up much more energetically—these are questions which I must decline. Perhaps I might make out a case of palliation; but, shall I speak ingenuously? I confess it, as a besetting infirmity of mine, that I am too much of an Eudæmonist: I hanker too much after a state of happiness, both for myself and others: I cannot face misery, whether my own or not, with an eye of sufficient firmness: and am little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit. On some other matters, I can agree with the gentlemen in the cotton-trade* at Manchester in affecting the Stoic philosophy: but not in this. Here I take the liberty of an Eclectic philosopher, and I look out for some courteous and considerate sect that will condescend more to the infirm condition of an opium-eater; that are ‘sweet men,’ as Chaucer says, ‘to give absolution,’ and will show some conscience in the penances

they inflict, and the efforts of abstinence they exact, from poor sinners like myself. An inhuman moralist I can no more endure in my nervous state than opium that has not been boiled. At any rate, he, who summons me to send out a large freight of self-denial and mortification upon any cruising voyage of moral improvement, must make it clear to my understanding that the concern is a hopeful one. At my time of life (six and thirty years of age) it cannot be supposed that I have much energy to spare: in fact, I find it all little enough for the intellectual labours I have on my hands: and, therefore, let no man expect to frighten me by a few hard words into embarking any part of it upon desperate adventures of morality.

Whether desperate or not, however, the issue of the struggle in 1813 was what I have mentioned; and from this date, the reader is to consider me as a regular and confirmed opium-eater, of whom to ask whether on any particular day he had or had not taken opium, would be to ask whether his lungs had performed respiration, or the heart fulfilled its functions.—You understand now, reader, what I am: and you are by this time aware, that no old gentleman, “with a snow-white beard,” will have any chance of persuading me to surrender “the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug.” No: I give notice to all, whether moralists or surgeons, that, whatever be their pretensions and skill in their respective lines of practice, they must not hope for any countenance from me, if they think to begin by any savage proposition for a Lent or Ramadan of abstinence from opium. This then being all fully understood between us, we shall in future sail before the wind. Now then, reader, from 1813, where all this time we have been sitting down and loitering—rise up, if you please, and walk forward about three years more. Now draw up the curtain, and you shall see me in a new character.

If any man, poor or rich, were to

* A handsome news-room, of which I was very politely made free in passing through Manchester by several gentlemen of that place, is called, I think, *The Porch*: whence I, who am a stranger in Manchester, inferred that the subscribers meant to profess themselves followers of Zeno. But I have been since assured that this is a mistake.

say that he would tell us what had been the happiest day in his life, and the why, and the wherefore, I suppose that we should all cry out--Hear him! Hear him!--As to the happiest day, that must be very difficult for any wise man to name: because any event, that could occupy so distinguished a place in a man's retrospect of his life, or be entitled to have shed a special felicity on any one day, ought to be of such an enduring character, as that (accidents apart) it should have continued to shed the same felicity, or one not distinguishably less, on many years together. To the happiest *lustrum*, however, or even to the happiest *year*, it may be allowed to any man to point without discountenance from wisdom. This year, in my case, reader, was the one which we have now reached; though it stood, I confess, as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character. It was a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewelers), set as it were, and insulated, in the gloom and cloudy melancholy of opium. Strange as it may sound, I had a little before this time descended suddenly, and without any considerable effort, from 320 grains of opium (i. e. eight* thousand drops of laudanum) per day, to forty grains, or one eighth part. Instantaneously, and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapours that I have seen roll away from the summits of mountains, drew off in one day (*νυχθημερον*); passed off with its murky banners as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by a spring tide—

That moveth altogether, if it move at all.

Now, then, I was again happy: I now took only 1000 drops of laudanum per day: and what was that? A latter spring had come to close up the season of youth: my brain performed its functions as healthily as

ever before: I read Kant again; and again I understood him, or fancied that I did. Again my feelings of pleasure expanded themselves to all around me: and if any man from Oxford or Cambridge, or from neither had been announced to me in my unpretending cottage, I should have welcomed him with as sumptuous a reception as so poor a man could offer. Whatever else was wanting to a wise man's happiness,—of laudanum I would have given him as much as he wished, and in a golden cup. And, by the way, now that I speak of giving laudanum away, I remember, about this time, a little incident, which I mention, because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture: but possibly he was on his road to a sea-port about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little: and, as it turned out, that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulph fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down: but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident,

* I here reckon twenty-five drops of laudanum as equivalent to one grain of opium, which, I believe, is the common estimate. However, as both may be considered variable quantities (the crude opium varying much in strength, and the tincture still more), I suppose that no infinitesimal accuracy can be had in such a calculation. Tea-spoons vary as much in size as opium in strength. Small ones hold about 100 drops: so that 8000 drops are about eighty times a tea-spoonful. The reader sees how much I kept within Dr. Buchan's indulgent allowance.

though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the Opera House, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark paneling: he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious looking Malay, was a little child from a neighbouring cottage who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (*madjoon*), which I have learnt from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the *Iliad*; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longi-

tude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbours: for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar: and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses: and I felt some alarm for the poor creature: but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality, by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No: there was clearly no help for it:—he took his leave: and for some days I felt anxious: but as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used* to opium: and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay (partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days) fastened afterwards upon my dreams, and brought other

* This, however, is not a necessary conclusion: the varieties of effect produced by opium on different constitutions are infinite. A London Magistrate (Harriott's *Struggles through Life*, vol. iii. p. 391, Third Edition), has recorded that, on the first occasion of his trying laudanum for the gout, he took *forty* drops, the next night *sixty*, and on the fifth night *eighty*, without any effect whatever: and this at an advanced age. I have an anecdote from a country surgeon, however, which sinks Mr. Harriott's case into a trifle; and in my projected medical treatise on opium, which I will publish, provided the College of Surgeons will pay me for enlightening their benighted understandings upon this subject, I will relate it: but it is far too good a story to be published gratis.

Malays with him worse than himself, that ran "a-muck" * at me, and led me into a world of troubles.—But to quit this episode, and to return to my intercalary year of happiness. I have said already, that on a subject so important to us all as happiness, we should listen with pleasure to any man's experience or experiments, even though he were but a plough-boy, who cannot be supposed to have ploughed very deep into such an intractable soil as that of human pains and pleasures, or to have conducted his researches upon any very enlightened principles. But I, who have taken happiness, both in a solid and a liquid shape, both boiled and unboiled, both East India and Turkey—who have conducted my experiments upon this interesting subject with a sort of galvanic battery—and have, for the general benefit of the world, inoculated myself, as it were, with the poison of 8000 drops of laudanum per day (just, for the same reason, as a French surgeon inoculated himself lately with cancer—an English one, twenty years ago, with plague—and a third, I know not of what nation, with hydrophobia),—I (it will be admitted) must surely know what happiness is, if any body does. And, therefore, I will here lay down an analysis of happiness; and as the most interesting mode of communicating it, I will give it, not didactically, but wrapt up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure. This done, I shall quit the subject of happiness altogether, and pass to a very different one—the *pains of opium*.

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, 18 miles from any town—no spacious valley, but about two miles long, by three quarters of a mile in average width; the benefit of which provision is, that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains

be real mountains, between 3 and 4000 feet high; and the cottage, a real cottage; not (as a witty author has it) "a cottage with a double coach-house:" let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering round the windows through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn—beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn—but winter, in his sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, and think it matter of congratulation that winter is going; or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm, of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford us. Surely every body is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fire-side: candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

And at the doors and windows seem to call,
As heav'n and earth they would together
mell;

Yet the least entrance find they none at all;
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in
massy hall.—*Castle of Indolence*.

All these are items in the description of a winter evening, which must surely be familiar to every body born in a high latitude. And it is evident, that most of these delicacies, like ice-cream, require a very low temperature of the atmosphere to produce them: they are fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement, in some way or other. I am not "*particular*," as people say, whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong, that (as Mr. — says) "you may lean your back against it like a post." I can put up even with rain, provided it rains cats and dogs: but

* See the common accounts in any Eastern traveller or voyager of the frantic excesses committed by Malays who have taken opium, or are reduced to desperation by ill luck at gambling.

something of the sort I must have: and, if I have it not, I think myself in a manner ill-used: for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter, in coals, and candles, and various privations that will occur even to gentlemen, if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No: a Canadian winter for my money: or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter night fully if it be much past St. Thomas's day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies to vernal appearances: no: it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine.—From the latter weeks of October to Christmas-eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray: for tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally of coarse nerves, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favourite beverage of the intellectual: and, for my part, I would have joined Dr. Johnson in a *bellum internecinum* against Jonas Hanway, or any other impious person, who should presume to disparage it.—But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter; and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained: but as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required, except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room: but, being contrived “a double debt to pay,” it is also, and more justly, termed the library; for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbours. Of these, I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it popu-

lous with books: and, furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture, plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And, near the fire, paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one such a stormy night,) place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray: and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot—eternal *à parte ante*, and *à parte post*; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four o'clock in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for oneself, paint me a lovely young woman, sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's:—But no, dear M., not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil. Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power: and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself—a picture of the Opium-eater, with his “little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug,” lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that*, though I would rather see the original: you may paint it, if you choose; but I apprise you, that no “little” receptacle would, even in 1816, answer *my* purpose, who was at a distance from the “stately Pantheon,” and all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No: you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a wine-decanter as possible. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-coloured laudanum: that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighbourhood; but, as to myself,—there I demur. I admit that, naturally, I ought to occupy the foreground of the picture; that being the hero of the piece, or (if you choose) the criminal at the bar, my body should be had into court. This seems reasonable: but why should I confess, on this point, to a painter? or why confess at all? If the public (into whose private ear I am confidentially whispering my confessions,

and not into any painter's) should chance to have framed some agreeable picture for itself, of the Opium-eater's exterior,—should have ascribed to him, romantically, an elegant person, or a handsome face, why should I barbarously tear from it so pleasing a delusion—pleasing both to the public and to me? No: paint me, if at all, according to your own fancy: and, as a painter's fancy should teem with beautiful creations, I cannot fail, in that way, to be a gainer. And now, reader, we have run through all the ten categories of my condition, as it stood about 1816—17: up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man: and the elements of that happiness I have endeavoured to place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar's library, in a cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening.

But now farewell—a long farewell to happiness—winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep! for more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these: I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes: for I have now to record

THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

—as when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and
eclipse. *Shelley's Revolt of Islam.*

Reader, who have thus far accompanied me, I must request your attention to a brief explanatory note on three points:

1. For several reasons, I have not been able to compose the notes for this part of my narrative into any regular and connected shape. I give the notes disjointed as I find them, or have now drawn them up from memory. Some of them point to their own date; some I have dated; and some are undated. Whenever it could answer my purpose to transplant them from the natural or chronological order, I have not scrupled to do so. Sometimes I speak in the present, sometimes in the past tense. Few of the notes, perhaps, were written exactly at the period of time to which they relate; but this can little affect their accuracy; as the impressions were such that they can never

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fade from my mind. Much has been omitted. I could not, without effort, constrain myself to the task of either recalling, or constructing into a regular narrative, the whole burthen of horrors which lies upon my brain. This feeling partly I plead in excuse, and partly that I am now in London, and am a helpless sort of person, who cannot even arrange his own papers without assistance; and I am separated from the hands which are wont to perform for me the offices of an amanuensis.

2. You will think, perhaps, that I am too confidential and communicative of my own private history. It may be so. But my way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humours, than much to consider who is listening to me; and, if I stop to consider what is proper to be said to this or that person, I shall soon come to doubt whether any part at all is proper. The fact is, I place myself at a distance of fifteen or twenty years ahead of this time, and suppose myself writing to those who will be interested about me hereafter; and wishing to have some record of a time, the entire history of which no one can know but myself, I do it as fully as I am able with the efforts I am now capable of making, because I know not whether I can ever find time to do it again.

3. It will occur to you often to ask, why did I not release myself from the horrors of opium, by leaving it off, or diminishing it? To this I must answer briefly: it might be supposed that I yielded to the fascinations of opium too easily; it cannot be supposed that any man can be charmed by its terrors. The reader may be sure, therefore, that I made attempts innumerable to reduce the quantity. I add, that those who witnessed the agonies of those attempts, and not myself, were the first to beg me to desist. But could not I have reduced it a drop a day, or by adding water, have bisected or trisected a drop? A thousand drops bisected would thus have taken nearly six years to reduce; and that way would certainly not have answered. But this is a common mistake of those who know nothing of opium experimentally; I appeal to those who do, whether it is not always found that down to a certain point it can be re-

duced with ease and even pleasure, but that, after that point, further reduction causes intense suffering. Yes, say many thoughtless persons, who know not what they are talking of, you will suffer a little low spirits and dejection for a few days. I answer, no; there is nothing like low spirits; on the contrary, the mere animal spirits are uncommonly raised: the pulse is improved: the health is better. It is not there that the suffering lies. It has no resemblance to the sufferings caused by renouncing wine. It is a state of mutterable irritation of stomach (which surely is not much like dejection), accompanied by intense perspirations, and feelings such as I shall not attempt to describe without more space at my command.

I shall now enter "*in medias res*," and shall anticipate, from a time when my opium pains might be said to be at their *acmé*, an account of their palsyng effects on the intellectual faculties.

My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read to myself with any pleasure, hardly with a moment's endurance. Yet I read aloud sometimes for the pleasure of others; because, reading is an accomplishment of mine; and, in the slang use of the word *accomplishment* as a superficial and ornamental attainment, almost the only one I possess: and formerly, if I had any vanity at all connected with any endowment or attainment of mine, it was with this; for I had observed that no accomplishment was so rare. Players are the worst readers of all: — reads vilely: and Mrs. —, who is so celebrated, can read nothing well but dramatic compositions: Milton she cannot read sufferably. People in general either read poetry without any passion at all, or else overstep the modesty of nature, and read not like scholars. Of late, if I have felt moved by any thing in books, it has been by the grand lamentations of Sampson Agonistes, or the great harmonies of the Satanic speeches in Paradise Regained, when read aloud by myself. A young lady sometimes comes and drinks tea with us: at her request and M.'s I now and then read W.—'s poems to them. (W. by the bye, is the only poet I ever met

who could read his own verses: often indeed he reads admirably.)

For nearly two years I believe that I read no book but one: and I owe it to the author, in discharge of a great debt of gratitude, to mention what that was. The sublimer and more passionate poets I still read, as I have said, by snatches, and occasionally. But my proper vocation, as I well knew, was the exercise of the analytic understanding. Now, for the most part, analytic studies are continuous, and not to be pursued by fits and starts, or fragmentary efforts. Mathematics, for instance, intellectual philosophy, &c. were all become insupportable to me; I shrunk from them with a sense of powerless and infantine feebleness that gave me an anguish the greater from remembering the time when I grappled with them to my own hourly delight; and for this further reason, because I had devoted the labour of my whole life, and had dedicated my intellect, blossoms and fruits, to the slow and elaborate toil of constructing one single work, to which I had presumed to give the title of an unfinished work of Spinoza's; viz. *De emendatione humani intellectus*. This was now lying locked up, as by frost, like any Spanish bridge or aqueduct, begun upon too great a scale for the resources of the architect; and, instead of surviving me as a monument of wishes at least, and aspirations, and a life of labour dedicated to the exaltation of human nature in that way in which God had best fitted me to promote so great an object, it was likely to stand a memorial to my children of hopes defeated, of baffled efforts, of materials uselessly accumulated, of foundations laid that were never to support a superstructure,—of the grief and the ruin of the architect. In this state of imbecility, I had, for amusement, turned my attention to political economy; my understanding, which formerly had been as active and restless as a hyena, could not, I suppose (so long as I lived at all) sink into utter lethargy; and political economy offers this advantage to a person in my state, that though it is eminently an organic science (no part, that is to say, but what acts on the whole, as the whole again re-acts on each part), yet the several parts

may be detached and contemplated singly. Great as was the prostration of my powers at this time, yet I could not forget my knowledge; and my understanding had been for too many years intimate with severe thinkers, with logic, and the great masters of knowledge, not to be aware of the utter feebleness of the main herd of modern economists. I had been led in 1811 to look into loads of books and pamphlets on many branches of economy; and, at my desire, M. sometimes read to me chapters from more recent works, or parts of parliamentary debates. I saw that these were generally the very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect; and that any man of sound head, and practised in wielding logic with a scholastic adroitness, might take up the whole academy of modern economists, and throttle them between heaven and earth with his finger and thumb, or bray their fungus heads to powder with a lady's fan. At length, in 1819, a friend in Edinburgh sent me down Mr. Ricardo's book: and recurring to my own prophetic anticipation of the advent of some legislator for this science, I said, before I had finished the first chapter, "Thou art the man!" Wonder and curiosity were emotions that had long been dead in me. Yet I wondered once more: I wondered at myself that I could once again be stimulated to the effort of reading: and much more I wondered at the book. Had this profound work been really written in England during the nineteenth century? Was it possible? I supposed thinking* had been extinct in England. Could it be that an Englishman, and he not in academic bowers, but oppressed by mercantile and senatorial cares, had accomplished what all the universities of Europe, and a century of thought, had failed even to advance by one hair's breadth? All other writers had been crushed and overlaid by the enormous weight of facts and documents; Mr. Ricardo had deduced, *à priori*, from the understanding itself, laws which first

gave a ray of light into the unwieldy chaos of materials, and had constructed what had been but a collection of tentative discussions into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis.

Thus did one single work of a profound understanding avail to give me a pleasure and an activity which I had not known for years:—it roused me even to write, or, at least, to dictate, what M. wrote for me. It seemed to me, that some important truths had escaped even "the inevitable eye" of Mr. Ricardo: and, as these were, for the most part, of such a nature that I could express or illustrate them more briefly and elegantly by algebraic symbols than in the usual clumsy and loitering diction of economists, the whole would not have filled a pocket-book; and being so brief, with M. for my amanuensis, even at this time, incapable as I was of all general exertion, I drew up my *Prolegomena to all future Systems of Political Economy*. I hope it will not be found redolent of opium; though, indeed, to most people, the subject itself is a sufficient opiate.

This exertion, however, was but a temporary flash; as the sequel showed—for I designed to publish my work: arrangements were made at a provincial press, about eighteen miles distant, for printing it. An additional compositor was retained, for some days, on this account. The work was even twice advertised: and I was, in a manner, pledged to the fulfilment of my intention. But I had a preface to write; and a dedication, which I wished to make a splendid one, to Mr. Ricardo. I found myself quite unable to accomplish all this. The arrangements were countermanded: the compositor dismissed: and my "Prolegomena" rested peacefully by the side of its elder and more dignified brother.

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor, in terms that apply, more or less, to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium.

* The reader must remember what I here mean by *thinking*: because, else this would be a very presumptuous expression. England, of late, has been rich to excess in fine thinkers, in the departments of creative and combining thought; but there is a sad dearth of masculine thinkers in any analytic path. A Scotchman of eminent name has lately told us, that he is obliged to quit even mathematics, for want of encouragement.

But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself to write a letter; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish; and often *that* not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing table. Without the aid of M. all records of bills paid, or *to be* paid, must have perished: and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of Political Economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion.—I shall not afterwards allude to this part of the case: it is one, however, which the opium-eater will find, in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day's appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities, or aspirations: he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and night-mare: he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love:—he curses the spells which chain him down from motion:—he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the re-awakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that

many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms; in some, that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary, or a semi-voluntary power to dismiss or to summon them; or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come, when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions, as a Roman centurion over his soldiers.—In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before *Œdipus* or *Priam*—before *Tyre*—before *Memphis*. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendour. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:

1. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as *Midas* turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

2. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly in-

communicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* re-ascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at last to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and in the end, the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c. were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived: I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings. I *recognised* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true; viz. that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of

this at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil—and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact; and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom, I confess, that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians: and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus*; especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say, that the words king—sultan—regent, &c. or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, viz. the period of the Parliamentary War, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And

I heard it said, or I said to myself, "these are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and the daughters of those who met in peace, and sate at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship."—The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries.—This pageant would suddenly dissolve: and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*: and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalugmos* of the Roman legions.

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's *Antiquities of Rome*, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his *Dreams*, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls: on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, &c. &c. expressive of enormous power put forth, and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceived a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself: follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it come to a sudden abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose, at least, that his labours must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher: on which again Piranesi is perceived, but this time

standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is beheld: and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labours: and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall.—With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendours of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural: and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep:

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end!
Fabric it seem'd of diamond, and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless
fronts

Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been
wrought

Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves,
And mountain-steeps and summits, where—
unto

The vapours had receded,—taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky. &c. &c.

The sublime circumstance—"battlements that on their *restless* fronts bore stars,"—might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred.—We hear it reported of Dryden, and of Fuseli in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams: how much better for such a purpose to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist Shadwell: and in ancient days, Homer is, I think, rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes—and silvery expanses of water:—these haunted me so much, that I feared (though pos-

sibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*; and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object.—For two months I suffered greatly in my head,—a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness (physically, I mean), that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person.—Till now I had never felt a head-ach even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character,—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear: the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens: faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries:—my agitation was infinite,—my mind tossed—and surged with the ocean.

—
May, 1818.

The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes

of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c. is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, thought not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the *great officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sun-lights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in

all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphynxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later, came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c. soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated.

And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear every thing when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent human natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

—
June, 1819.

I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and indeed the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds, by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads, are in summer more voluminous, massed, and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles: secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the Infinite: and, thirdly, (which is the main reason) the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed, generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and be-

slegingly in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream; to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic varieties, which often suddenly reunited, and composed again the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green church-yard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sun-rise in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "it yet wants much of sun-rise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to Heaven; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the church-yard; and, with the dew, I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open my garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon,

the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked; and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length: "So then I have found you at last." I waited: but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears: the tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and I now gazed upon her with some awe, but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment, all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of neces-

sity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpressible guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurrys to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then — everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"

But I am now called upon to wind up a narrative which has already extended to an unreasonable length. Within more spacious limits, the materials which I have used might have been better unfolded; and much which I have not used might have been added with effect. Perhaps, however, enough has been given. It now remains that I should say something of the way in which this conflict of horrors was finally brought to its crisis. The reader is already aware (from a passage near the beginning of the introduction to the first part) that the opium-eater has, in some way or other, "unwound, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which bound him." By what means? To have narrated this, according to the original intention, would have far exceeded the space which can now be allowed. It is fortunate, as such a cogent reason exists for abridging it, that I should, on a maturer view of the case, have been exceedingly unwilling to injure,

by any such unaffecting details, the impression of the history itself, as an appeal to the prudence and the conscience of the yet unconfirmed opium-eater—or even (though a very inferior consideration) to injure its effect as a composition. The interest of the judicious reader will not attach itself chiefly to the subject of the fascinating spells, but to the fascinating power. Not the opium-eater, but the opium, is the true hero of the tale; and the legitimate centre on which the interest revolves. The object was to display the marvellous agency of opium, whether for pleasure or for pain: if that is done, the action of the piece has closed.

However, as some people, in spite of all laws to the contrary, will persist in asking what became of the opium-eater, and in what state he now is, I answer for him thus: The reader is aware that opium had long ceased to found its empire on spells of pleasure; it was solely by the tortures connected with the attempt to abjure it, that it kept its hold. Yet, as other tortures, no less it may be thought, attended the non-abjuration of such a tyrant, a choice only of evils was left; and *that* might as well have been adopted, which, however terrific in itself, held out a prospect of final restoration to happiness. This appears true; but good logic gave the author no strength to act upon it. However, a crisis arrived for the author's life, and a crisis for other objects still dearer to him—and which will always be far dearer to him than his life, even now that it is again a happy one.—I saw that I must die if I continued the opium: I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off. How much I was at that time taking I cannot say; for the opium which I used had been purchased for me by a friend who afterwards refused to let me pay him; so that I could not ascertain even what quantity I had used within the year. I apprehend, however, that I took it very irregularly: and that I varied from about fifty or sixty grains, to 150 a-day. My first task was to reduce it to forty, to thirty, and, as fast as I could, to twelve grains.

I triumphed: but think not, reader, that therefore my sufferings were ended; nor think of me as of

one sitting in a *dejected* state. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much, perhaps, in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them left by a most innocent sufferer* (of the times of James I.). Meantime, I derived no benefit from any medicine, except one prescribed to me by an Edinburgh surgeon of great eminence, viz. ammoniated tincture of Valerian. Medical account, therefore, of my emancipation I have not much to give: and even that little, as managed by a man so ignorant of medicine as myself, would probably tend only to mislead. At all events, it would be misplaced in this situation. The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium-eater; and therefore, of necessity, limited in its application. If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected. But he may say, that the issue of my case is at least a proof that opium, after a seventeen years' use, and an eight years' abuse of its powers, may still be renounced: and that *he* may chance to bring to the task greater energy than I did, or that with a stronger constitution than mine he may obtain the same results with less. This may be true: I would not presume to measure the

efforts of other men by my own: I heartily wish him more energy: I wish him the same success. Nevertheless, I had motives external to myself which he may unfortunately want: and these supplied me with conscientious supports which mere personal interests might fail to supply to a mind debilitated by opium.

Jeremy Taylor conjectures that it may be as painful to be born as to die: I think it probable: and, during the whole period of diminishing the opium, I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another. The issue was not death, but a sort of physical regeneration: and I may add, that ever since, at intervals, I have had a restoration of more than youthful spirits, though under the pressure of difficulties, which, in a less happy state of mind, I should have called misfortunes.

One memorial of my former condition still remains: my dreams are not yet perfectly calm: the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided: the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed: my sleep is still tumultuous, and, like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still (in the tremendous line of Milton)—

With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery
arms.

ESTEPHANIA DE GANTELME, A TALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

AMONG the extraordinary institutions which took their rise from the modes of thinking prevalent in the middle ages, not the least remarkable was that of "the Courts of Love."† These tribunals were composed of females, distinguished by their rank and character, to whom

* William Lithgow: his book (*Travels, &c.*) is ill and pedantically written: but the account of his own sufferings on the rack at Malaga is overpoweringly affecting.

† These courts (on the existence of which some doubts had been cast by the incredulity of modern writers) have lately excited the curiosity of the learned. Some light has been gained from the examination of a work written by one Andrew, chaplain at the Court of the King of France, whom Fabricius supposes to have lived about 1170. It is in MS. in the king's library at Paris, 8758; and there have been three impressions of it. The first is without date; but attributed to a time little subsequent to the invention of printing. The second is entitled *Erotica seu Amatoria Andrea Capellani Regii, vetustissimi scriptoris ad venerandum suum amicum Gualterum scripta, nunquam antehac edita, sed sæpius a multis desiderata; nunc tandem fide diversorum MSS. codicum in publicum emissa a Dethmaro Mullero, Dorponundæ, typis Westhovianis. 1610.* The third edition is dated "Tremonia, typis Westhovianis, anno 1614."

The librarian of Munich, M. Aretin, has availed himself of the information derived from Andrew's book; and he has been followed by M. Reynouard, to whose entertaining remarks on the subject I refer my reader. They are contained in the second volume of his valuable work, entitled, *Extraits des Troubadours, &c.* now publishing from the press of Didot.

the most nice and difficult questions relating to engagements between the sexes (of course, honourable ones only) were referred. The decisions to which they came on particular cases, appear to have been diligently recorded, and a code of laws to have been framed upon them, which served to regulate the intercourse between the sexes on principles so extravagantly refined, that they were perhaps in some danger of falling into their opposite extreme. To these enactments, the force of opinion, together with a due deference to the fair legislators, gave as much, or even greater authority than if they had been enforced by the rude arm of secular power. Queens and princesses had sometimes the superintendence over these seats of judicature, whose frowns were a sufficient punishment for the grossest offences, as their smiles were an adequate reward for the most implicit submission. In the remoter provinces, however, the important office of determining the law on these occasions, or of providing a new statute whenever a case to render it necessary occurred, was not unfrequently devolved on females of a station somewhat less exalted.

Estephania de Gantelmes was one of the few so pre-eminent in the best gifts of nature and fortune, as to be considered worthy of presiding over a court of this description, composed of those ladies of Provence, who approached nearest to her in birth and accomplishments. In her retirement at the Castle of Romanin, of which she was the sole and unwedded heiress, she had long devoted her attention to studies that peculiarly fitted her for the execution of her important and arduous duty. Not only the long and intricate tales of Arthur and his court, in the *Lingua d'oil*, or French language, not only the historians, fabulous or true, who had recorded in Latin the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers, but the far more refined and subtle learning to be derived from the bards of her own country (whom she held to be much superior to their recent imitators in Italy) were perfectly familiar to her. These last, (the poets of her own land) both in their theory and practice, as she thought, had so spiritualized the passion of love,

that if Thomas of Aquinum or Albertus Magnus could have been supposed capable of entertaining such a sentiment for an earthly object, he need scarcely have blushed to avow it. But, above all the rest, Arnaud Daniel was her favourite. There was in his writings a depth and mystery into which the further she penetrated the more there appeared remaining for her understanding and imagination to develope; and sovereign was her contempt of those who preferred to him the melodious, but comparatively slight and superficial, minstrel of Limoges. One of those, who had succeeded these illustrious men, and even imitated them with some success, Bertrand d'Allamanor, was her professed admirer. But whatever proficiency he had made in the art, he was very unequal in this respect to Estephania herself; who, as the Monk of the Golden Isles has recorded of her, whenever she was composing in the strains of her native language, appeared to be under the influence of a divine fury or inspiration.

Although past the prime of life, Estephania still retained much of her personal charms. In one instance, indeed, time had even added to their attractiveness; inasmuch as there was in her eyes (that rolled like the two suns at which "Persia stands at gaze") a vivacity and splendour that might have been excessive, when united to the tenderness and delicacy of youth, but which combined well with the mature graces of more advanced life. There was one, the almost constant companion of her retreat at Romanin, whose beauty was still in the freshness of its blossom, Laura de Sades;—but it is unnecessary, as it would be vain, to attempt a description of the Laura whose name has since past current for whatever is most lovely, virtuous, and dignified in woman. Except by this favoured being, the solitude of Estephania was seldom broken in upon, save by a learned monk from the neighbouring convent, to whom she willingly listened while he was discussing some abstruse question out of the schoolmen; or by some youthful troubadour, whose rising talents she delighted to encourage, and who was always a welcome guest.

It was on an evening towards

the close of summer, when the eyes of Estephania had for an instant wandered from a copy of Arnaud Daniel, splendidly illuminated by Oderigi, that usually lay open on a table in the long gallery of the castle, that her notice was caught by the sight of two men on horseback, in the garb of troubadours, riding together along the road through the olive grounds at the bottom of the hill, which descended rather abruptly from the castle towards the town of St. Remy. They seemed by their gestures to be engaged in a conversation that was maintained with much warmth on both sides; and, in a few minutes, as they drew nearer, and were beginning to enter the vineyards that clothed the skirts of the declivity, she discovered the persons of Lanfranc Cigalla, and Perceval Doria, two young provençals, whom she respected equally for their proficiency in the tuneful lore. It was not long before they had delivered their steeds to the groom, mounted the flight of stairs that led to the gallery, and, after saluting their hostess and her niece, declared the cause of their visit.

It ought to have been mentioned, that in the courts spoken of above, not only disputes arising from actual embarrassments were settled, but even hypothetical cases were solved, so as to prevent, as much as possible, all doubt for the future. It was on a point of this latter kind, that the solemn decision of Estephania and her assessors was now earnestly implored by the two provençals. When I inform my readers what the subject of the altercation between the disputants was, he will probably think that it might have been more easily terminated; but nearly five hundred years have since elapsed, and have made many changes in the opinions of mankind. The question then was this: "A knight being captivated by a certain lady, whose affections are engaged to another, obtains from her a hope of his passion being returned, in the event of

her being disappointed of the affections of her other lover; for that, in that case, she would certainly bestow her love on the knight. In a little while the before-mentioned lady is married to her favoured lover. Thereupon, the knight aforesaid demands the fulfilment of the hope that had been given him. But, on the other hand, the lady as strenuously refuses it, asserting that she had not been disappointed of the affections of her lover."* Estephania immediately saw the magnitude and difficulty of the question; and, with her usual courtesy, promised to summon the court with all speed to decide upon it. She did not attempt to detain Lanfranc and Perceval under her roof till the day of its meeting; for it was evident, that they were too much irritated against each other by their difference to remain together on the footing of friends. It was therefore settled, that they should return when the fair synod was convened to hear and to determine the cause. For this purpose, letters were immediately issued to the several ladies who composed it; and, in the mean time, the mistress of Romanin prepared herself carefully, both by meditating on the merits of the question proposed, and by searching into such precedents and authorities as would in any way tend to a satisfactory solution of it. On the evening which preceded the trial, she explained to Laura, whose youth and inexperience had kept her still unacquainted with the proceedings of the tribunal, both the nature and advantages of the institution. "As for its antiquity," said she, "my dear niece, it may be sufficient to tell you that it traces its origin as far back as the days of King Arthur. A knight of Bretagne having plunged into a forest, in the hopes of meeting with that prince, chanced upon a young damsel, who addressed him in these words. "I know what it is thou art in quest of. Without my help thou wilt seek for it in vain. Thou hast demanded the love of a lady of Bretagne, and she

* The question is thus stated in the original Latin. *Dum miles quidam mulieris cujusdam ligaretur amore, quæ amore alterius erat obligata, taliter ab eâ speim est consecutus amoris, quod si aliquando contingeret eam sui coamantis amore frustrari, tunc præfato militi sine dubio suum largiretur amorem. Post modici autem temporis lapsum, mulier jam dicta in uxorem se præfuit amatori. Miles vero præfatus spei sibi largitæ fructum postulat exhiberi. Mulier autem penitus contradicit asserens se sui coamantis non esse amore frustratam.*

requires of thee that thou bring unto her the famous falcon which rests on a perch in Arthur's court. In order to make thyself master of this bird, thou must prove by thy success in single combat, that the lady is more beautiful than any of those of whom the knights in this court are enamoured." After many perilous adventures, such as it was usual to encounter in those days, he came where the falcon was seated on a golden perch at the entrance of the palace, and immediately laid hands on it. A little chain of gold suspended from the perch a written paper. It was the code of love, which the knight was to take, and promulgate, as by the king's authority, if he wished to retain peaceable possession of the bird. The code, consisting of thirty-one articles, was accordingly published, and made known to those whom it concerned, in all parts of the world. But as cases have since been continually occurring, which require either a proper explanation of the statutes already existing, so as to apply them to the point in debate, or else the enactment of some new one, it has been found expedient to appoint courts invested with due powers for this purpose. Of one of these, as thou well knowest, niece, I am the unworthy, though not unwilling directress. And I beseech thee most earnestly to join with me in imploring for us the illuminating aid of the Blessed Virgin, to assist us in performing the duty which awaits us tomorrow; for thou knowest I am used ever to acknowledge, in the words of Arnaud, that without such help

Nadi contra suberna—

I sail against the wind.

Laura expressed her readiness to join heartily in the supplication, but without assigning the reason for her promptness. The truth was, that she was herself more interested in its success than she would have been willing to own. For on the result depended the most important measure of her own life. In the preceding spring, young Francesco Petrarca had declared his passion for her, and urged it, though not in the strains of her own country, yet in a language which sounded to her even more persuasive, and with such fervour as left her in as little doubt of his sincerity as of his genius. Was

it then possible, that by accepting of him as a husband she was for ever to lose him as a lover? The thought was too painful to be endured, and had not the virgin seemed to smile upon her as she turned up her beautiful eyes to the image that hung at the foot of her bed, she would probably have found some difficulty in composing them to rest. It was not till a late hour that the lady of Romanin closed hers; so intently were her thoughts employed on the business that awaited her. She arose early, and having repeated her devotions to the virgin, dispatched Laura to collect such flowers as the advanced season of the year still supplied, for decorating the hall of the castle, in which the council was to be held. Amongst the reliques of the summer, she did not neglect to intersperse those precious imitations of the violet and the eglantine that had been adjudged to her as prizes for her skill in the *Gaya Ciencia*, at Toulouse.

When the time appointed arrived, the ladies who constituted the Court Plenary were successively ushered in. First came the lovely and graceful Marchioness of Malaspina, now undisturbed mistress of that family, which had before suffered so severely in the struggles between the Emperor and the church. The Marchioness of Saluzzo followed, no unworthy possessor of the coronet that had not long since been worn by the much-enduring Griselda. Though with less pretensions, yet with more haughty mien, came the comely Ursine des Ursieres, from Montpellier. After her, the reserved and timid Laurette, of Saint Laurens; and then seven others, that, with the president, made up the stated number of twelve. They had no sooner taken their seats, and heard an explanation of the business on which they were convoked, than Cigalla and Doria, who had been some time waiting in separate apartments, were summoned to maintain their respective sides of the question with the best arguments they could. This they did in the form of a *tenson*, a species of poem that took its name from being used in such contentions. One party advanced his opinion, in a set number of verses, to which the other rejoined at equal length; and this mode of attack and defence was con-

tinued, till the subject, or the combatants, were exhausted. In the present instance, the contest was carried on with an earnestness that bordered on acrimony: reason and ridicule were pressed into the service of the disputants by turns; and the matter seemed to hang in so equal a balance that it was doubted, by all present, which way the scale would turn, when Hugonne de Sabran, daughter of the Count of Forcalquier, who had for some time been occupied in looking for precedents in a large tome of ancient statutes, suddenly raised herself, and whispered something in the ear of Estephania. The communication was important enough to cause an immediate suspension of the debate, and an order for all, except those who constituted the court, to withdraw. In a little more than half an hour, the doors were again opened; and of those who entered, there was not one (I do not except the rivals themselves) that awaited the sentence in such trembling expectation as Laura de Sades. As soon as order had been re-established, a short pause of anxious silence ensued; when the lady of Romanin solemnly rose, and, holding up her white arm to screen her eyes from the light shed directly on them through the gorgeous hues of a painted window on the opposite side of the hall, with a distinct and authoritative voice delivered the following sentence, which, according to custom, was couched in the language of ancient Rome: "*Comitissæ Campaniæ obviare sententiæ non audemus, quæ firmo judicio diffinivit non posse inter conjugatos amorem suas extendere vires, ideoque laudamus ut præ-*

narrata mulier pollicitum præstet amorem." "We dare not contravene the sentence of the Countess of Champagne,* who has given a definitive judgment that love cannot exert his power between married persons; and, therefore, we are of opinion that the before-mentioned lady is bound to acquit herself of the promise she hath made." What impression this sentence made on the rest of the assembly is very immaterial when compared with the effect it produced on poor Laura. In her breast it occasioned a revulsion of the most painful kind. The fond hopes she had lately cherished of a happy union with the enamoured Francesco were for ever vanished. "Love cannot extend its power between married persons." There was but one course left for her. It was, not to accept the hand of Petrarca, and by this means to secure to herself the perpetual possession of his heart. This resolution, however, could not be formed without a severe struggle. And, while the numerous guests were still sharing the festivities of the castle, and even the two Provençals, forgetting their animosity, listened to the high discourse of its mistress on the subject of their common art, Laura had stolen away unperceived to her couch, and sought in sleep an oblivion of what had past. It is an error to suppose that when the mind is under the pressure of very severe sorrow it is not disposed to seek relief in the composition of verse. The contrary is much oftener the case; and her restless spirits turned, as it were instinctively, to this source of consolation, when she thus gave vent to her feelings:

Come, gentle sleep, come to these eyes,
And wrap them up in rest;
And let this heart, that inly mourns,
In dreams, at least, be blest.

But, like to nothing on this earth
Let the sweet vision be;
Or else it must remembrance bring
Of something sad to me.

* The judgment of the Countess of Champagne, here referred to, was as follows: "*Utrum inter conjugatos amor possit habere locum? Dicimus enim et stabilito tenore firmamus amorem non posse inter duos jugales suas extendere vires, nam amantes sibi invicem gratis omnia largiuntur, nullius necessitatis ratione cogente; jugales vero mutuis tenentur ex debito voluntatibus obedire et in nullo seipsos sibi ad invicem denegare. Hoc igitur nostrum judicium, cum nimîa moderatione prolatum, et aliarum quamplurimum dominarum consilio roboratum, pro indubitabili vobis sit ac veritate constanti. Ab anno M.CLXXIV. tertio Kalend. Maii, indictione VII.*"

The master-key of all my soul
Hath felt a fearful blow ;
And every string that chimed before,
With discord frights me now.

Then, like to nothing on this earth
Let the sweet vision be ;
Or else it must remembrance bring
Of something sad to me.

Scarcely had the words passed her lips when she fell into the desired slumber, and, at the wings of the drowsy god, "the fairy portraiture" she had asked him for was quickly displayed. She seemed to herself to be led on, "soft sliding without step," till she arrived in the third heaven ; and there sounds of more exquisite sweetness than had ever before met her ear, appeared to welcome her. A maiden, in a violet-embroidered robe, the very reflex of her own image, was receiving a branch of laurel from the hands of a stripling, in whose features she discerned a resemblance of Francesco's, but heightened to an expression of seraphic beauty.

Quella ch'io cerco e non ritrovo in terra ; *
—Più bella e meno altera ; †

with many other fragments of songs, to the same import, were breathing from his lips. A giddy rapture took

possession of her, as she fancied herself identified with the lovely female form that stood before her ; and her own name, mingling with the sounds she had heard, was echoed on from spirit to spirit, circulating throughout the planet without end.

When morning came, Laura reflected on her dream, and was comforted. She returned to listen, with more complacency than ever, to the praises of Arnaud Daniel. What he now is, thought she, my own Francesco Petrarca will one day be ; and, perhaps, thus to live for ever with him as his Laura, will be better than any happiness we could enjoy together in that state "over which love cannot exert its power."

Reader, if thou couldst assign any more likely reason why Laura permitted her lover to sigh on to the last, I should be contented to own that my tale was in part, though not wholly, a fiction.

WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT-FEARS.

WE are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony ? — That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged,

and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds upstrove in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *a priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body, and assert

* She whom I seek, and find not, on the earth ;

† —More lovely, and less proud.

his metaphor.—That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpœna Satan!—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers.—What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes—and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could

manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* of the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But—like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed errors, young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugnors. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would, or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. O, how ugly sound Scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!—I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks afforded, but for a fortunate piece of ill-fortune, which about this time befel me. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant, and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two

last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me.—But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously.—That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel—(O that old man covered with a mantle!) I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bed-fellow, when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the day-light, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was.—Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion

to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black-man, or ape—

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H. who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own “thick-coming fancies;” and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire—stories of Cæleno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all?—or

— Names, whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head:
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread *

* Mr. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night-fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional night-mare; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic,—seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace—and a daylight vividness of vision, that was all but being awake. I have travelled among the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but they were objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the “inner eye,” to make out a shape in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is C—, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble Dream of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me, (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*,) and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the wafture of a placid wave or two, safe and inglorious somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palace.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humourist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be,—“Young man, what sort of dreams have you?” I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

ELIA.

LEISURE HOURS.

No. II.

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE,

In a new Translation.

Argument.

THE *tête-à-tête* of *mouse* and *frog*
 Is told, beside a plashy bog.
 An invitation from the latter
 Is treated as a serious matter.
 The *mouse* declares himself not able
 To dine at sub-aquatic table
 Then, in digression, cracks of scars,
 And something learnt when in the wars:
 But still, the burden of his ballad
 Is his antipathy to sallad.
 The *frog*, with something of a sneer,
 Talks more of sights, and less of cheer:
 Persuades him mount on pick-a-back,
 Then frightened, throws him like a sack.
 The *mouse*, thus soused amidst the gutters,
 A prophecy, as usual, sputters:
 The *mice* put out a manifesto,
 And follow with their army *presto*.
 The *Gods* debate above the sky,
 But *Troy* experience makes them shy.
 The Poet, with *Dan Homer* vying,
 Excels in anatomic dying.
 The islanders in sedges lurk;
 The land-folks march to play the *Turk*:
 When *Jupiter* sends down from high
 A sort of *Muscovite* ally:
 The *mice*, though each *se bene gerens*,
 Respect the holy interference.

ERE I begin, I invoke, as meet,
 The Muses; all ye Nine at once retreat
 From Helicon, and make my breast your seat,
 For my song's sake, on knee-propp'd tablets penn'd,
 War's stirring deeds, and strife without an end.
 Wide to all human ears would I convey
 How mice, by frogs confronted, fought away:
 Rivals of those, in legends known of man,
 Giants earth-born:—th' adventure thus began.

A mouse, but just escaped the jeopardy
 Of a fleet weazel's gripe, now hot and dry,
 Stoop'd to a neighbouring pool his velvet chin,
 And suck'd the honied water gladly in.
 A merry marsh-man spied him, and with croak
 Of many tongues, inquisitively spoke:
 "Strange Sir! who are you? whence? your birth and state?
 Speak the whole truth, nor yet prevaricate:
 And if I find you worth my friendship, come—
 You are my guest, and you shall feast at home.

Puff-cheek am I, sole monarch of these bogs,
 Supreme o'er all the commonwealth of frogs:
 To *Lurk-in-mud*, my sire, my birth I owe,
 With *Marsh-queen* wedding on the banks of Po:
 And you, too, seem a gallant without peers;
 Some scepter'd autocrat, or chief of spears:
 Name then your race; impatient I attend."
 The mouse replied, "But why this question, friend?
 Known is my line to men and gods on high,
 Nor less to birds that wing around the sky.
Crumb-catcher I; from *Nibble-crust* I spring
 And *Lick-meal*, daughter she of *Bite-at-heel* the king:
 She bore me in a cottage; fed me there
 With figs and nuts; variety of fare.
 Can we be friends, in instinct so unlike?
 You live, good friend, and diet, in a dike.
 On food which men are fed upon I've fed;
 No basket 'scapes me, piled with twice-baked bread;
 No cheese-cakes, coated thick, and stuff'd with spice;
 No liver napkin-wrapp'd, or gammon slice;
 Cheese newly prest from cream, or honied paste,
 Which ev'n the gods are languishing to taste:
 All that for men the cunning cook invents,
 His dish'd-up kick-shaws and nice condiments.
 Yet not for this to fight I turn my back,
 But in the van push foremost to th' attack:
 Fearless of man, all giant though he be,
 His bed invading, when he nought can see,
 I gnaw his finger, nibble at his heel;
 So sound his sleep, no torment can he feel.
 Of all on earth, with candour be it said,
 Two only live my sorrow and my dread;
 Weazel and hawk: and ah! the treacherous gin,
 The bait without, and groans and death within:
 But worst the weazel; formidablest found;
 Whose clutch pursues and ferrets under ground.
 This let me waive; but, for your board, I see
 Gourd, radish, colewort, is no dish for me:
 Parsley and leek, your dainties, are not mine;
 But thus you citizens of marshes dine."

Then answer'd *Puff-cheek*, laughing in his sleeve,
 "Strange Sir, this belly-glory I conceive
 Is over-nice: but we can feast your eyes
 On marsh and land with store of rarities.
 Jove, to us frogs a twi-lived forage gave;
 We hop on land, or skulk beneath the wave,
 And lodge on ground, in water, as we please;
 Make but the trial; 't will be made with ease;
 Mount on my back; but lest you slip, hold fast;
 And safe and sound you'll reach my home at last."
 He lent his back; the mouse adroitly leapt
 Into the saddle-seat, and clinging kept
 Hold of his satin neck; then blithe away!
 With passing prospect of each neighbouring bay:
 Pleased with the plying frog's still merry stroke
 At first.—But soon the dun waves o'er him broke:
 With brim-full eyes, repenting him too late,
 He pluck'd his hair, and grieved disconsolate;
 Close to his belly drew his hinder feet,
 And felt the heart within him bound and beat;
 With novel fear insisted for the shore,
 And fetch'd a sigh that shiver'd him all o'er.

Sudden a water-snake, a sight of dread
 To both, above the waters rear'd his head ;
 Straight at that sight dived *Puff-check*, and forgot
 He left his comrade to a shipwreck'd lot :
 Sunk to the bottom of the pool he lay,
 Skulk'd from the dismal death, and dodged away.
 Th' abandon'd mouse fell flat upon the stream,
 His paws he wrung, and utter'd many a scream ;
 Once and again he bobb'd beneath the tide,
 Again his tiny heels emerging plied ;
 But 'twas not his to daft his death aside.
 Yet stiff with oar-like tail he stemm'd the surge,
 And pray'd the Gods to reach some haven's verge ;
 About him the dun waters splash'd and broke ;
 And, much exclaiming, open-mouth'd he spoke :
 " Not so the bull love's gentle burthen bore,
 Wafting Europa to the Cretan shore,
 As this false frog has feign'd to bear me home,
 His pale paunch floating on the whitening foam."

Then, as the watery weight his drench'd hairs drew,
 " Thy deed of mischief, *Puff-check* ! thou shalt rue !
 Me hast thou wreck'd, as dash'd from off a rock :
 On shore, thou vile one ! I had braved thy mock :
 Thy match in running, wrestling, boxing I,
 But thou hast lured me 'midst the deeps to die.
 Jove has a vengeful eye, and shall repay :
 The army of the mice is on its way,
 Nor shalt thou scape"—then sank beneath the tide.
 Him *Lick-dish* from the bank's soft mire espied ;
 Swift messenger of death, with piteous wail
 He ran, he sought the mice, he told the tale.
 The death once known, grave anger seized on all ;
 The herald-summon'd council throng'd the hall
 Of *Nibble-crust*, by day-break's earliest ray ;
 Sire of the mouse who in the marshes lay.
 Not nigh the banks, unhappy ! now was he
 Stretch'd flat, and floating in that midmost sea.
 At dawn they haste ; when *Nibble-crust* first broke
 The silence, for his son incensed, and spoke :
 " Oh friends ! though singly I these injuries bear,
 The frogs for all a common death prepare.
 But a peculiar wretchedness to me
 Is dealt by fate, who mourn the loss of three.
 The first an odious weazel snatch'd away,
 Who just without the hole in ambush lay :
 A second ruthless man to death betray'd,
 For with new arts a wooden snare he laid,
 Yclep'd a *trap*, to mice destructive found :
 The third, his mother's darling, *Puff-check* drown'd.
 Come—let us arm ; the camp of frogs assail,
 And sheathe our bodies in compacted mail."

He spoke, and all were moved to arm, and Mars
 Marshall'd the host, whose mind is in the wars.
 Their legs in deftly furbish'd greaves were dight,
 Of splitted bean-pods, nibbled yesternight ;
 Their coat of mail a weazel's straw-braced hide ;
 A lamp's mid-boss their oval shield supplied ;
 Their lance a needle, lengthen'd out to wound,
 A walnut-shell the helm, that clasp'd their temples round.
 So were they arm'd : advised, the marshy state
 Emerge, and, met in martial high debate,

Deliberate whence the threat'ning movement grew ;
 When near, his staff in hand, a herald drew :
Cheese-scraper he ; great *Pipkin-creeper's* son ;
 Ill harbinger of war, he thus begun :

“ O frogs ! the mice have sent me to defy
 Your host ; arm, arm for fight ; their power is nigh.
 For they have seen *Crumb-catcher's* floating corse,
 Whom your king *Puff-cheek* murder'd sans remorse :
 But fight—whatever frogs of fame ye boast,
 The war will task the bravest of your host.”

His errand told, the doughty frogs with fear
 Quaked, that the news had reach'd the mouse's ear :
 Blame murmur'd around ; when *Puff-cheek* rose :
 “ Not I, my friends, contrived the waves to close
 Above the mouse, nor I beheld him sink :
 Doubtless he ventured from the marsh's brink
 To swim in frog-like sport, and perish'd spent ;
 These vile-ones now accuse me innocent.
 But time now presses—better we debate
 How these disloyal mice t' exterminate :
 What to my thought seems fitting let me say :
 Take we our weapons, and our ranks array
 Close on the borders of the lake, where steep
 The craggy bank impends above the deep.
 Stand we their charge ; then, grappled by the cone,
 Helm, mouse, and all in the swamp headlong thrown
 Must sink or swim : but novices in water,
 They needs must drown ; then joy!--a trophy of mouse-slaughter.”

He said, and arm'd them all : of mallows' leaves
 They fitted to their legs the casing greaves :
 The broad green beet to each a corslet yields ;
 The cabbage leaf accomplishes their shields ;
 Each for his lance a sharpen'd bulrush wields :
 With cockle-shells they fenced their brows, and stood
 Shaking their spears in spleen above the high-bank'd flood.

Jove to his starry court convened each God,
 And show'd the hosts ; how stout the warriors trod :
 Many and huge, and each with lengthening lance,
 As centaurs 'gainst the giant ranks advance.
 With gentle smile, “ now what immortals aid
 The frogs, and what the mice ?” then to the blue-eyed maid ;
 “ Ho ! daughter ! is the mice's quarrel thine,
 Who scour thy temple-floor, and sniff thy fuming shrine ? ”
 Thus question'd Jove, and thus Minerva said :
 “ Father ! not I—howe'er the mice have sped—
 Shall lend my succour : mischief on their moil !
 They gnaw my chaplets, filch my lamps of oil ;
 But this their deed most grieves me to the heart,
 Fretting a robe in holes, just wov'n with all my art.
 The weaver duns me for the yarn he lent :
 I wove on tick ; and now, this ugly rent
 Marring my work, he claims arrears ; nor yet
 Can I his clamour satisfy, or debt.
 But neither with the frogs I mean to side ;
 Still booby-pated, and their wits beside :
 Returning weary from the toils of fight,
 Longing for sleep, their hubbub croak in spite
 Allow'd me not a wink ; I wakeful lay
 With head-ache, till the cock-crow brought the day.
 Enough—but let not us, ye Gods ! be found
 Mix'd in the fray, lest some untoward wound

From their sharp weapons reach us for our pains,
Lance in the breast, or falchion in the reins :
Though Gods should interfere, they charge pell-mell,
And all from Heaven can see the fight as well."

She said ; and all the Gods persuaded went
To one safe spot above the firmament.
Forth strode the heralds with the battle-sign ;
Gnat-trumpeters from either hostile line
Sounded the clang of war, and Jove on high
In thunder gave the signal from the sky.

First *Shrill-croak* wounded *Lick-spit* in the van ;
Sheer through the stomach, thwart the liver, ran
The pointed lance ; he fell and soil'd his locks ;
His armour ringing with the sudden knocks.
Then *Cranny-creeper* put his spear in rest,
And firmly planted it in *Mud-lurk's* breast ;
Death with black shadows fastens o'er his eyes :
The fluttering soul from out the body flies.
Beet-eater sudden *Pipkin-creeper* slew ;
Clean through the heart the griding weapon flew :
But *Gnaw-loaf* smote on *Croak-tongue's* paunch : reclined
He dropp'd ; the spirit left the limbs behind.
When *Blithe-in-pool* saw *Croak-tongue's* fall, he threw
At *Cranny-creeper* a mill-stone—smote in two
His neck ; and darkness o'er his eyeballs grew.
Then *Lick-board* levelling his spear of flame
The liver pierc'd, nor wandered from his aim.
This soon as *Cabbage-cropper* saw, he plunged
Down from the bank ; but his pursuer lunged
A stroke and reach'd him, ere he dived, with death ;
Smitten he dropp'd and gasp'd away his breath :
The marsh was purpled with his clotted blood ;
He lay outstretched upon the shory mud,
The glossy entrails gushing from his flank :
But *Haunt-pool* slew *Cheese-rasper* on the bank.
Then *Mint-eater*, who *Gnaw-the-heel* espied,
Sprang in the marsh, and cast his shield aside.
But *Water-blithe* smote *Bite-at-heel* the king
Full on the front, with stone as from a sling :
The brain forth spattering through the nostrils gush'd ;
With the splash'd gore the dabbled greensward blush'd.
Lick-platter next brave *Mud-sleeper* assail'd
With thrusting sword : his eyes a darkness veil'd.
This *Garlick-eater* spied, and *Hunt-the-steam*
Foot-dragg'd, neck-clutch'd, plunged stifling in the stream.
To right his comrades *Crumb-snatcher* advanced,
And *Garlic-eater* through his liver lanced ;
Before him instant at his feet he fell ;
The disembodied spirit rush'd to hell.
Mud-treader saw : a grasp of mire he threw,
His forehead smirch'd and darkened half his view.
Wroth was the mouse ; and stooping strong to wield
A cumbrous stone, whose weight o'erlaid the field,
Smote *Mud-treader* beneath the knee : he sank,
The right leg fractured, on the dusty bank.
But *Hoarse-croak* came, avenger of the deed,
And through his belly thrust his sharpen'd reed :
Clean pass'd the buried shaft, and when drawn out
The entrails gush'd upon the earth about.
This *Corn-munch* from the river-bank espied,
And limped from out the fight, sore-terrified,
And leap'd into a ditch, where safe he might abide.

Loaf-rasper then the toe of *Puff-cheek* smote ;
 Smarting he fled, and flounder'd in the moat.
Loaf-rasper saw him prostrate, gasping lie,
 And for the death-wound press'd exulting nigh.
 Him too thus prostrate-gasping *Garlic-fed*
 Saw, gain'd the van, his bulrush javelin sped,
 But broke not *Loaf-rasp's* shield ; which caught the speary head.
 Then *Marjoram-cropper*, like the God of war,
 Smote on his helm, strait aiming from afar ;
 Who fought unmatch'd in all the line of frogs,
 But, charged by hero mice, retreated to the bogs.
 One youth there was, no other mouse his peer,
Loaf-watcher's son, who clos'd with shorten'd spear ;
Scrap-snatch the brave ; a Mars, not mouse, was he ;
 Unmatch'd in all the whisker'd chivalry.
 He stood with lofty threat beside the bogs,
 And swore t' exterminate the race of frogs :
 And he had kept his vow ; since great his might ;
 But that the sire of gods and men that sight
 Endured not ; pitying the doom'd frogs he spoke :
 Shook first his head, and then the silence broke :
 " Gods ! what a thing I see ! hear *Scrap-snatch* boast,
 (Touching me near) to crush the froggy host.
 Quick, send we Mars, and Pallas, with her shout,
 To turn him back, how'er a warrior stout."
 Jove said—" O Saturn's son !" thus Mars replied,
 " My own, Minerva's force were vainly tried,
 From the frog-ranks to turn the ruin back ;
 Nay—let us all auxiliar stem th' attack :
 Shake thou the Titan-murdering weapon dread
 That flash'd o'er Capaneus' audacious head
 And quail'd the giant brood : shake, shake the brand,
 And let the most heroic feel thy hand."
 He spoke ; Jove hurl'd the blazing lightning down :
 But first his thunder shook Olympus' crown :
 Then, as the peals their " dreadful pudder," kept,
 From the king's hand the whirling flashes swept :
 Darting the bolt, he seem'd to thunder-strike
 Both mice and frogs, and both he scared alike :
 Yet, not for this the mice retreated from the dike,
 But hotlier press'd t' extirpate from the bog
 The generation of the warrior frog.
 Jove with compassion looking from his skies,
 Quick interposed, and sent the frogs allies.
 On they came sudden : anvil-back'd, hook-claw'd,
 Step-sidling, pincer-mouth'd, loins brawny and broad,
 Shell-hid'd, eye-distorted, looking out
 Under their breasts, with legs that twist about,
 And stretching, griping hands : their feet divide
 In two quaternion rows on either side :
 Their shoulders burnish'd, flesh and substance bone :
 With double heads and tangible by none.
Crabs was their name : with clippers they assail
 Of many a mouse, the fore-foot, hind-foot, tail ;
 The spears were turn'd against their shelly mail.
 The hapless mice were seized with panic fright,
 Nor longer stood, but turn'd themselves to flight.
 Now dropp'd the setting sun ;—his downward ray
 Closed the campaign ; the Iliad of a day.

MADAME DE STAËL.

WE may possibly give great offence to Edinburgh philosophers, but it does appear to us that the English public have had almost enough of Madame de Staël. It is not our wish, and we have, we hope, a little more taste than to deny that much remains to this lady of well-deserved and solidly grounded celebrity; but much has necessarily dropped away with the disappearance of extrinsic and accidental causes of popular interest and admiration. Bonaparte is dead. The cord of sympathy is snapped asunder that bound the Baroness with the circle of political fashion in London. Madame de Staël had praised the English (or, at least, their constitution, which she probably had studied in the flimsy theoretic declamation of De Lolme,) and the English could do no less than praise Madame de Staël. The fact is, she saw in the English the enemies of Bonaparte. The feeling and motive of this "eternal friendship" were reciprocal. The English esteemed Madame de Staël as a good hater of Bonaparte. She made common cause with them. After stretching her arms for succour to the south and the east, she set her foot on this *ultima Thule*, as the surest refuge from oppression; and rose immediately in British estimation as a person of extraordinary discernment and magnanimity. It was not merely that she fled from oppression, but that she fled from the oppression of the man, who, with a haste something premature, it must be allowed, had begun to erect a column on the heights of Boulogne, commemorative of his conquest of England. It was the hundred-handed grasp of Napoleon that had snatched at her flight; and the tramp of French armies, set in motion, no doubt, less for the destruction of Muscovy, than to overtake the authoress of "Germany," which out-echoed the creakings of her cabriolet. Her fame preceded her to the land of fogs and tea. The novel portrait of English gentlemen drinking them-

selves dead drunk, while the ladies reasoned in the drawing room as to the possibility of the kettle boiling, was recognized with delighted humility, as a correct likeness of English male morals, and English female conversational powers. The *Lucillas* of London blushed, and sighed to be *Corinnes*. *Delphine* slipped into green morocco, and was seen peeping from under the sofa cushion of our married ladies; and the blue and brimstone-covered *Journal des Savans* obtained implicit acquiescence, when some dangler at the levees of Madame de Staël, who thought less of her anti-Bonapartism than of her fine eyes and fine compliments, placed her at once at the head of all the female writers of Europe.

Bonaparte is, however, under his willows; as safe as free stone, cement, and cramp-iron, superintended by that prince of gaolers, Sir Hudson Lowe, can make him. Poor Madame de Staël is also at rest, even from the disturbing forces of her own imagination. Her "magnificent eyes" can no longer enlist retailers of immortality, nor her *fleurettes* effect a thaw in the temperament of a Scotch professor. There is now less risque of a partial judgment.

Madame de Staël was precisely the sort of writer to captivate and astonish Frenchmen, and perhaps Scotchmen. She was brilliant, and she was, as the French say, imposing. She made light of the profoundest speculations. Romance and philosophy were equally within her reach. She decided on every thing, analyzed every thing, and discussed and dogmatized with the air of intuition. She alike regulated the disputes of metaphysics, and corrected the theories of Christianity. The assumption of profoundness and comprehension stood her in stead no less than if she thoroughly possessed these qualities. With many persons, especially Frenchmen, the announcing any thing with a peremptory tone, and, above all, with antithetical expression,

* Ten Years' Exile, or Memoirs of that interesting period of the Life of the Baroness de Staël Holstein, written by herself, during the years 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813, and now first published from the original MS. by her son. Translated from the French. Treuttel and Wurtz, 1821.

serves to establish the thing enunciated as a "*grande vérité*." Madame de Staël understood this: or more probably she imposed upon herself by this vivacity of induction and confidence of assertion. Her method of treating every thing analytically, and expressing herself with the superior sententious tone of one who announces some original discovery, gained her credit with summary thinkers for great reach of thought and subtlety of penetration. Her oracular manner was assisted by the apothegmatic terseness of phrase which she affected, and in which she excelled. That facility, which is the result of practice, is observable no less in mental, than in corporeal processes; and Madame de Staël, by a sort of knack, often hit upon a principle, which, in the form at least of its definition, and the luminous and emphatic terms in which it was developed, struck with the force of novelty. She had, on some topics of morals, and in certain relations of political justice, as connected with religious and civil liberty, considerable clearness and justness of views; but she had that sort of intellectual dexterity, improved by habit, and acquired probably in the first instance by early exercise in the gladiatorial rhetoric of ambitious conversation, which sometimes carried her successfully through subjects, that in their extent and combination were equally beyond the grasp of her talent, and the sphere of her knowledge. Her dogmatic and antithetical style served her to arrange imposingly the fragments collected from the information personally afforded her by critics or metaphysicians; and she had the ingenuity to make it appear that she knew more than she had leisure, or than came within the scope of her design, to unfold. The superficiality of her knowledge escaped detection in the sketchy temerity of her specious and voluble disquisitions. What her admirers mistook for singular strength and depth of understanding was, in reality, the tact of genius. Aiming perpetually at point and effect, her ideas were sometimes obscured by the conciseness with which she explained them; and that poetry of expression on which she piqued herself, and to which she frequently attained, be-

trayed her into occasional turgidness: this, however, would be no disparagement in the eyes of her countrymen; who, by a strange caprice of taste, are indulgent to a certain vicious bombast in prose, while from their poetry, distinguished chiefly by a finical syllabic mechanism, they jealously exclude whatever rises above the level of a jejune and naked phraseology. Again, to the French, obscurity will often seem pardonable, or rather impressive; because it passes muster, as implying something of the profound; and rapidity in the details is loved for its own sake. Had Madame de Staël been a diffuse and prolix writer, she might possibly have betrayed the poverty of her resources, as compared with their ostensible richness and variety; but, at least, we should have heard nothing of the "*prostrating force of her reasoning*," (*force terrassante*) or the "*feeling eloquence which is exclusively her own*." Her discipline in the tactic of foreign conversation, in sallies and repartees, preserved her from this, the greatest imaginable fault in the eyes of Frenchmen or Frenchwomen. She skimmed the surface; she declaimed in axioms; she was brief, lively, and presumptuous, and she succeeded to a miracle.

What she did not penetrate to the bottom, she had the art of appearing to bring down to the level of popular intelligence. "*The perspicuity*," observes Madame Necker, "*and I may say the grace, with which Madame de Staël goes into the detail of all these systems*," (the theories of perception) "*is something very astonishing*. In her there was not a trace of pedantry. Avoiding, as much as she could, scientific terms, she says no more, nor indeed does she pretend to know more, than just what is necessary to appreciate the moral influence of these doctrines." But, in order to appreciate the moral influence of any set of doctrines, a previous step is necessary; the comprehending accurately the nature of the doctrines themselves. There is nothing to astonish in a female writer expressing herself with grace and clearness, or avoiding pedantic forms; the astonishment should be reserved for a thorough comprehension of the systems themselves:

which, however, she contemplates through the medium of imagination, and which she judges by the standard of feeling. What Madame Necker admits, in reference to the experimental method of philosophy, that Madame de Staël had "unfortunately never turned her eagle glance upon these matters," must equally affect her hasty decisions on that question of metaphysics which embraces the correspondence of the thinking principle with the material world. Madame Necker's defence of the inductive method of philosophizing, which she represents Madame de Staël as undervaluing, is a little at variance with her unqualified praise of the latter for rashly resting the cause of religion, and consequently suspending the interests of morals, on the truth or falsehood of the material philosophy. A more contemptible syllogism has scarcely ever been devised, than the one which affirms that, because atheists have been materialists, therefore materialists must be atheists. The "active intelligence in the bosom of man," which Madame Necker justly connects as a correspondent idea with a "God in the universe," is no less a part of that system which supposes the thinking faculty to be the result of organization, than of that which supposes it to be a distinct and independent principle. If man be a machine "breathing thoughtful breath," it is difficult to conceive why his frame is a less wonderful contrivance, or why there is less necessity of an all-wise contriver and almighty mechanist, than if he consist of two independent principles. Madame Necker herself, while confessing that the German philosophers have been impelled towards idealism, absolutely acquits the advocates of man's homogeneous nature of the imputed immoral results of their opinions, by alleging that "they also have spiritualized matter more than they have materialized mind." We are, ourselves, of opinion, that the connexion established by the Creator between the impressions made by external objects on our senses, and our perception of those objects, furnishes no evidence that, in the language of Dr. Reid, "those impressions are the proper efficient causes of the corresponding perception;" nor, if

the continuity of the mental existence be severed by the dissolution of the body, can we conceive the possible resuscitation or re-organization of the same individual mind; but common candour obliges us to repel the vulgar accusation of godless scepticism and immoral grossness, levelled indiscriminately against those who maintain the principles of *Spinozism*, and those who support their theory of the homogeneity of the human being by the Christian doctrine of a resurrection.

The fondness of Madame de Staël for distinguishing and deciding misled her, as might have been anticipated, into crude assumptions and unfounded assertions. She ascribed the genius for the gloomy and melancholy sublime, which she recognised in Milton (than whom no poet contains more gay and amiable pictures) to the study and admiration of *Ossian*: she forgot that the famous epic poem of Fingal was not *déterré* till "the Georgian age;" and seems to have devoutly believed that the frittered English hexameters of Macpherson's bastard prose were familiarised to the daughters of Cromwell's secretary. In her "Essay on the Spirit of Translations," she says, "the English, whose language admits of inversions, and whose versification is subjected to much less severe rules than that of the French, had it in their power to enrich their literature with translations, at once exact and natural; but their great authors have not undertaken this labour: and Pope, the single author of that description who has devoted himself to it, has constructed two fine poems out of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, but he has not preserved that antique simplicity which makes us sensible in what consists the secret of Homer's superiority." We have here this prodigy of female *lumières* gravely confessing her ignorance, either that Dryden and Cowper were translators, or that Dryden and Cowper were great authors; and advancing a proposition, of which the direct converse is true. She talks equally at random (in her "Ten Years Exile") of the Russian poets: and affronts the fame of *Derzhavin*, the *Klopstock* of Russia, by taking upon her to assert, while remarking on the fondness of the Russians for the

gorgeousness of Asiatic ornament, that their "imagination has neither manifested itself in the fine arts, nor in poetry." Her passion for a foppish display of antithesis seduces her into an absurd depreciation of the Greeks, in comparison with the Romans. The Greeks, we are assured, had not "that sentiment, that considerate will, that national spirit, that patriotic devotion, which distinguished the Romans. The Greeks were to give the momentum to literature and the fine arts. The Romans have communicated to the world the impression of their genius." And after this, not very clear distinction, she babbles about the "history of *Sallust*, calling up recollections all-powerful in their mastery over the thoughts:" about the "force of soul felt through the beauty of style:" about the "man in the writer:" the "nation in this man," and the "universe at the feet of this nation:" she would make us believe, by this jingle of prettinesses, that Greece has nothing to show but sculptors and poets, and that *Demosthenes* and *Xenophon* never existed.

What she really understood, and in what she consequently surpassed herself, was narrative or memoir, and romance. Her opportunities of personal experience and observation, and the peculiar beauty of her style, (its resemblance to oral, rather than written, eloquence) fitted her to excel in the former; while her imagination, and the sort of hectic sensibility, in which she respired, found scope and expression in the latter. She drew from herself, and infused in fictitious pages her actual sensations. "*CORINNE*," a work unique in itself, and at once lyrical, dramatic, and historical, will always remain a monument, not merely of her taste and intelligence, but of her pathetic power.

Of the moral and religious merits of Madame de Staël we should be loth to speak, were she not forced into a broad light by the indiscreet, however amiable, enthusiasm of her biographer, Madame Necker de Saussure. The office is an ungrateful one: but the interests of society are paramount to the motives of compassion or forbearance towards female weakness. It is time that the confident and pompous claims,

which, if allowed, would have a tendency injurious to the interests of true religion, should at once and for ever be withstood.

We are told, in language redolent of the French sublimity to which we have already adverted, that "a genius similar to that of Madame de Staël is the sole missionary available in a knowing and reasoning, a frivolous and scornful world. Without entering into the temple itself, she has placed herself in the porch and preluded to the sacred choirs before that pagan-hearted multitude, which burns incense to the muses, and stones the prophets:" the climax is still behind: "she has said to tender and enthusiastic souls, 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you'!!!" Notice—*Œuvres Inédites*, 1—317.

We touch the subject with hesitation—but the lips which preach a God of purity must themselves be pure. The clerical fop who, in a northern journal, elegantly compared the *Methodists* to vermin, which it was necessary to extirpate by dint of soap and combs, artlessly protested that he always thought that he "breathed in a Christian land:" but, at whatever risk of disturbing the serenity of this smug and comfortable priest, we must declare, that writing oneself down Christian conveys to us no proof of Christian character. Without this, the officiousness of proselytism can produce no effects but what, in our judgment, are utterly worthless: namely, the inducing a set of worldly-minded persons to condescend to *patronise* religion, and to *talk* of the beauty of Christian morals. It is confessed, and with some complacency, inconsistent as it may seem, that Delphine was the reality, *Corinne* the ideal, of Madame de Staël's own character. Is it in such characters that the Christian principle or life is exemplified? Such a kind of religion may suit the "tender and enthusiastic souls" whom Madame de Staël addresses and the phraseology explains the religion. But there is no use (there is, indeed, mischief) in cheating people into something which is *not* religion, by way of making them religious. The apostle, with whom Madame de Staël is so *decently* compared, *spoke out*. Without detracting from

the glorious attribute of mercy in the Father of his creatures, "by the terrors of the Lord he persuaded men."

Pious men have done incalculable mischief by clothing religious sentiments in the language of the voluptuary. "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less," is the close of a hymn, either of Watts or Doddridge. The sentiment "to enjoy is to obey" may be consistent with virtue in the practice of a man of confirmed religious habits, but serves as a convenient cloak for the slave to sensuality, and the talker on Christian ethics. A man who has the power of religion certainly sees, in the arts that embellish life and the refined gratifications of social intercourse, the goodness of a paternal Creator: but we have no sympathy with the flimsy and self-flattering artifice of that illusory devotion which, instead of mixing religion with our enjoyments, makes religion consist in them: which pampers our frailties, and cheats our consciences into a false security, by setting up certain impulses of good nature, and a vague credulity in the divine love, accompanied possibly with an eager zeal against vices which neither fall in our way nor suit our humours, as compensations for the unrestricted self-allowance of a darling frailty.

We can scarcely imagine any circumstances less favourable to the formation of a consistent religious character than those of Madame de Staël's early youth. By way of counteracting the seductions of the material philosophy, Madame Necker, we are told, made it her perpetual business to stock her daughter with *ideas*. At eleven years old she was accordingly placed on a high stool, to receive the homage of visitors, who took a pleasure in attacking and embarrassing her, and exciting "that little brilliant imagination of her's:" every one approached with a compliment, or a piece of pleasantry, and to all and every thing she replied with ease and grace: while the Abbé Raynal, in "a little round peruke," was accustomed to take her hands between his, and "hold them a long time, and engage her in conversation, as if she were five and twenty." We learn

that she cut out figures in paper, and acted dramas with them of her own composing. The dramas were extemporaneous. In time they crept into manuscript. The first that showed itself was "*Sophy, or Secret Sentiments*." *Sophy* is a young female orphan, "who has conceived for her tutor, the husband of her friend, a passion which she does not suspect." The biographer adds, with *naïveté*, "the excuse of the heroine, the ignorance of the sentiment which she expresses, might seem, in severe eyes, not to extend to the author." Of this training up for a wit, and a genius, and an imaginative idealist, *Sophy* was the blossom, and *Delphine* the fruit. She observes of a tragedy of M. Guibert, whose "Eulogium" she composed, that it is "consecrated entire to love." The tragedy is *Anne Boleyn*: and a cold English reader will probably feel his ears tingle with shame when he learns that the subject of the tragedy, thus "consecrated" to exclusive love, is the incestuous passion of a brother and sister. The ingenious Frenchman treats that abominable calumny of the infamous and perjured strumpet, the Lady Rochefort, as an historical reality, favourable to the excitement of tender and pathetic emotions.

"Ah!" ejaculates the instructor of "tender and enthusiastic" souls, "how deeply does this piece excite our emotions, when, in the fifth act, Anne Boleyn and her brother Rochefort are about to lose their lives! Anne wishes to reclaim her brother to that religion, of which the sublime succours console and strengthen her. The infidelity of her brother repels all her arguments: on the point of losing her last hope, she ventures to invoke a *culpable* love: she ventures to question the heart of her lover. 'What! says she to him, wilt thou renounce for ever the hope which remains to us, that we shall one day see each other again?' At these words her brother falls on his knees and exclaims, 'I believe in God!' What tragedy contains a stroke more energetic or tender? how many sentiments expressed at once! *how many souls converted together with that of Rochefort!*"

The person, whose mind was so constituted as to see nothing but

tragic tenderness and pious conviction in this absurd and indecent rant, might have assured herself that *she* at least was not precisely qualified for the *conversion of souls*.

We are informed, however, that when consoling others she "soared into such immensity, that bliss and woe, the past and present, the destiny of *all* and of *yourself* vanished away:" that "one solemn sentiment displaced every other, and you seemed to be present at the most august of all spectacles, that of the divinity accomplishing his work of regeneration on the creature, by the terrible, and yet salutary, means of grief." In charity, we would desire to believe that Madame de Staël, who could *discuss* these subjects eloquently, and *feel* them vividly, carried the theory in her own instance into practical effect: but though she harangued on religion, and felt the poetry of religion, we require some better proof of her submission to its power, of her surrendering up the whole heart to that Being who will not be satisfied with less. We have little respect for that crazy piety which may possibly pass current in the boudoirs of Parisian devotees. For sound and practical views, rational plans, and scriptural motives, we have a weak, credulous superstition; a pampered morbidity of enthusiasm; and the lack-a-daisical ejaculations of an hysterical gentlewoman. She prays to the departed spirit of her father M. Necker: she makes of him a sort of mediatorial ghost, through whose intervention she may extort blessings from the Deity: if any thing befalls her, which she deems fortunate, she exclaims, "My father has *obtained* this for me:" and we hear of sighs, of exclamations, of pious invocations (as of the *ci-devant* finance-minister, we suppose) and of broken sentences escaping from her, of the following rational and edifying description: "*poor human nature! alas! what are we? ah! this life, this life!*" How worthy this of the precentor of the Christian priesthood!

We cheerfully accord to Madame de Staël a certain adroit penetration of men and things, a nervous, flowing, and sometimes affecting elocution; a lively genius for politics; liberal political views; great talents for conversation—"a rare magnificence of

eyes," as we are assured by her fair cousin; many sprightly captivations, and many really amiable and generous natural qualities: but neither her own laboured defence of the "moral design of *Delphine*," nor her expressed intention of writing a book with the title of "*The Education of the Heart by the Life*," although Madame Necker argues, that the mere project of composing such a book demonstrates that *she felt the sentiment* of continual amelioration, will convince us that the sentiment was anything more than *felt*, or that the interests of religion could safely be entrusted to her hands.

We need not discuss the merits of her persecution by Bonaparte. The despotism of a new government succeeding an interregnum of factious anarchy is not the least defensible of despotisms. "They pretend," said Napoleon, "that she talks neither of me nor of politics: but I don't know how it happens, they who have seen *her like me* less. She turns people's heads (*elle monte les têtes*) in a way that does not suit me." If this lively lady was busy and loquacious in the ticklish crisis of a new dynasty, her exile was only the natural effect of a plausible state policy.

The "*Ten Years' Exile*" is an unfinished work, and, in fact, embraces only the period of *seven* years. There is an interval of six years between the two parts of the narrative, which commences in 1800, and abruptly terminates at Madame de Staël's arrival in Sweden, in 1812. With the circumstances personal to herself she incorporates reflections on some of the characters that figured in the French government, the state of France, the policy and disposition of Bonaparte, and the manners and institutions of the countries which she traverses, particularly Russia. These are marked by some cleverness, and some haste.

Of the translation, we can only say with *Dangle* in the Critic, that the "Interpreter is the more difficult to be understood of the two." After just hovering over the "System of *fusion*, adopted by Bonaparte," in the titular contents of the third chapter, (by which we conjecture is meant *amalgamation*) we must beg to pounce on a passage in pages 20, 21 (page 16 in the French.) "The public, at

the end of a certain time, appears to me always equitable: self-love must accustom itself to *do credit to praise*: for in due time, we obtain as much of that as we deserve." But *faire credit à la louange* is "to allow praise a long credit:" she is sure to pay us in the end.

In the eighth chapter we are told, in some observations reflecting on the manners of the new Imperial Court, "Bonaparte himself is embarrassed on occasions of representation." What this possibly can mean we may defy any one to discover, till he turns to the original, "Bonaparte lui même a de l'embarras quand il s'agit de représentation." He betrays embarrassment when figure or manner is wanting.

This is quite enough. We think any garreteering wight, "who turns a Persian tale for half a crown," might have avoided a rap on the knuckles for such school-boy slips as these.

The book, which forms a part of the "*Œuvres Inédites*," has by this time lost much of its interest: and that interest, from its comparatively limited and personal nature, is inferior to that of her "Considerations on the French Revolution." We are somewhat sickened by the flatteries of the

magnanimous Alexander, and we detect the satire of an ill-used woman in the "still-beginning never-ending" railing on Bonaparte. The little man has grown taller in esteem since the field has been left clear for the legitimate despots, who put down popular liberty, in states independent of their jurisdiction, from sheer piety, and who "do not want learned men," but passive subjects. Yet it must be admitted that she had a shrewd insight into many parts of his character. Of the style, the following strikes us as a pleasing specimen, and characteristic of the writer. We recognise something of that poetical energy which we had felt and admired in *Corinne*.

"I walked about with deep melancholy in that beautiful city of Petersburg, which might become the prey of the conqueror. When I returned in the evening from the islands, and saw the gilded point of the citadel, which seemed to spout out in the air like a ray of fire, while the Neva reflected the marble quays and palaces which surrounded it, I represented to myself all these wonders faded by the arrogance of a man, who would come to say, like Satan on the top of the * mountain, "The kingdoms of the earth are mine."

* The translator has it, "a mountain:" by which he has ingeniously contrived to lose the allusion. Did he never meet with the scenical vision of the temptation in the wilderness?

SONNET.

A REFLECTION ON SUMMER.

WE well may wonder o'er the change of scene,
 Now Summer's contrast through the land is spread,
 And turn us back, where Winter's tempest fled,
 And left nought living but the ivy's green.
 The then bare woods, that trembled over head
 Like Spectres, 'mid the storm, of what had been,
 And wrecks of beauty ne'er to bloom again,—
 Are now all glory. Nature smiles as free,
 As the last Summer had commenced its reign,
 And she were blooming in Eternity.
 So in this life, when future thoughts beguile,
 And from past cares our spirits get relieved,
 Hope cheers us onward with as sweet a smile
 As if, before, she never had deceived.

JOHN CLARE.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. X.

PLACING A SCOTTISH MINISTER.

Lang patronage wi' rod of airn,
 Has shored the kirk's undoin,
 As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin ;
 Our patron, honest man ! Glencairn,
 He saw mischief was brewin ;
 And, like a godly elect bairn,
 He's waled us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

Burns.

THE pleasantest hour, perhaps, of human life, is when a man, becoming master of his own actions, and with his first earned money in his hand, gazes along the opening vista of existence, and sees, in silent speculation, the objects of his ambition appearing before him in their shadowy succession of peace, and enjoyment, and glory. Out of a few hard-won shillings, the peasant frames visions of rustic wealth, whitens the mountains with his flocks, and covers the plain with clover and corn. The seaman casts his future anchor on a coast of silver, and gold, and precious stones ; and sees his going and returning sails wafting luxury and riches. The poet, in his first verse, feels a thrill of unbounded joy he is never to experience again ; he hears Fame sounding her trumpet at his approach, and imagines his songs descending through the most delightful of all modes of publication—the sweet lips of millions of fair maidens, now and for evermore. It was with feelings of this kind that I arranged the purchases my first wealth made, in a handsome pack secured with bolt and lock ; and proceeded to follow the gainful and healthful calling of a packman among the dales of Dumfriesshire and the green hills of Galloway. On the first morning of my trade, I halted in every green lane, spread out the motley contents of my box in orderly array before me, then placed them again in the box, and recommenced my march, amid busy calculation of the probable proceeds of my industry.

A little before noon, on a sweet morning of summer, I had seated myself on the summit of a little green fairy hill which overlooks the ancient abbey of Bleeding-Heart ;

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and, spreading out all the articles I had to offer for sale before me, I indulged, unconsciously, in the following audible speculation:—"A pleasant story and a merry look will do much among the young ; and a sedate face and a grave tale will win me a lodging from the staid and devout. For the bonnie lass and the merry lad, have I not the choicest ballads and songs ? For the wise and the grave, do I lack works of solemn import, from the Prophecies of Peden, and the Crumb of Comfort, up to Salvation's Vantage-Ground, or a Louping-on-Stone for Heavy Believers ? Then for those who are neither lax on the one hand, nor devout on the other, but stand as a stone in the wall, neither in the kirk nor out of it, have I not books of as motley a nature as they ? And look at these golden laces, these silken snoods, and these ivory bosom-busks,—though I will not deny that a well-faured lass has a chance to wheedle me out of a lace, or a ribbon, with no other money than a current kiss, and reduce my profit,—yet I must even lay it the heavier on new-married wives, rosy young widows, and lasses with fee and bounty in their laps. It would be a sad thing if love for a sonsie lass should make me a loser." An old dame in a gray linsey-woolsey gown, a black silk riding hood pinned beneath her chin, with a large calf-skin-covered Bible under her arm, had approached me unseen. She fell upon me like a whirlwind:—"O ! thou beardless trickster, thou seventeen year old scant-o'-grace, wilt thou sit planning among God's daylight how to overreach thy neighbour ? My sooth lad, but thou art a gleg one. I question if William Mackfen himself, who has cheated

my goodman and me these twenty-seven summers, is half such a wily loon as thyself. A night's lodging ye need never ask at Airnaumrie. And yet it would be a sore matter to my conscience to turn out a face so young and so well faured, to the bensel of the midnight blast." And away the old lady walked, and left me to arrange the treasures of my pack at my leisure. Her words were still ringing in my ears, when an old man, dressed in the antique Scottish fashion—a gray plaid wound about his bosom, a broad westland bonnet on his head, which shaded, but did not conceal, a few shining white hairs, and with a long white staff in his hand, came up, and addressed me:—"Gather up thy books and thy baubles, young man; this is not the time to spread out these worldly toys to the eyes of human infirmity. Gather them together, and cast them into that brook, and follow me. Alas!" said the old man, touching my treasures with the end of his staff, "here are gauds for our young and our rosie madams,—bosom-busks, brow-snoods, and shining brooches for ensnaring the eyes of youth. I tell thee, young man, woman will fall soon enough from her bright station by her own infirmities, without thy helping hand to pluck her down. Much do I fear thou hast been disposing of sundry of thy snares to the vain old dame of Airnaumrie. She is half saint and half sinner; and the thoughts of her giddy youth are still too strong for her gray hairs: seest thou not that she carries the book of redemption in her hand, when she should bear it in her head? But she gleaned her scanty knowledge on an Erastian field among the Egyptian stubble. Ah! had she been tightly targed by a sound professor on the Proof Catechism, she had not needed that printed auxiliary under her arm. But I waste precious time on an unprofitable youth. I hasten whither I am called,—for patronage, with its armed hand, will give the kirk of Galloway a sad stroke to-day, if there be no blessed interposition." And my male followed my female monitor, leaving me to wonder what all this religious bustle and preparation might mean. I was about to follow, when loud talk, and louder

laughter, came towards me through the green avenue of a neighbouring wood. A bevy of lads and lasses in holiday clothes, with books of devotion in their hands, soon appeared; and they were not slack in indulging themselves in week-day merriment. "A pretty whig, indeed!" said a handsome girl with brown locks, and coats kilted half-way up a pair of very white legs; "a pretty whig, indeed!—I'll tell thee, lad, thou'lt never be the shining star in the firmament thy aunt speaks of when she prays. I have seen a lad with as much grace in his eye as thyself, endure a sore sermon by himself when the kirk should have scaled." "And I have seen," retorted the swain, "as great a marvel as a pair of white legs, rosie lips, and mischievous eyes, making as wise a man as myself pay dear for an hour's daffin." "Daffin," said the maiden, laughing till the woods rung again; "daffin will be scant when a lass seeks for't with such a long black world's wonder as thee. It sets thy mother's oldest son well to speak of daffin." "I have climbed a higher tree, and harried a richer nest," murmured the plowman: "but what, in the name of patronage, have we here? Here's an abstract personification, as somebody called John Gondie the Cameronian, of old Willie Mackfen the pedlar—in the days of his youth." So saying, a crowd of lads and lasses surrounded my pack and me, and proceeded to examine and comment on my commodities, with an absence of ceremony which would have vexed even a veteran traveller. "As I shall answer for it," said one youth, "here's the very snood Jenny Birk-whistle lost amang Andrew Lorraine's broom." "And I protest," retorted the maiden, justly offended at this allusion to the emblem of maidenhood, "I protest, here's the wisest of all printed things—even A Groat's Worth of Wit for a Penny, which thy mother longed to read ere she was lightened of Gowk Gabriel. Thy father has much to answer for, when a penny would have made a wiseman of his haval." A loud laugh told that truth was mingled with the ready wit of the maiden. Utter ruin seemed to wait on my affairs, when a woman, with a sour sharp visage, and a tongue that rang

like a steel hammer on a smith's anvil, came up, and interposed. "Ye utterly castaway and graceless creatures, are ye making godless mirth on a green hill side?" said she, stretching forth her hands, garnished with long finger-nails, over the crowd—like a hawk over a brood of chickens, "is not this the day when patronage seeks to be mighty, and will prevail. Put yourselves, therefore, in array. The preaching man of Belial, with his red dragons, even now approaches the afflicted kirk of Bleeding-Heart. Have ye not heard how they threaten to cast the cope-stone of the kirk into the deep sink, where our forefathers of yore threw the lady of Babylon, and her painted and mitred minions? But it is ever this way. Ye would barter the soul's welfare for the body's folly. Ah! what would Hezekiah Graneaway, thy devout grandfather, say, were he to see his descendant, on a day of trial like this, standing making mouths at a poor packman-lad, with a bevy of petticoated temptresses around him? Get along, I say, lest I tear these curled love-locks from thy temples. And as for thee, thou young money-changer—thou dealer in maiden trickery and idle gauds, knowest thou not that this is ORDINATION DAY—so buckle up thy merchandize, and follow. Verily, none can tell from whose hand the blow shall come this day, that will save us from the sinful compliance with that offspring of old Mahoun, even patronage." I was glad of any pretext for withdrawing my goods from the hands of my unwelcome visitors; so I huddled them together, secured them with the lock, and followed the zealous dame, who, with a proud look, walked down the hill, to unite herself to a multitude of all ranks and sexes, which the placing of the parish minister had collected together.

The place where this multitude of motley beliefs and feelings had assembled, was one of singular beauty. At the bottom of a woody glen, the margin of a beautiful lake, and the foot of a high green mountain, with the sea of Solway seen rolling and sparkling in the distance, stood a populous and straggling village, through which a clear stream, and a paved road, wind side by side. Each

house had its garden behind, and a bare-headed progeny running wild about the banks of the rivulet; beside which, many old men and matrons, seated according to their convenience, enjoyed the light of the sun, and the sweetness of the summer air. At the eastern extremity of the village, a noble religious ruin, in the purest style of the Saxons, raised its shattered towers and minarets far above all other buildings; while the wall-flowers, shooting forth in the spring at every joint and crevice, perfumed the air for several roods around. The buttresses, and exterior auxiliary walls, were covered with a thick tapestry of ivy; which, with its close-clinging and smooth shining leaf, resembled a covering of velvet. One bell, which tradition declares to be of pure silver, remained on the top of one of the highest turrets, beyond the reach of man. It is never rung, save by a violent storm; and its ringing is reckoned ominous—deaths at land, and drownings at sea, follow the sound of the silver bell of Bleeding-Heart Abbey. Innumerable swarms of pigeons and daws shared the upper region of the ruin among them, and built and brought forth their young in the deserted niches of saints, and the holes from which corbals of carved wood had supported the painted ceiling. At the very foot of this majestic edifice, stood the parish kirk, built in utter contempt of the beautiful proportions of its ancient neighbour; and for the purpose, perhaps, of proving in how mean a sanctuary the pure and stern devotion of the Presbyterians could humble itself. Men thrash their grain, stall their horses, house their cattle, and even lodge themselves, in houses dry and comfortable—but, for religion, they erect edifices which resemble the grave: the moist clay of the floor, the dampness, and frequent droppings of water from the walls, are prime matters of satisfaction to the parish grave-digger, and preserve his spade from rust.

Into this ancient abbey, and the beautiful region around it, the whole population of the parish appeared to have poured itself, for the purpose of witnessing, and perhaps resisting the ordination of a new and obnoxious pastor, whom patronage had pro-

vided for their instruction. Youths, more eager for a pleasant sight than religious controversy, had ascended into the abbey towers;—the thick-piled grave-stones of the kirk-yard—each ruined buttress—the broken altar stone, and the tops of the trees, were filled with aged or with youthful spectators. Presbyterians of the established kirk, Burghers, Anti-burghers, Cameronians, and seceders of all denominations, paraded the long crooked street of the village, and whiled away the heavy time, and amused their fancy, and soothed their conscience, by splitting anew the straws scattered about by the idle wind of controversy. Something like an attempt to obstruct the entrance to the kirk appeared to have been made. The spirit of opposition had hewn down some stately trees which shaded the kirk-yard, and these, with broken ploughs and carts, were cast into the road—the kirk door itself had been nailed up, and the bell silenced by the removal of the rope. The silver bell on the abbey alone, swept by a sudden wind, gave one gentle toll; and, at that moment, a loud outcry, from end to end of the village, announced the approach of the future pastor. The peasants thickened round on all sides; and some proceeded to wall up the door of the kirk with a rampart of loose stones. “Let Dagon defend Dagon,” said one rustic, misapplying the Scripture he quoted, while he threw the remains of the abbey altar-stone into the path. “And here is the through-stone of the last abbot, Willie Bell. It makes a capital cope-stone to the defences—I kenn’d it by the drinking cup aside the death’s head—he liked to do penance with a stoup of wine at his elbow,” said another boor, adding the broken stone to the other incumbrances. “A drinking cup! ye coof,” said an old man, pressing through the crowd, “it is a sand-glass—and cut too on the head-stone of thy own grandfather—black will be thy end for this.” The boor turned away with a shudder; while the dame of Airnaumrie, with the black hood, and large Bible, exclaimed, “Take away that foul memorial of old Gomorrha Gunson. The cause can never prosper that borrows defence from that never-dogood’s grave. Remove the stone, I

say, else I shall brain thee with this precious book.” And she shook the religious missile at the descendant of old Gomorrha, who carried off the stone; and no farther attempt was made, after this ominous circumstance, to augment the rampart.

Amid all this stir and preparation, I had obtained but an indistinct knowledge of the cause which called into action all the grave, impatient, and turbulent spirits of the district. This was partly divulged in a conversation between two persons, to which there were many auditors. One was the male broad-bonnetted disciplinarian, who rebuked me for displaying the contents of my pack; and the other was the sour-visaged, shrill-tongued dame, who rescued my pack from the peril of pillage on the road, and with the true antique spirit of the reformed church, lent her voice to swell the clamour of controversy. Their faces were inflamed, and their voices exalted, by the rancour of mutual contradiction: and it was thus I heard the male stickler for the kirk’s freedom of election express himself: “I tell thee once, woman, and I tell thee again, that the kirk of Bleeding-Heart there, where it stands so proud and so bonnie by the side of that auld carcase of the woman of Rome,—I tell thee it shall stand empty and deserted, shall send forth on Sunday a dumb silence, and the harmony of her voice be heard no more in the land,—rather than she shall take like a bridegroom to her bosom, that sapless slip of the soul-misleading and Latin-quoting University. Instead of drinking from the pure and fresh well-head, we shall have to drink from the muddy ditch which men have dug for themselves with the spades and shovels of learning. Instead of the down-pouring of the frank and heaven-communicated spirit, we shall have the earthly spirit—the gross invention and fancy of man—a long, dull, down-come of a read sermon, which falls as seed on the ocean, and chaff on the furrowed land. Besides all this, is not this youth—this Joel Kirkpatrick, a slip or scion from the poisonous tree of patronage, that last legacy from the scarlet lady of Rome?” “I say no to that—the back of my hand to that,” interrupted the woman, in red

and visible wrath; "I have heard him preach, and I have profited by his prayers; he is a precious youth, and has a happy gift at unravelling the puzzled skein of controversy. He will be a fixed and a splendid star, and that ye will soon see. And here he comes, blessings upon his head; ye shall hear a sermon soon, such as has not been heard in the land, since that chosen youth, John Rutherford, preached on the text, 'I shall kiss thee with kisses of my mouth.'" "Woman, woman," said her antagonist, thou art the slipperiest of thy kind; and opposition and controversy turn thee round, even as the bush bends to the blast. To-day hast thou stood for the kirk in its ancient purity; and lo! now thou wilt take her defiled by patronage, because of that goodly youth Joel Kirkpatrick." "Silence, ye fule-fowk," said a young plowman at their side, "ye'll no let me hear the sound of the soldiers' bugle; they are coming to plant the gospel with spear and with sword. I have seen many a priest placed, some with pith of the tongue, and some with the pith of malt: Black Ned, of the parish of Slokendrouth, was placed in his pulpit by the aid of the brown spirit of malt; and there the same spirit supports him still. But, on my conscience, I never saw a parson guarded to the pulpit with cold steel before. It's a sight worth seeing." A stir and a movement was now observed at the extremity of the village; and presently the helmets, and plumes, and drawn swords, of two hundred horsemen, appeared, shining and waving above the crowd. This unusual accompaniment of the ministerial functions was greeted with hissings and hootings: and the scorn and anger of the multitude burst at once into one loud yell.

The women and the children, gathering the summer dust in their hands, showered it as thick and as blinding as winter-drift on the persons of the troopers. The anger of the people did not rest here; pebbles began to be thrown, and symptoms of fiercer hostility began to manifest themselves; for many of the peasants were armed, and seemed to threaten to dispute the entrance to the kirk. In the midst of all this tumult, mounted on a little white horse, and dressed in black, rode a young man, around whom the dust ascended and descended as if agitated by a whirlwind. This was the minister. He passed on, nor looked to the right or left, but with singular meekness, and a look of sorrow and resignation, endured the tumultuous scorn of the crowd. Long before he reached the limit of the village, he seemed more a pillar of dust than a human being. "Is the kirk a dog, that thou comest against her with staves?" said one: "Or is she a besieged city, that thou bringest against her thy horsemen and thy chariots?" cried a second: "Or comest thou to slay, whom thou canst not convince?" shouted a third: "Or dost thou come to wash thy garments in the blood of saints?" bawled a fourth: "Or to teach thy flock the exercise of the sword rather than the exercise of devotion?" yelled a fifth: "Or come ye," exclaimed a sixth—at the very limit of the human voice, "to mix the sound of the psalm with that of the trumpet, and to hear how divinity and slaughter will sound together?" Others expressed their anger in hissings and hootings; while an old mendicant ballad-singer paraded, step by step with the minister, through the crowd, and sung to a licentious tune the following rustic lampoon:—

PLACING THE PARSON.

1.

Come hasten, and see, for the kirk, like a bride,
Is array'd for her spouse in sedateness and pride.
Comes he in meek mood, with his hands clasp'd, and sighing
For the godless and doom'd, with his hope set on Zion?
Comes he with the grave, the austere, and the sage,—
A warfare with those who scoff Scripture to wage?
He comes—hark! the reins of his war-steeds are ringing;
His trumpet—but 'tis not God's trumpet, is singing.

2.

Clap your hands, all ye graceless ; sing loud, and rejoice,
 Ye young men of Rimmon ; and lift up your voice
 All ye who love wantonness, wassail, and sinning
 With the dame deck'd in scarlet and fine-twined linen.
 Scoff louder, thou scoffer ; scorn on, thou proud scorner ;
 Satan comes to build kirks, and has laid the first corner.
 The Babylon dame, from perdition's deep pool,
 Sings and cradles her babes in the kirk's cuttie stool.

3.

He comes ! of all parsons the swatch and the pattern,
 Shaped out to save souls by the shears of his patron.
 He comes steep'd in learning's dark puddle, and chatters
 Greek words, and tears all Calvin's creed into tatters,
 And vows the hot pit shall shut up its grim portals,
 Nor devour to a tithe the sum-total of mortals ;
 Talks of works, and morality's Will-o'-Wisp glimmer,
 And showers reason's frost on our spiritual simmer.

4.

He comes ! lo ! behind on their war-horses ranking,
 Ride his bands of the faithful, their steel weapons clanking ;
 Proud hour for religion, when God's chosen word
 Is proclaim'd by the trump, and confirm'd by the sword.
 Proud hour, when with bayonet, and banner, and brand,
 The kirk spreads her sway o'er old Galloway's land,
 Where of yore, Sandie Peden look'd down on the vales,
 Crying—Clap me hell's flame to their heathenish tails.

Over this minstrel discordance, a far louder din now prevailed ; though the mendicant raised his voice to its loftiest pitch, and all those who purchased his ballad, swelled the noise with their utmost strength. A grove of elm and oak, old and stately, whose broad green branches had shaded the splendid processions of the hierarchy of the church of Rome, when in the height of its glory, presented a short avenue from the end of the village to the door of the parish kirk. Here the peasantry posted themselves in great numbers ; and here the horsemen halted to form for the charge, which they expected to make before they could obtain access to the church. Nor did this promise to be an easy task. Many of the peasants were well-armed ; and boat-poles, pitchforks, fish-spears, and hedging-bills—all excellent weapons for resistance and annoyance—began to thicken near the bosoms of the horses ; while behind, fowling-pieces, and pistols, and swords, appeared prepared in hands that knew well how to use them. In a remoter line still, the women, their aprons charged with

pebbles and staves, stood ready to succour, with hand and with voice, the maintainers of kirk purity.—The casting of dust—the showering of gravel and stones, and the loud outcry of the multitude, every moment augmented. John Cargill, a gifted Cameronian weaver, from one of the wildest Galloway mountains, brandished an oaken treddle with which he had armed himself, like a quarter-staff, and cried, “Down with the men of Moab.” Tom Gunson, a smuggler, shouted till he was heard a mile distant, “Down with them, my handy chaps, and we'll drink the auld kirk's health out of the troopers' helmets ;” and to crown their audacity, Ill Will Tennan, the poacher, halloed, “Ise shoot the whole troop at a gray groat the pair, and give ye the raven priest to the mends—who strikes the bargain?” Open hostility seemed almost unavoidable, when an old farmer, throwing his hat aside, advanced suddenly from the crowd to the side of the minister, and said, “Did I ever think I should behold the son of my soothfast friend, Hebron Kirkpatrick, going to glorify God's name at the head

of a band of daily brawlers and paid stabbers—his horse's feet shall pass over this frail body first;" and he bent himself down at the feet of the minister's horse, with his gray locks nearly touching the dust. At this unexpected address, and remarkable action, Joel Kirkpatrick wakened as from a reverie of despondency, and lighting from his horse, took the old man in his arms with looks of concern and affection. The multitude was hushed while the minister said, "May my head be borne by the scoffer to the grave, and my name serve for a proverb of shame and reproach, if I step another step this day other than thou wilt. Thou hast long been an exemplar and a guide to me, John Halberson; and, though God's appointed preacher, and called to the tending of his flock, be assured I will have thy sanction, else my ministry may be barren of fruit." The venerable old man gazed on the young preacher with the light of gladness in his eyes, and taking his hand, said, "Joel Kirkpatrick, heed my words; I question not the authority of the voice permitted by Him whom we serve to call thee to this ministry. The word of the multitude is not always with the wisest, nor the cry of the people with the sound divine and the gifted preacher. I push thee not forward, neither do I pluck thee back; but surely, surely, young man of God, he never ordained the glory of his blessed kirk to be sustained by the sword, and that he whom he called should come blowing the trumpet against it. Much do I fear for the honour of that ministry which is entered upon with banner and brand." As John Halberson spoke, a sudden light seemed to break upon the preacher—he motioned the soldiers back; and taking off his hat, advanced firmly and meekly down the avenue towards the kirk-door, one time busied in silent prayer, another time endeavouring to address the multitude. "Hear him not," said one matron; "for he comes schooled from the university of guile and deceit; and his words, sweet as honey in the mouth, may prove bitter in the belly, even as wormwood." "I say hear him, hear him," said another matron, shaking her Bible at her neighbour's head, to enforce submission—"ye think him bitterer than the gourd,

but he will be sweeter than the honey-comb." "Absolve thee," said one old man, the garrulity of age making a speech out of what he meant for an exclamation, "Absolve thee of the foul guilt, the burning sin, and the black shame of that bane and wormwood of God's kirk, even patronage; and come unto us,—not with the array of horsemen and the affair of war; but come with the humility of tears, and the contrition of sighs, and we shall put thee in the pulpit; for we know thou art a gifted youth." Another old man with a bonnet and plaid, and bearing a staff to reinforce his lack of argument, answered the enemy of patronage, "Who wishes for the choice of the foolish many, in preference to the election of the one-wise? The choice of our pastor will be as foolishness for our hearts and a stumbling-block to our feet. When did ignorance lift up its voice as a judge, and the sick heart become its own physician? We are as men who know nothing—each expounding scripture as seemeth wise in vain eyes; and yet shall we go to say this man, and no other, hath the wisdom to teach and instruct us?" "Well spoken and wisely, laird of Birkenloan," shouted a plowman from the summit of the old abbey; "more by token, our nearest neighbours, in their love for the lad who could preach a sappy spiritual sermon, elected to the ministry a sworn and ordained bender of the bicker, whose pulpit, instead of the odour of sanctity, sends forth the odour of smuggled gin."—A loud burst of laughter from the multitude acknowledged the truth of the plowman's sarcasm; while Jock Gillock, one of the most noted smugglers of the coast of Solway, shook his hand in defiance at the rustic advocate of patronage, and said, "If I don't make ye the best thrashed Robson ever stept in black leather shoon, may I be foundered in half a fathom of fresh water." "And if ye fail to know the smell of a plowman's hand from this day forthwith, compared to that of all meaner men's," cried the undaunted agriculturist, "I shall give ye leave to chop me into ballast for your smuggling cutter:" and he descended to the ground with the agility of a cat, while the mariner hastened to encounter him; and all the impetuous

and intractable spirits on both sides followed to witness the battle. "So now," said an old peasant, "doth not the wicked slacken their array? Doth not the demon of secession, who hath so long laid waste our kirk, draw off his forces of his own free will? Let us fight the fight of righteousness, while the workers of wickedness fight their own battles. Let us open the kirk portals, blocked up and barricaded by the Shimeis of the land." Several times the young preacher attempted to address the crowd, who had conceived a sudden affection for him since the salutary dismissal of the dragoons—but his flock were far too clamorous, impatient, and elated, to heed what he had to say. They were unaccustomed to be addressed, save from the pulpit; and the wisest speech from a minister without the imposing accompaniments of pulpit and pews, and ranks of douce unbonnetted listeners, is sure to fail in making a forcible impression. It was wise, perhaps, in the minister to follow the counsel of grave John Halberson, and let the multitude work their own way. They lifted him from the ground; and, borne along by a crowd of old and young, he approached the kirk—the obstacles which impeded the way vanished before the activity of a thousand willing hands. The kirk-door, fastened with iron spikes by a band of smugglers on the preceding evening, was next assailed, and burst against the wall with a clang that made the old ruin ring again, and in rushed a multitude of heads, filling every seat, as water fills a vessel, from one end of the building to the other. The preacher was borne aloft by this living tide to the door of the pulpit; while the divine, to whom was deputed the honour of ordaining and placing him in his ministry, was welcomed by a free passage, though he had to listen to many admonitions as he passed. "O admonish him to preach in the ancient spirit of the reformed kirk—in a spirit that was wonderful to hear and awful to understand," said one old man, shaking a head of grey hair as he spoke. "And O," said another peasant as the divine turned his head, unwilling thus to be schooled in his calling—"targe him tightly anent chambering and wantonness, the glory of

youth and the pride of life: for the follies of the land multiply exceedingly." From him the divine turned away in displeasure; but received in the other ear the cross-fire of an old woman, whose nose and chin could have held a hazel nut, and almost cracked it between their extremities; and whose upper lip was garnished with a beard, matching in length and strength the whiskers of a cat. "And O, Sir, he's in a state of single-innocence and sore temptation even now--warn him, I beseech thee; warn him of the pit into which that singular and pious man fell in the hour of evil—even him whom the scoffers call sleepy Samuel. Bid him beware of painted flesh and languishing eyes—of which there be enough in this wicked parish. Tell him to beware of one whose love-locks and whose lures will soon pluck him down from his high calling, even the fair daughter of the old dour trunk of the tree of papistry, bonnie Bess Glendinning." Here her words were drowned in the more audible counsel of another of the burning and shining lights of the parish, from whose lips escaped, in a tone resembling a voice from a cavern, the alarming words, "Socinians, Arminians, Dioclesians, Erastians, Arians, and Episcopalians."—"Episcopalians!" ejaculated an old woman in dismay and astonishment, who mistook, perhaps, this curtailed catalogue of schismatics for some tremendous anathema or exorcism—"Episcopalians! God protect me, what's that?"

I have no wish to attempt to describe the effects which a very happy, pithy, and fervent inauguration sermon had on the multitude. The topics of election, redemption, predestination, and the duties which he called his brother to perform, with a judicious mind, a christian feeling, and an ardent but temperate spirit, were handled, perilous as the topics were, with singular tact, and discrimination, and delicacy. The happy mixture of active morality and spiritual belief, of work-day-world practice, and elegant theory, which this address contained, deserves a lasting remembrance.

The summary of the preacher's duties, and the description of the impetuous and mistempered spirits of the parish, and the contradictory

creeds which he had to soothe and to solder, form still a traditionary treasure to the parish. To minds young and giddy as mine, these healthy and solacing things were not so attractive as the follies and outrages of a disappointed crowd; and let not an old man, without reflecting that he too was once eighteen, condemn me for forsaking the presence and precepts of the preacher, for the less spiritual and less moral, but no less instructive drama which was acting in the open air.

The dragoons were still on their saddles, but had retired to the extremity of the village, where they emptied bottles of ale, and sung English ballads, with a gaiety and a life which obtained the notice of sundry of the young maidens; who are observed to feel a regard for scarlet and lace, which I leave to those who love not their pleasant company to explain. As they began to gather round, not unobserved of the sons of Mars, some of the village matrons proceeded to remonstrate. "Wherefore gaze ye on the men with whiskers, pruned and landered, and with coats of scarlet, and with lace laid on the skirts thereof," said one old woman, pulling at the same time her reluctant niece by the hand, while her eyes, notwithstanding her retrograde motion, were fixed on a brawny trooper. "And, Deborah," said a mother to her daughter, whose white hand and whiter neck, shaded with tresses of glossy auburn, the hands of another trooper had invaded, "what wouldst thou do with him who wears the helmet of brass upon his head—he is an able-bodied man, but a great covenant-breaker, and he putteth trust in the spear and in the sword." The maiden struggled with that earnestness with which a virgin of eighteen strives to escape from the kindness of a handsome man; and kiss succeeding kiss told what penalty she incurred in delaying to follow her mother. Of the dissenting portion of the multitude, some disposed of themselves in the readiest ale-houses; where the themes of patronage, free-will, and predestination, emptied many barrels; and the clouds of mystery and doubt darkened down with the progress of the tankard. Others, of a more flexible system of morality, went to arrange, far from the tumult

of tongues and opinions in which the district gauger figured, a midnight importation of choice Geneva, the rapid consumption of which was hastened by the burning spark of controversy which raged unquenchably in their throats. Many retired sullenly homeward, lamenting that a concourse of men of hostile opinions could collect, controvert, and quarrel, and then coolly separate without blows and bloodshed, cursing the monotony of human existence now, compared with the stirring times of border forays and covenant-raids. A moiety nearly of the seceding crowd remained in clumps on the village-green. They were men chiefly of that glowing zeal, to whom mere charity and the silent operations of religious feeling seem cold and unfruitful; those pure and fortunate beings who find nothing praise-worthy, or meriting the hope of salvation, in the actions of mere men; who discover new interpretations of scripture, and rend anew the party-coloured and patched garments of sect and schism every time they meet, when the liquor is abundant. Their hope of the complete reform in the discipline of the parish kirk, or the creation of a new meeting-house to enjoy the eloquence of a preacher, the choice of their own wisdom, seemed now nearly blasted; and they uttered their discontent at the result, while they praised the dexterity or cunning with which they opposed the ordination of that protégé of patronage, Joel Kirkpatrick. "The kirk session may buy a new bell-rope," said a Cameronian weaver, "for I cut away the tow from their tinkling brass yestreen; more by token, it now tethers my hummel cow on the unmowed side of John Allan's park—he had no business to set himself up against the will of the parish and the word of God." Gilbert Glass, the village glazier, found a topic of worldly consolation amid the spiritual misfortunes of the day: "The kirk windows will cost them a fine penny to repair; some one, whom I'll not name, left not a single pane whole—and each pane will cost the heritors a silver sixpence—that's work my way. It is an evil wind, Saunders Bazeley, that blows nobody good; a profitable proverb to you."—"All that I know of the proverb," replied

Saunders the slater, "is that it will be the sweet licking of a creamy finger to thee—but alake! what will I get out of the pain of riding stride-legs over the clouted roof of the old kirk, patching a few broken slates? I have heard of many a wind blowing for one's good, but I never heard of a wind that uncovered a kirk yet." To all this, answered Micah Meen, a sectarian mason; "Plague on't! I wish there were not a slate on its roof, or one stone of its wall above another. This old kirk, built out of the spare stones of the old abbey, is but a bastard-bairn of the old lady of Rome, and deserves no good to come on't. Look ye to the upshot of my words. Seventeen year have I been kirk-mason, and am still as poor as one of its mice. But bide ye, let us lay our heads together, and build a brent new meeting-house. I will build the walls, and no be too hard about the sillar, if I have the letting of the seats. And we will have a preacher to our own liking, one who shall not preach a word save sound doctrine, else let me never bed a stone in mortar more." "Eh man, but ye speak soundly," said Charlie Goudge, the village carpenter, "in all, save the article of kirk-seats, which being of timber, pertain more to my calling. Whomsomever, I would put a roof of red Norway fir over your heads, and erect ye such seats as no man sits in who lends his ears to a read sermon." "And as for we two," said the slater and the glazier, clubbing their callings together, for the sake of making a more serious impression, "we would counsel ye to cover your kirk with blue Lancashire slate, instead of that spungy stone from Locherbrighill, which besides, coming from a hill of witch and devil-trysting, is fit for nought, save laying above a dead man's dwelling, who never complains of a bad roof; and farther, put none of your dull green glass in the windows, but clear pure glass, through which a half-blind body might see to expound the word." "And I would counsel ye to begin a subscription incontinent," said the keeper of a neighbouring ale-house; "and if ye will come into my home, we can commence the business with moistened throats; and," continued mine host in an under tone, "I can kittle up your spirits with some rare Geneva

from the bosom of my sloop the Bonnie Nelly Lawson there, where she lies cozie among Cairnhowrie birks, and the guager never the wiser." A flood of sectarians inundated the parlour of the Thistle and Hand-Hammer, and a noise, rivalling the descent of a Galloway stream down one of its wildest glens, issued ringing far and wide from the change-house. "Subscribe!" said Gilpin Johnstone, a farmer of Annandale descent, "I would not give seven placks, and these are but small coins, for the fairest kirk that ever bore a roof above the walls. There's the goodman of Hoshenfoot, a full farmer, who hopes to be saved in his own way, he may subscribe. No but that I am willing to come and listen if the pew-rates be moderate." "Me subscribe," said he of the Hoshenfoot, buttoning his pockets as he spoke, to fortify his resolution, "where in the wide world, think ye, have I got gold to build into kirk-walls. Besides, I have been a follower of that ancient poetical mode of worship, preaching on the mountain side; and if ye will give me a day or two's reaping in the throng of harvest, I will lend ye the green hill of Knockhoolie to preach an hour's sound doctrine on any time; save, I should have said, when the peas are in the pod; and then deil have me if I would trust a hungry congregation near them." Similar evasions came from the lips of several more of the wealthy seceders; and one by one, they dissented and dispersed: not without a severe contest with the landlord, whether they were responsible for all the liquor they had consumed, seeing it was for the spiritual welfare of the parish.

If the entry of the minister into his ministry was stormy and troubled, ample reparation was made by the mass of the parishioners, who, after the ordination, escorted him home to the Manse, giving frequent testimony of that sedate joy and tranquil satisfaction which the people of Scotland are remarkable for expressing. "Reverend Sir, you have had but a cold and a wintry welcome to your ministry," said an old and substantial dame, "and if ye will oblige me by accepting of such a hansel, I shall send ye what will make a gallant house-heating." "And ye mauna have all the joy of giving gifts to

yourself, goodwife," said an old man with a broad bonnet, and stooping over a staff, "for I shall send our ain Joel Kirkpatrick such a present as no minister o' Bleeding-Heart ever received since Mirk-Monday, and all too little to atone for the din that my old and graceless tongue raised against God's gifted servant this blessed morning." "And talking of atonements," interrupted an old woman, whose hands were yet unwashen from the dust which she had thrown on the minister in the morning, "I have an atoning offering to make for having wickedly testified against a minister of God's kirk this morning. I shall send him a stone weight of ewe-milk cheese to-morrow." But no one of the multitude seemed more delighted, or stood higher in general favour, than John Halberson, the wise and venerable man who had given the first check to the fiery spirit that blazed so fiercely in the morning. He walked by the minister's side, his head uncovered, and his remaining white hairs glittering in the descending sun. His words were not many; but they were laid up in the heart, and practised in the future life of the excellent person to whom they were addressed. "Young man and reverend, thy lot is cast in a stormy season, and in a stony land. There be days for sowing, and days for reaping, and days for gathering into the garner. Thou hast a mind gifted with natural wisdom, and stored with written knowledge; a tongue fluent and sweet in utterance, and thou hast drunk of the word at the well-

head. Trust not thy gifts alone for working deliverance among the people. Thou must know each man and woman by face and by name: pass into their abodes, acquaint thyself with their feelings and their failings, and move them, and win them, to the paths of holiness, as a young man woos his bride. Thou must dandle their young ones on thy knees, for thy MASTER loved little children, and it is a seemly thing to be beloved of babes. Should youth go astray, in the way in which youth is prone, take it gently and tenderly to task—severity maketh the kirk rancorous enemies, and persecution turneth love into deadly hate; humanity and kindness are the leading strings of the human heart. One counsel more, and I have done—take unto thee a wife. Ministers are not too good for such a sweet company as woman's, neither are they too steadfast not to fear a fall. Wed, saith the Scripture, and replenish the earth,—and I wish not the good, the brave, and ancient name of Kirkpatrick to pass from among us. Peace be with thee, and many days." By following the wise counsel of his venerable parishioner, Joel Kirkpatrick became one of the most popular pastors of the Presbytery, and one of the chief luminaries of the ancient province of Galloway. His eloquence, his kindness of heart, and the active charity of his nature, will be proverbial in parish tradition, while eloquence, and kindness, and charity, are revered on earth.

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

SONG, IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

YIELD to the spheres that witching strain
That from their orbs has roll'd;
To eastern climes return again
Their fragrance, pearls, and gold.
Be to the sun that lustre given,
Thou borrow'st from his flame:
And render back thy smile to heaven
From whence its sweetness came.
Owe to the morn that blush no more,
That from her cheek has flown;
To seraph bands their truth restore,
Her chasteness to the moon.
What then shall of the charms remain,
Which thou dost call thine own,
Except the anger and disdain,
That turn thy slave to stone?

ON THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE OF GOTHIC OR TEUTONIC RACE.

ALL the low German tribes were early distinguished for maritime enterprise, but the Danes and Scandinavians, who all passed by the name of Northmen, or Normen, were by far the most remarkable for bold adventure in the middle ages. Numberless are the names of the sea kings and heroes, whose deeds are related in the histories and sagas of the north. It is impossible not to be astonished at the wide extent of the space traversed by them. To the eastward, Rorik, (Roderick) with his brothers, founded a kingdom in Novogorod, and thereby laid the foundation of the state of Russia. Oskold and Dir founded a state in Kiew, which united with that of Novogorod. Ragnwald, who settled at Polotzk, on the Dwina, was the ancestor of the grand Dukes of Lithuania. Northwards, Naddod was thrown in a storm on Iceland, which became the asylum of the noblest races of Norway. Westwards the Feroe, Orkney, Shetland, and Western Islands were often visited, and partly peopled by the Normen; and on several of them Northern Jarls (pronounce *Yarls*) long ruled, so that the harassed Gaels were not secure, even in their remotest corners, from German nations. In Ireland they settled as early as the times of Charlemain, when Dublin fell to Olof, Waterford to Sitirk, and Limerick to Ywar. In England, they made themselves dreaded under the name of Danes; they not only possessed Northumberland in common with Saxon earls, partly independently, and partly in fiefs, but all England was subject to them under Canute, Harold, and Hardicanute. From the sixth century, they disturbed the coasts of France; and the fear of Charlemain, that much danger impended over his country from them, was but too amply justified soon after his death. The devastations which they committed, not merely along the coasts, but far up the rivers, and in the middle of both France and Germany, are hardly to be credited. Rolf, in baptism called Robert, the first Duke of Normandy, became the founder of several dynasties. From him descended Wil-

liam the Conqueror, who gave England a new constitution. The Normen, who with almost incredible fortune and courage wrested from the Arabs, Apulia, Calabria, Sicily, and for a time, Jerusalem and Antioch, were adventurers from the Duchy founded by Rolf; and Tancred, whose descendants at last wore the crown of Sicily and Apulia, descended from him. If we were to relate all the bold deeds which in pilgrimages, in the service of Constantinople, and in expeditions in almost every land and sea, even to Greenland and America, were achieved by the Normen, the relation would seem a romance.

A country, for the most part sterile and mountainous, with a stern climate, possessing on one side an extent of coast from the Elbe to Lapland, of not less than 1,400 miles in length, could hardly fail to be a nursery of maritime adventurers. It was ruled by a number of petty kings, whose authority depended on their success in their expeditions. Besides the territorial chiefs, there were sovereigns, who possessed neither country nor regular subjects; the sea kings, as they were called, who, with no wealth but their ships, no force but their crews, and no hope but from their swords, swarmed in every ocean, and plundered every coast, and whose boast it was, that they never slept under a smoky roof, and never quaffed the social cup over a hearth. The youth roved about in search of booty for the bride he left at home; the father, for his wife and children. The Normen were true to one another, and virtuous men in their own eyes; for in human nature there is generally a wonderful spirit of accommodation in our principles to our convenience. The plundering Normen held murder, in the acquisition of their booty, no crime; though they piqued themselves on their esteem for women, and were the chief founders of chivalry; just as the Roman murderers and robbers of the present day pique themselves on their orthodoxy, and the fervour of their attachment to their church. We doubt if Christianity made the Normen more scrupulous, with regard to the property

of others, than it did our Scotch and English borderers, who received absolution one day, and stole cattle the next.

The Normen settled the matter with their conscience, on the terms of the following low German adage:

Ruten, roven dat en is ghein Schande
Dat doynt die besten van dem Lande,

which means that robbing and devastating were no shame, as they were practised by the best in the land.

But these times are gone; the seas are now covered by a very different sort of vessels from the *Snekkes* which issued from the friths and bays of Norway and Denmark; and we have, in our time, seen Denmark in turn plundered by the descendants of those who were among the greatest sufferers from her devastations. The old Normen might exclaim with Palnatoke, in *Oehlen-schlager*:

— On our power at sea
Our real strength is founded; for the Dane
Is truly like a sea-fowl; *Aegir** is
His kind divinity, and Ocean's daughters
On foam-clad billows sweetly sing his praise
On every strand. This is the destiny
Which God allotted him, and as imperish-
able
As nature's self is the proud gift, received
By him from the Almighty. What, al-
though
His *Snekkes* may now and then be stolen
from him,
Or burnt? the oak grows in his woods, and
iron
Gleams in his mountains: and his arm and
axe
Can always build him more. Our isles are
cast
By the Eternal's hand within the depth
Of ocean, that the keel may always find
Its element with ease.

But the event to which we have alluded was calculated to suggest much less consolatory reflections. Well might the same poet, contrasting the ancient consequence with the recent humiliation of his native country, exclaim:

— Though every where
By Danish heroes Europe's thrones are
filled;
Yet now must Denmark tremble for her-
self.

What is 't to us that *Regnar Lodbrok* con-
quer'd

The rude Britannia, that *Biörn Ironside*
Exclaim'd with Hasting, when they over-ran
Proud France, and Paris burned, 'Now let
us on

To Rome, and we will conquer there as
here?'

That *Rolf* has founded Normandy; that
Biörn

Constantinople's suburbs fired? What is 't
That in Italia, *Luna* was unconquer'd,
And that the proudest Spanish cities oft
By us were plundered? that *Orvarodd*
With Danish warriors founded Russia's
might?

That even in distant Africa the negro
Has blenched with fear, when swords of
Northmen clang'd?

From the adventurous character so long possessed by the Northmen, we might naturally expect to find copious recollections of their deeds among their descendants. From the unmixed character too of the population, which is the most purely Teutonic of any in Europe, we are warranted in expecting to find here, if any where, the genuine songs, music, and superstitions peculiar to the Teutonic race. Accordingly, we find that Denmark and Scandinavia are not only richer than any of the other Germanic countries, in ballads of adventure of all descriptions, from the vague traditions of a dark antiquity, to the achievements of the chivalrous ages, and even to those of the comparatively recent age of Charles the Twelfth; but that the supernatural beings of our forefathers, by whom every sea, every stream, every fountain, hill, and forest, were peopled, exist only here in all the purity and definitiveness of their attributes, occupying a place in song proportioned to their importance; and that the genuine music of the race, which has been almost expelled from Scotland by the more animated and heart-rending strains of the Celts, and of which traces only exist in England, in a few old ballad airs, fortunately preserved from oblivion,—yet lives in all its freshness among the peasantry of Scandinavia.—These circumstances will, we hope, justify us in entering at some length into an account of

* *Aegir*, in the northern mythology, the husband of *Ran*, one of the names for the ocean.

the ballads of Denmark and Scandinavia.

The first class, to which the title formerly given to the earliest publication of Danish ballads, namely, *Kiæmpe-Viser* (ballads of giants and warriors), ought properly to be confined, comprehends ballads relating to the ancient mythical times. Of this class, the Danes have several, the Swedes have only one, the ballad of *Grimborg*. The subjects of them are the combats and adventures of giants or heroes of extraordinary strength and courage. Most of these heroes either belonged to the court of the celebrated Dideric or Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, or were in some manner connected with it. His residence is called Bern, (supposed Verona). The splendour of this court, in the representations of the northern bards, hardly yields to that of Charlemain and his twelve peers, or of King Arthur and his round table. This class has all the marks of a very remote age. The style is not merely simple, it may be called rude. There is a great confusion throughout with respect to places and times; and a number of famous heroes, who lived in very different ages, are often brought together without much ceremony.

All traces of the traditions respecting these characters are nearly lost in England. One of the most important of them, however, is said in the new novel of *Kenilworth*, on the authority of Gough, still to live in the traditions of Berkshire, namely *Weyland*, the smith, to whom the great novelist has assigned so prominent a part. The same *Weyland* occurs in "Horn Child, and Maiden Rimenild," in Ritson's *Ancient Romances*, iii. 295.

Then sche let forth bring
A swerd hongand bi a ring
To Horn sche it bitaught :
It is make of *Miming*
(Of all swerdes it is King,
And *Weland* it wrought).

In the minstrelsy of the Scotch border, and Mr. Ellis's specimens of early English Romances, may also be found some account of him; and the latter has a curious Latin quotation on the subject, from Geoffrey's *Vita Merlini*.

The first Danish ballad of this

class, called the *Tournament*, brings together most of the personages who figure in the series, and describes the bearings on their shields, an important matter in former times, to which reference is often afterwards made. The following extract from the commencement of this ballad, which is of great length, may serve to give some idea of its nature :

There were seven and seven times twenty,
Who from the hall outwent.
And when they came to Brattingsborg
There pitched they their tent.
It thunders 'neath their horses as the Danish warriors ride.

King Nilus stands on his castle wall,
Whence he sees both far and wide—
"Why hold these warriors their lives so cheap,

That they long my strength to bide?"
It thunders 'neath their horses &c.

Hear thou Sivard Snarenswend
Thou hast roved far and wide,
Thou shalt see these warriors' bearings,
To the tent go quickly ride.

It was Sivard Snarenswend
To the tent he hied amain;
You are welcome here, my noble Sirs,
Ye King of Danes's men.

I pray you take it not amiss,
Nor angry be with me—
But if with you the combat we try,
Your bearings I first must see.

Upon the first shield doth appear
A lion large and strong—
With a crown also of yellow gold,
To King Diderick it doth belong.

Upon the second shield appears
A hammer large and tongs,
It is borne by Vidrick Verlandson,
Who quarter giveth none.

Upon the third shield doth appear
A vulture red as gold—
It is borne by the Hero Hogen
Who is a warrior bold.

Upon the fourth shield doth appear
An eagle, and it is red,
It is borne by Olger, the Dane,
Who leaves aye his foemen dead.

Amidst all the rudeness of this class of ballads, they often display much energy and greatness of conception. Take as an instance a passage in the Danish ballad of *Berner the giant*, and *Orm Ungerswend*, where a youth goes to his father's grave, to wake him from the dead, in order to obtain his sword from him to combat the giant; who, in the outset, is thus described :

It was Berner the great giant,
He rose over walls the most high;
He was so mad and furious
No man durst come him nigh.
But the wood it standeth all in flower.

He was so mad and furious
No man durst to him go,
Had he been long in Denmark
He would have worked much woe.
But the wood &c.

Orm Ungerswend, stimulated by
the promise of the daughter of the
King of Denmark, challenged this
monster,

Berner, the high giant,
Who looked over his shoulder to see:
"Whence cometh then this little mouse,
Who dare speak such words to me?"

Orm Ungerswend proceeds with-
out delay to the hill, in which he
says "his father dwells with all."

It was late in the evening,
The sun it goeth low,
Then longeth Orm Ungerswend
To his father to go.

It was late in the evening tide,
When swains to water horses take,
Then longeth Orm Ungerswend
His father from sleep to wake.

It was Orm Ungerswend,
He struck so hard on the hill,
It was, indeed, great wonder
That falling it did not him kill.

It was Orm Ungerswend,
He struck the hill with such art,
That it opened with the walls and marble
stones,
Which were in its lowest part.

Orm Ungerswend's father then came forth
In the hill there where he lay,
"Who calls me from my dark abode
Unto the light of day?"

"Who waketh me so early
And makes me so to moan,
Why can I not remain in peace
All under the hard stone?"

"Who dareth thus my hill to break,
Who dares to face mine eye?
Truly I must tell to him,
He shall by Birting die."

"I am Orm Ungerswend,
Thy youngest son, father dear!
I come to thee now in my need,
Full well thou knowest my prayer."

"If thou beest Orm Ungerswend,
A warrior keen and brave,
I gave thee silver and gold before
As much as thou would'st have."

"Thou silver and gold did'st give to me,
I esteem it of no worth,
But I will have Birting.
It is so good a sword."

"Thou shalt not get from me Birting,
To win so fair a maid,
Till thou hast been in Ireland
To revenge thy father's death."

"Come, quickly give me Birting up,
'T will be full well with me,
Or else in a thousand pieces I break
The hill which is over thee."

"Then reach thou down thy right hand
here,
Take Birting from my side;
But break'st thou the hill which is over me,
Grief and sorrow shall thee betide."

It was common in the north, that
the things which in life were held by
a man in the highest estimation,
should accompany him to the tomb.
The sort of visit which Orm Unger-
swend here pays is a frequent oc-
currence in the *sagas*; and every
reader must remember the similar
dialogue between Hervor and An-
gantlyr, derived by Mr. Gray from
the Norse poetry.

The recommendation of the fol-
lowing ballad, called "The Death
of Sivard Snarenswend," is its bre-
vity, which allows us, without, we
hope, drawing too much on the pati-
ence of our readers, to give it entire:

Sivard, he slew his step-father
All for his mother's sake,
And now he longs to court to ride,
To try his fortune to make.
So cunningly runs Greyman under Sivard.

It was Sivard Snarenswend,
He went to his mother to know
Whether he should ride from her,
Or whether on foot he should go.
So cunningly, &c.

"Thou shalt not go on foot from me,
If the horse only bear thee can,
I shall to thee give the good horse,
The courtiers call Greyman."
So cunningly runs, &c.

They led Greyman from the stable out,
All gilt his bridle shone;
His eyes they gleam'd like sparkling stars,
And the fire flew from his mane.

Sivard then his gloves threw off,
His hands they were so white,
Himself he girded his good horse,
His Squire he durst not trust.

It was Sivard's dear mother,
She was clad in Kirtle red;
"Sivard! it is my strongest fear
That the horse will be thy dede."

And she followed him long as out he went,
For high her fear now rose :

" And O take care of Greyman, thy horse
So many tricks he knows."

" Now hear ye then, my mother dear,
Ye need not be so afraid,
In me you have a nimble son
Who well his horse can ride."

Greyman, he started from the gate,
And sprung o'er bridge and flood,
And however firm in the saddle he sat,
His boots were filled with blood.

The horse he ran through the wide Downs,
Where the people were met in Ting,*
The people in Ting astounded stood,
To see a horse so spring.

For fifteen days and fifteen nights,
Over hill and dale he ran,
Till he came before a lofty house,
The doors were lock'd each one.

King Dan he stood on the highest tower,
Where he sees both far and wide,
" Here see I a drunken courtier,
Who well his horse can ride.

" It is either a drunken courtier
Who well can ride I ween ;
Or it is Sivard, my sister's son,
And in combat he has been."

Greyman, he took the bits in his teeth,
O'er the outer wall he flew ;
The ladies and maidens were sore dismayed
Who happened this leap to view.

The ladies and beautiful maidens look'd
pale,
All under their scarlet so fine :
King Dan he goes so gladly
To welcome his sister's son in.

And it was the King of the Danes,
And straightway then he said,
" Go tell from me the archers good
The gate to open wide."

It was Sivard Snarenswend,
He rode in with all his might ;
And thirteen of the waiting maids,
They fainted at the sight.

The King, he said unto his men,
" Treat Sivard I pray with care,
For I must frankly tell to you
No jesting will he bear."

It was Sivard Snarenswend,
He allowed his horse to spring
Full fifteen ells o'er the highest wall,
And so he came to his end.

Sivard was cut by the saddle bow,
And Greyman's back in twain ;
And all in the palace, who saw him, cried,
And none were glad or fain,
So sorrowfully ran Greyman under Sivard.

The ballads of this class are sometimes varied in a whimsical enough manner, by the propounding and answering of riddles, an exercise of ingenuity in which our forefathers took great delight, and which has also found its way into their songs. In a large volume of ballads, in black letter, of the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, there is one called " the Noble Riddle wisely expounded, or the Maid's Answer to the Knights their Questions," beginning,

There was a lady of the north country,
Lay the bent to the bonny broom ;
And she had lovely daughters three,
Fa la la la, fa la la la, ra re.

One of the daughters, after some endearments had passed between her and a young knight, asks him to marry her

The brave young Knight to her replied, &c.
" Thy suit, fair maid, shall not be denied,
&c.

If thou can'st answer me questions three,
This very day will I marry thee."

" Kind Sir, in love, O then quoth she,
Tell me what your questions be ?"

" O what is longer than the way ?
Or what is deeper than the sea ?
Or what is louder than the horn ?
Or what is sharper than a thorn ?
Or what is greener than the grass ?
Or what is worse than a woman was ?"

" O love is longer than the way,
And hell is deeper than the sea ;
And thunder is louder than the horn,
And hunger is sharper than a thorn ;
And poison is greener than the grass,
And the devil is worse than woman was."

When she these questions answered had,
The Knight became exceeding glad.

The following passage from the Danish ballad of Child Bonved, is quite in the style of the above, though less polished :

Child Bonved binds his sword by his side,
Still longing farther on to ride,
And he rode till he came to a mountain
high,
Where a shepherd with his sheep came by.

" Now hear thee shepherd, tell to me,
Whose are the sheep thou hast with thee ?
What is than a wheel more round ?
And where is the best yool-drink to be
found ?

* *Ting*, a court or assembly, as *Stor-Ting* (great court), the name of the parliament of Norway.

Where does the fish stand in the flood ?
Where is the bird red ?
Where is mixing wine best understood,
And where drinks Vidrik and his warriors
good ? ”

The shepherd hesat, and all calmly did take,
He could not the slightest answer make ;
The Child he gave him so heavy a blow
That liver and lungs they out did go.

To another flock he straightway came,
And a shepherd also was with the same ;
“ Hear thou, good shepherd, and tell to me
Whose are the sheep thou hast with thee ? ”

“ This way there lies both Burg and Fort,
Where warriors always do resort ;
There dwells a man, called Tycho Nold,
And twelve sons he has stout and bold. ”

“ Hear thou, my dearest shepherd good,
Tell Tycho-Nold to hasten out ; ”
From his pocket he drew a gold-ring forth
And he gave the shepherd this ring of worth.

And as Child Bonved nearer came,
They parted his plunder among them,
Some would have his sword so keen,
And some his horse and harness so fine.

Child Bonved he welcom'd himself alone,
He wish'd to give his good horse to none ;
His steed and sword he wished not to lose,
He would sooner with them in battle close.

“ Though thou had'st twelve sons to thy
twelve,

And stood between them all thyself,
Thou should'st sooner from steel pure
water wring,

Than take from me the smallest thing. ”

Child Bonved he clapt the spur to his horse,
And sprung o'er gates and walls with force ;
And so he conquer'd Sir Tycho-Nold,
And also his twelve sons so bold.

And so he turned his horse about,
Child Bonved the warrior so brave and
stout ;

And on over hill and dale rode he,
But never a man could he hear or see.

Till at last he came to a third flock,
Where sat a shepherd with yellow lock ;
“ Hear thou good man with thy sheep, I pray,
And give certain answers to what I say.

What is rounder than a wheel ?
And where is there drunk the noblest yool ?
Where does the sun go to take a seat ?
And where remain the dead man's feet ?

What is 't that fills up every dale ?
What dresses best in the royal hall ?
What calls out louder than a crane ?
And what is whiter than a swan ?

Who on their backs their beards do wear ?
Who 'neath his chin his nose does bear ?
What is blacker than a sloe ?
And what is fleeter than a roe ?

Which is the bridge with the broadest span ?
Which is the ugliest thing like a man ?
Where does the road that is highest run ?
And whence does the drink that is coldest
come ? ”

“ The sun is rounder than a wheel ;
In Heaven there is held the noblest yool ;
To the west the sun goes to his seat ;
To the east remain the dead man's feet ;

The snow it filleth every dale,
And man is fairest drest in the hall ;
Thunder calls louder than a crane ;
Angels are whiter than a swan.

Women their beard on their neck do wear,
And warlocks 'neath their chin their noses
bear ;

Sin is blacker than a sloe,
And thought is fleeter than a roe.

Ice is the bridge with the broadest span,
And the toad the ugliest thing like a
man ;

The highest road to Paradise runs,
And the coldest drink is beneath the
ground. ”

For the former part of this Essay, see page 41 of the present Volume.

THE POET.

At morn, at noon, at eve, and middle night,
He passes forth into the charmed air,
With Talisman to call up Spirits rare
From flower, tree, heath, and fountain. To his sight
The husk of natural objects opens quite
To the core, and every secret essence there
Reveals the elements of good and fair,
Making him wise where Learning lacketh light.
The Poet's sympathies are not confined
To kindred, country, climate, class, or kind,
And yet they glow intense.—Oh ! were he wise,
Duly to commune with his destined skies,
Then, as of old, might inspiration shed
A visible glory round his hallow'd head.

S.

C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogmas for Dilettanti.

No. II.

GIULIO ROMANO.

I like the green plush which your meadows weare,
 I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare
 Their wealthy burthen to th' industrious boore.
 Nor do I disallow, that who are poore
 In minde or fortune, thither should retire :
 But hate that he, who's warme with holy fire
 Of any knowledge, and 'mong us may feast
 On nectared wit, should turne himsele t' a beast,
 And graze i' the country.

Habington.

A wise man should never resolve upon any thing * * * * *. A man
 must do according to accidents and emergencies. *Selden's Table-Talk.*

HE who possessing an active mind is yet deficient in variety and originality of ideas to feed it with, cannot subsist long without books. This we felt so sensibly in our late excursion, that we were forced to relinquish, for a time, our resolution of visiting * * * * * (which would of course have suggested very pastoral and marine articles), and to return to London, and our indispensable authors and painters. "In height of spring-tide, when heaven's lights are long," we may contrive to drag through the day *bookless* not amiss. Before breakfast, for instance, one may take a view—if one can; at noon, a sail—if near the sea; and in the evening, a stroll amid the fresh fragrant breath of the furze and heath—if not tired; repeating Collins's lovely ode—if ever learnt, and still retained. By this time it draws towards ten o'clock, and a truss of fine blanched lettuce, a good dig of Stilton, or a slice of ham, and a handsome glass of bottled-porter,—all well-earned by exercise,—carry you comfortably to your white-curtained bed. But as the days begin to draw in, and when the mystical R. renders oysters eatable, and candles necessary, solitude at an inn becomes intolerable; especially since the disuse of coloured prints, samplers, screens, maps, &c. They have no little china pastoralties on the mantle-shelves now,—no piping shepherds, in claret-coloured coats and cocked hats,—no fallow-deer couching their white breasts among pure lilies, and ideally green herbage,—no Falstaffs, acquired red and yellow,—nor Shak-

speares, overlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue: crumbled to tinder are those pictorial bed-curtains, visible lectures on ornithology and botany—"all, all are gone, the old familiar faces," and with them is flown half the enjoyment I took in enacting the Tartar. I am certainly an amiable creature; every action of my life emanates from a wish to please. I left the valley of * * * * * last spring to please the painters with my eulogies. I left the sea-weed-tangled beach of * * * * *, "bidding the thickening waves go foam for other eyes," to please myself. And this morning, I left my most acrasian bed to please the Editor, by penning No. II. of my delightful Dogmas.

But in the first place, I must see what there is in this roll. Ah! Mr. Richard Cook, are you here at my call?—The Death of Acis, folio size. This very striking spirited design proves that the painter of Polyphemus groping for the Ithacans at the Mouth of his Cave (engraved for Sharp's elegant edition of the poets), and Douglas grimly louting on the glittering train of James IV., has not fallen off either in animation or refinement. The action of Galatea's hands has great truth and simplicity; but the lower limbs want more energy, or more helplessness; the latter, indeed, would accord better with the convulsive shrink of the arms; a frightened Amor, it is true, appears to urge forward the "faire marine," indicating very plainly her reluctance or incapacity needing such incitement; but the white knees them-

selves have none of the hesitation and uncertainty of terror arrested by pity; of love combating self-hood; they do not start wildly away, nor bend and knock with joint-loosening dread, nor stiffen rigidly, as if struck into marble—but they are graceful, composed, and elastic. Perhaps this is hyper-criticism. About the *Acis* I feel more confident,—he is carefully drawn, every muscle and bone have their rights well-acknowledged, and the expression of his face is far from tame; but precise marking is of little avail when the outline is pinched and without style. Extraordinary genius may merge the accidental pettiness of parts in the overpowering grandeur of the whole; but an inferior talent, out-balanced by mediocrity, will certainly be smothered as in a quicksand. Mr. Cook then may be a little proud, that not he himself has been able to ruin his own composition, even by such a prominent disfigurement. He has lately been very idle, but I trust we shall meet him again on the high places, raising his ears at the loud twang of Homer's phorminx, and giving chase to the thick-thrilling sounds. This print is etched with artist-like feeling, by the firm hand of William Taylor, a young man struggling for fame under great disadvantages, and whose execution does honour to Mr. Cook's selection.—O! here is Mr. Golding's long expected *Princess Charlotte*, after Sir Thomas. I have mentioned this picture in terms of the warmest admiration (see account of the last Exhibition) and am not the least inclined to retract, though my opinion has been strongly opposed by several who ought to know better than myself; and when I consider how little Sir Thomas's favourites, the old Italian masters, and the antique, are appreciated among our artists and connoisseurs, I feel quite satisfied that

the refinement, suavity, and graceful delicate chastity of this portrait, form its essential bars to popularity. With respect to the copy, or translation, by Mr. Golding, it is decidedly inferior to no line engraving of the present English school. The first essential of a print is implicit fidelity to the original,* (which of course we suppose worthy of multiplication); where the want of this is acknowledged the real connoisseur will reject the misrepresentation with contempt. Therefore, the possession of this qualification should, of itself, render the present plate valuable to all admirers of Lawrence; if Golding had not also flattered the eye of the *print* collector by the most varied and appropriate workmanship, firm, delicate, solid, airy, clear, rich, and brilliant. The pathetic tenderness of the eyes, the great attraction of the large drawing (formerly alluded to), is not so perceptible in the plate; but its omission is rather the graver's misfortune than its fault. The expression, though true, was too subtle and ethereal to bear the touch of steel.—But who is the author of this large *Dentatus*, from Mr. Haydon's well-known picture? I am quite ignorant of his style—where is my glass? “Drawn and engraved on wood by Harvey!” On wood! So it is by Jupiter! Truly this is the most effectively elaborate performance that I ever met with; and can it be the work of the very young man I have had pointed out to me as the co-pupil of the Landseers and young Bewick? His ardour for excellence, and unwearied perseverance under the most harassing privations, were not unknown to me; but who could suppose that raw twenty-one should thus shame experienced fifty, and create a new era in xylography? Up to this day, our historical wood-cutters have thought it much to follow in some fashion those

* I have heard some people say, that the engraver has been unfaithful to such and such a part only to improve it:—granting the possibility of that occurring, which I am prepared to say never occurred yet, still, when I would purchase a Leonardo's *Last Supper*, or a Raffaello's *Transfiguration*, I shall be much disappointed, and (unless previously taught better) much damaged in my taste, if, instead of the severe intelligent lines, and the forcible shadows of the Florentine and the Roman, I am presented with a woolly, metally, indecisive, tame *improvement*, by that mannered petty toolsman, Raffaello Morghen—the admiration of fallen, immasculate Italy, and nose-led, well-meaning England; whose copies bear about the same relation to the pictures, as does the polished bombast of Pope's *Iliad* to the downright passion of Homer's.

lines ready pencilled by the inventor on the blocks; but here a good-for-nothing fellow, taking it into his head to break through all the established customs of the craft, copies a picture, and a complex one too, on an out-of-the-way sized piece of box; with skill in drawing, knowledge of anatomy, fire of expression, character of touch, and general feeling, beseeeming much rather a practised inventor than an inexperienced engraver!—What is not to be apprehended to modern art, if such an innovating and radical example is to be spread over all the print windows in town? I see only one way, which is for all reform-hating loyal people to follow my example, and unite in buying up his whole edition; and, no doubt, this will be so discouraging to Mr. Harvey, as to induce him (*more Dibdini*) to shatter his block. Seriously, you to whom a guinea is a mite not missed, think, if ye can think, of the super-wretched situation of the young artist; who, in that trying season when uncertain of either future fame, or even the means of a miserable subsistence, devotes all his energies to preparatory study by day, while his dim lamp burns till four in the morning, that the few shillings afforded by an obscure publisher for some little designs, may procure him the means of appearing among his companions with decency. Exhausted in mind, chilled with cold and hunger, he throws his weak fevered limbs on a hard old flock-bed, from which he awakes to act anew that most pitiable of all characters, the poor gentleman! I am very far from wishing the public to take up every man who chooses to fancy himself a painter; but when there is real and great merit suffering under sickness of heart and body, shall we refuse ourselves a hundred pounds worth of pleasant feelings for the sake of a guinea, which a glass of Madeira the less for a day or two will amply make up to us? Recollect this you, who lightly salving your consciences by the plea of *necessary* economy, refuse a shilling or two towards a poor family's dinner, and yet that very evening will carouse deep in "rich-glowing cups." In the present instance, I can furnish you with three incitements. 1st. You will enable a most deserving aspirant to

pursue his studies with more attention to a delicate constitution; which, secondly, I take it will give you some very comfortable sensations; and, thirdly, your portfolio or boudoir will be enriched with nearly the largest, and certainly the most astonishingly tooled wood engraving that England has ever produced; and, whoever does me the honour to find my judgment amiss, I beg leave to inform him that my name is Van Vinkbooms, and that I carry a pen!

I have nothing more to say just now about recent publications, except to recommend the new volume (5th) of Mr. Daniel's Coasting Tour, as fully equal in interest to the fourth. Also, an excellent large folio etching of Windsor, from the forest, by Mr. Delamotte, whose Studies from Nature about Sandhurst (2 Nos. 4to.) are the most genuine things of the kind ever published in this country, though a little too painter-like for beginners. From Germany I believe nothing has arrived lately, but Mr. Bohte has sent me some outline compositions from the Eleusinian Mysteries which have much spirit and elegance. The classical scholar will be highly pleased with them, and their price is moderate. In a pocket book edited by La Motte Fouqué, are inserted ten or twelve prints illustrative of Undine, Hieronymus Von Stauff, &c. very characteristic of the German school. From the former most bewitching of tales, C. F. Schultze has made fourteen designs in outline, which I shall notice some time or other; though perhaps more for the delight of recurring to their ever-fresh source than on their own account. Still, though by no means equal to Retsch, the decorator of Goethe's wonderful dramatic poem, Schultze has in several instances risen far above mediocrity. Take, for example, the inimitable stunted Gnome, in plate 6; and Kühleborn among the reeds of the Black Valley, plate 12; two figures pronounced unimprovable by a judgment which I have found infallible.

The present tendency of British art is towards mean, bald matter of fact; which is just coming round again to the first state of painting, when simple indiscriminative imitation was the sole object; if the eye

was dazzled and deceived, no care was taken for the satisfaction of the mind.* This tendency, far from depressing, fills me with great hopes, when I consider that Michael Angelo, and Raffaëlo, rose from the ruins of similar barbarity. Art is grown old and imbecile a second time, and must, like the phoenix, devote its crazy shell to the re-production of one stronger and better able to exhibit its in-dwelling, never-dying flame. This is the course of nature, where life ever springs from death; a truth beautifully shadowed forth in the fable of Medea, who, unable to re-invigorate the ruin of what once was Æson, was forced to decompose, reduce to its original atoms, and, as it were, create anew. Though in England the principle of life is still inert, and does not yet feel the influence of the regenerative fermentation now working so perceptibly in Germany, I do not deem it altogether impertinent to endeavour to prepare a few minds to receive patiently and unpetulantly, the tender shoots which will, I trust, spring up in the good time. There are many reasons why the moderns can never succeed in the pure *classical* execution of any given subject, except at second hand; and, as the expected outbreak will be necessarily somewhat wild and licentious, I think it better to dispose the public to indulgence, by accustoming them to the flights of the romantic masters, than to harden their hearts and judgments by insisting on extreme correctness, and nice propriety. With such intention, I endeavoured to call more real and general notice towards the suavity, amorous languor, and serpentine grace of Correggio, most commonly obtained by the sacrifice of drawing and truth (once or twice even of appropriateness and common sense); and, in furtherance of it, I shall try to reconcile the *intendenti* to the somewhat repelling inventions of a painter apparently far more extravagant, though, in reality, more correct and legitimate; not with any wish to hold up these derelictions for imitation or praise, but merely to prevent sterling genius from neglect

and ridicule, on account of some superficial eccentricities. I mean Giulio Pippi, surnamed Romano, the favourite disciple, and, in mythic subjects, the successful rival of D'Urbino; and also the head of a separate school, honoured by the names of Francesco Primaticcio, Teodoro Ghisi, Rinaldo Mantovano, Battista Bertano, and Giulio Campi, the Cremonese. The pictures occasionally exhibited in England as the works of this master, will certainly not bear me out in the following observations on his style; neither will the frescos executed in the Vatican, from the cartoons of Raffaëlo; but if you will turn over the folios of Messrs. Woodburne, Molteno, and Colnaghi, I think we shall not materially disagree. Poussin is vulgarly considered the most eminent in Grecian fable:—the visitors to Mantua know otherwise, and that the agility, untrammelled motions, vigour, and earnestness of Giulio's actors, show a far deeper penetration into the spirit of the traditional days,—of the age of the demi-gods,—than the painted statuary of the Frenchman, classical, and “high-thoughts-creating” as it is. “We must form our estimate of Giulio's powers,” says Fuseli, (2d lecture) “less from his tutored works at Rome, than from the colossal conceptions, the pathetic or sublime allegories, and the voluptuous reveries, which enchant in the Palazzo del T. near Mantua. Whatever be the dimension, the subject, or the scenery, minute or colossal, simple, or complex, terrible, or pleasing; we trace a mind bent to surprise, or to dazzle by poetic splendour. But, sure to strike by the originality of his conception, he often neglects propriety in the conduct of his subjects, considered as a series; and, in the arrangement, or choice of the connecting parts, hurried into extremes by the torrent of a fancy more lyric than epic, he disdains to fill the intermediate chasms, and too often leaves the task of connexion to the spectator.” If the embellishments of this palace testify the inexhaustibility of his fancy, and the universality of his pencil, his diversified attain-

* To simplify and be perspicuous it is necessary to make this broad opposition of terms, though it is neither sufficiently delicate, nor indeed strictly philosophical.

ments are displayed in the erection, any notices on the beauties of which I shall leave to more able judges. The outrageous contradictions of Giulio's tastes and style make it difficult to arrest and stamp him with any unmistakeable mark. He has more grand and poetical conceptions than Raffaello, and commits more impertinencies than Paolo Veronese. Equal in simplicity to Fra. Bartolomeo, he dislocates more limbs than Bandinelli, or Goltzius. No one ever understood the mechanism of the human frame better, and nobody ever played such tricks with it. His composition is as compact and united as his chiaroscuro is unprincipled and frittered. It is difficult to conceive any thing warmer, more attractive, more in harmony with Tasso's chorus, *O bella età del oro*, than his amorous groups or Bacchic scenery; or more repellant than his ungenial tone and opaque colour with "its red-bricky lights, violet demitints, and black shadows." From his mode of treating them, the most familiar attitudes assume an importance and novelty, while impossible twists wear without detection the prerogatives of suppleness. Though thoroughly imbued with the grandeur of Homer, and the purity and beauty of the antique, he had an incessant itch for grotesque deformity: a master of expression, he preferred the grimaces of an Italian mountebank: with a mind capable of conceiving, and a hand of executing every thing joyous, gentle, elegant, and sublime, he revelled in brutal vulgarity, depressing meanness, and diabolical torture, and he drops from the heaven of sanctity into the abominations of Caprea.* In his choice of attitudes he is at once endlessly various, and *mannered*; in folds and flying curls, apparently natural, yet arbitrary; in the luxurious head-dresses of his females, at once antic and modern, classical and fantastic; and, to crown the whole, his ideas, young, lusty, and full of sap,

are starved by the adust rigidity of his execution. Such are the jarring elements of this master's works, whose characteristic is an erudite universality.

Giulio's a mighty raging flood
That from some mountain flows;
Rapid, and warm, and deep, and loud,
Whose force no limit knows.

He was a decided imitator of the antique; but it was of the kernel, not of the shell, like the modern French school. He thought in their spirit, instead of copying their remains. Thus he was always original and racy. The vigorous vitality of his own mind runs through all his compositions, and, as the Faëry wine tingles, like youth, along the veins of grey Sherasmin,† so does his breath infuse life into a *caput mortuum*. He drags forth some musty mythologic fable, re-models it, and, placing it before our eyes in all its primæval bloom, commands and obtains our sympathies. He will give you an appetite for any dish which Ovid has sickened you with, and, like Æneas, and Othello, shall tell you his story over and over again, while you shall listen like Dido and Desdemona. Even his numerous and offensive extravagancies serve his purpose of striking and rivetting his works in the mind. Like Fuseli, he may be ill apprehended, but never despised; you may hate, but cannot forget: this is the prerogative of only true and very high genius. You shall be placed before Carlo Marratti, and before Guido, before Ann. Caracci, Albano, Domenichino, Lanfranco, and Mignard, and stand neuter on the question of their merits; but M. Angelo's Brazen Serpent, Giulio's Rape of Hylas, Rembrandt's Crucifixion, or Fuseli's Hero and Leander, shall compel you perforce to an election! It is peace or war—intense love or intense detestation! and that mere wildness will never have this effect is fully evidenced by Rosso, Spranger, Van Mander, and Hemskirk.

* In allusion to the lost Aretino prints. Fuseli says, "some have objected to the character of his physiognomies as more salacious than enamoured, less simple than vulgar, and often dismal and horrid, without being terrible."

† See Wieland's *Oberon*, a beautiful romance, much in need of congenial translation. In the mean time, I advise you to read Mr. Sotheby's, if you have not already.

Perhaps this last observation only applies to those already initiated in the theory of the art, inasmuch as it supposes the exercise of critical judgment; and judgment in painting, as well as in poetry, "is an acquired talent which can only be produced by deep thought, and a long continued intercourse with the best models of composition!" This unanswerable truth should temper the rashness of decision, and suggest, "that if painting be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment *may* be erroneous; and in many cases *must* be so." The proceedings and notions of people who regard poetry and painting as matters of amusement are immaterial; but those who wish to form their taste, and elevate their imagination, must begin by submitting themselves humbly to the acknowledged masters, imputing all want of relish to their own immature or distorted vision, and taking especial care never to risque a criticism, until fully satisfied that they enter into, and comprehend, the principles and aim of the object of their study. This will ask some pains. The mysteries of Eleusis were not penetrated by the aspirants in a day: many remained in the porches. "*Non uti Dædaleam licet omnibus ire Corinthum.*" "Every man's nose will not make a shoeing horn." It happens not to every one to have brains of sealing-wax, ready to melt in the Muse's flame, and take the signet of Apollo. One thing, however, is certain: viz. that he who never sets out will never arrive at his journey's end.

Can we get in easily?

Old Woman. The Greeks got Troy by trying for't, sweet wench!

All's got by trying. *Elton's Theocritus.*

I shall now endeavour to entice you on by a slight descriptive sketch of one or two of Giulio's inventions: and first for the Cephalus and Procris; a composition of seventeen animated figures, which, as a whole, bears us to the age when honey still-ed from oaks, and when no storms or frosts stripped the green roofs from the 'wons' of the sylvans. We should read Moschus's Lament for Bion, the sweet Shepherd, before looking at the picture; or study the picture as a preparation for the La-

ment. We have nearly the same images in both. For either victim the high groves and forest dells murmur; the flowers exhale sad perfume from their buds; the nightingale mourns on the craggy lands, and the swallow in the long-winding vales. "The satyrs too, and fauns dark-veiled groan," and the fountain nymphs, within the woods, melt into tearful waters. The sheep and goats leave their pasture; and oreads, "who love to scale the most inaccessible tops of all uprightest rocks," hurry down from the song of their wind-courting pines; while the dryads bend from the branches of the meeting trees, and the river moans for white Procris "with many-sobbing streams,"

Filling the far-seen ocean with a voice.

Leigh Hunt.

The golden bees are silent on the thymy Hymettus; and the knelling horn of Aurora's love no more shall scatter away the cold twilight on the top of Pelion!—The foreground of our subject is a grassy sun-burnt bank, broken into swells and hollows like waves (a sort of land-breakers); rendered more uneven by many foot-tripping roots, and stumps of trees stocked untimely by the axe, which are again throwing out light green shoots. This bank rises rather suddenly on the right to a clustering grove, penetrable to no star, at the entrance of which sits the stunned Thessalian king, holding, between his knees, that ivory-bright body which was, but an instant ago, parting the rough boughs with her smooth forehead, and treading alike on thorns and flowers with jealousy-stung foot; now helpless, heavy, void of all motion, save when the breeze lifts her thick hair in mockery:

Oh God! what does not one short hour snatch up

Of all man's gloss! Still overflows the cup
Of his burst cares; put with no nerves together,

And lighter than the shadow of a feather.

Chapman's Epicedium.

From between the closely neighboured boles astonished nymphs press forward with loud cries;
And deer-skin-vested satyrs, crown'd with ivy twists, advance;
And put strange pity in their horned countenance.

Laelaps* lies beneath, and shows by his panting the rapid pace of death. On the other side of the groupe, virtuous love, with "vans dejected," holds forth the arrow to an approaching troop of Sylvan people, fauns, rams, goats, satyrs, and satyr-mothers, pressing their children tighter with their fearful hands, who hurry along, from the left, in a sunken path between the foreground and a rocky wall, on whose lowest ridge a brook-guardian pours from her urn her grief-telling waters. Above, and more remote than the Ephidryad, another female, rending her locks, appears among the vine-festooned pillars of an unshorn grove. The centre of the picture is filled by shady meadows, sinking down to a river-mouth:—beyond is "the vast strength of the ocean-stream," from whose floor the extinguisher of stars, rosy Aurora, drives furiously up her brine-washed steeds, to behold the death-pangs of her rival. I am not aware that Giulio ever painted *The Lament for Procris*.

The print before me (by Giorgio Ghisi) is plainly made from a drawing, or paper sketch; a custom among the old Italian engravers, easily proved by M. Antonio's celebrated *St. Cecilia with the black Collar* (a very fine impression of it is worth from twenty to thirty guineas!) after a design of Raffaello, differing much from the picture engraved by Bonosone, Strange, Massard, &c.; by his *Parnassus*, *Judgment of Paris*, *The Virgin with the long Thigh*, &c. &c. Also by this very Ghisi's *Angles of the Sistine Chapel*, after M. Agnolo; by Caraglio's *Loves of the Gods*, *The Labours of Hercules*, after Rosso (le maître Roux), and *The Marriage of the Virgin*; and not to multiply examples, from Parmegiano's *Vulcan throwing the Net*, by Gaspar Reverdinus, and the same master's *Mars and Venus, with Vulcan at the Forge* (in its first state), by Æneas Vicus, in which last EXTREMELY RARE plate this fact is very apparent. I notice this, to account for the thick, coarse, careless outlines of many old prints, as well as for the want of beauty in the features; which proceeded not from incompetency, but from neglect: the old masters satisfying themselves, in

their pen and ink sketches, with the vividness and intelligibility of the composition, general character, harmony of lines, &c. without attending to the details.

And now, most pleasant of readers, I must take off my hat to you. I had fully purposed, in this article, to have lectured amply on Giulio; and then touching lightly, for the present, on Primaticcio, to have enjoyed myself among the elegant groups of the seducing Parmegiano; but this has not been vouchsafed unto me to do. My fixed limits are filled with most unintentional other guess stuff; and the application of my prose motto, from "The learned Maister Selden," is as clear as—this glass of Sherris. However, the printer must contrive to edge in my little list below. VALETE.

Prints from Giulio Romano.

The Death of Procris; inscribed at bottom, "*Julius Romanus, inventor*," and the chiffre of the engraver, *G. Mantuano (Ghisi)*, about 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* or 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* according to the brilliancy of the impression. Retouched by *Thomasinus*, and bearing his name. 5*s.* or 6*s.* *Hylas, a Nymphis Raptus*, a very singular yet beautiful composition of twenty figures (including dogs), very desirable, as characteristic of his genuine style. (*Sante Bartoli*.) 5*s.* or 6*s.* perhaps not so much.

The Hours leading out the Horses of the Sun; in a very high taste of poetry: famous by the criticism of Sir Joshua. (*Ditto*.) 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.*

Jupiter suckled by the Goat Amalthea, and fed with Honey by the Nymphs, (*Ditto*.) 3*s.* or 4*s.* If you can spare the cash, I advise you to buy Bonosone's print, (without name,) taken, as I should imagine, from a drawing: you will find it either at Woodburne's or Colnaghi's, to a certainty, for 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* or 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* N. B. It is not one of *Julio Bo's* (as he signs himself sometimes) best things, by any means; but it has ten times the feeling and ease of *Bartoli's* etching.

L'Enfance de Jupiter; totally different from the preceding. Prettily engraved by *Patas*, in the Palais Royale. 5*s.*

The Dance of Apollo and the Muses; from the small picture, a very highly finished print, by *Raphael Urbin Massard*. 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* or 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Triumph of Vespasian; large folio

* Ovid says that he was transformed into a stone before the present event; but I don't chuse to believe him.

size, engraved, in the Crozat Collection, by L. Desplaces. 10s. or 7s. 6d. There are likewise two other prints of this; one in the *Musée Français*, and the other, in the little *Galérie de Fithol*.

From Teodoro Ghisi.

Venus withholding Adonis from the Chase; a very rich upright; most elaborately finished by G. Mantuano. 1l. 1s. 0d. or 2l. 2s. 0d. I picked up a beautiful im-

pression of this scarce plate, at Mr. Triphook's, the bookseller, three or four years ago, and never met with its fellow till the other day, at Mr. Colnaghi's. It now hides its diminished head.

Mr. Triphook has now the finest *St. Hubert*, by Albert Durer, I suppose, that can be produced. It is a match for my friend Weathercock's *M. Antonio*, the far-famed *St. Cecilia*.

THE HERMIT.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

* * * * *

THEN, spent with weary wandering, on the bank
All tissued with sweet flowers, I flung my side;
And bathed my forehead in the herbage dank
That sprouted cool beneath the willows wide:
There was the spot where broken hearts might hide,
So thought I, from the world of evil men;
Gazing for ever on the silver tide,
Or listening to the murmurs of the glen,
Or echo sweet that woke its hollow sounds again.

How lovely were it thus, from day to day,
To glide through life, from all it's troubles clear,
To leave at morn my rushy couch to pray,
Then forth and walk, companion'd by the deer,
And timorous hare, and wood-dove cooing near,
The friend of every innocent wild thing
That wing'd or grazed beside me without fear,
All in those secret arbours worshipping,
As once in paradise, their lonely pilgrim king.

And what were wealth to me? those little flowers,
Were they not richer than the gems of Inde?
What kingly tapestry like those waving bowers?
What throne so glorious as that wild rock lined
With golden moss, with love-sick rose entwined?
What were the banquet of the proud saloon
To the young almond's pulp, the citron's rind
That scoop'd the stream, when the pure feast was done?
Those are the Hermit's joys, to kings and courts unknown.

And when the twilight sent her pearly star
To tell me that the hour of rest was come,
My music be the waterfall afar,
The hunter's mellow cornet winding home,
The bleat of distant folds, the wild bee's hum,
Like evening's anthem rising to the skies,—
Then turn to sleep within that rushy room
Where slumber never from the Hermit flies,
Till morn looks smiling in, and breathes upon his eyes.

So mused I in a dim, delicious trance,
Till dreams upon my sinking eyelids clung.
A shout awoke me, swift and strong the lance
That through the thicket o'er my forehead sung.
Half blind and dizzy to my steed I sprung,
Beside his shrinking hoof a knight lay slain.
Fierce fight was round me, spear and mace, high swung,
Through proud helms crash'd their way; blood gush'd like rain,
And all was trumpet-bursts, and yells of mortal pain. Ωτοϛ.

THE DRAMA.

No. XXI.

A FRIEND of ours once intended to favour the world with an essay on the subject of the title-pages of books. We think that the titles which dramatic authors adopt, for the purpose of irritating their productions into notoriety, would afford even a more fertile theme. The variety which is to be seen in and about London is (as Mr. Sampson would say) "prodigious!" There are some of all sorts—

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,
from Sebastian the Fourth, to Loyalty,
or the King in Dublin, as may be learned from a careful perusal of those flags of invitation which are daily issued from the Cobourg or Astley's printing presses:—We have also "the Cure for Coxcombs," a light and "lively" affair at the Lyceum; and the Gerald Duval of Drury Lane may, by the help of a little imagination, pass for something that is even "severe." We hope that these satirical authors of Old Drury thrive in the sunshine of the manager's favour.

Hæc arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules
Innixus, arces attigit igneas;
Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

It is not unlikely that the remembrance of boyish impressions persuades our manufacturers of melodrama into the adoption of certain titles for their pieces. Otherwise, how can we possibly account for the extraordinary names which the Beaumonts and Fletchers of the Cobourg theatre hold out to allure the simple of both sexes within their doors. We will venture to transcribe a few of their alarming titles: first begging our fair readers and nervous friends (if we have any) to pass over the terrible array, and meet us again at the next paragraph. Observe how the catalogue swells, from a poor common assault into an absolute agglomeration of horrors!

1. Sebastian the Fourth, in the course of which a *desperate combat* between Messrs. Bradley and Blanchard!

2. Trial by *Battle*, with a *desperate combat*, &c!

3. One o'clock, or *The bleeding Nun*!

4. *The Cry of Blood, or the Juror Murderer*!!

5. *The red Demon of the Hartz Forest, or the three Charcoal Burners*!!

6. *The Jew, the Gamester, the Seducer, the Murderer, and the Thief*!!—

NB. This last, in the play-bills, is also distinguished by the title of a "*domestic tale*!"—

We are almost ashamed of descending from such a magnificent enumeration to common every-day matters; but we must not omit to mention that the Cobourg dramatists have ventured upon another subject of some interest; which, inasmuch as it may challenge a comparison with one of their predecessors who has attained a certain portion of celebrity, is not entirely destitute of peril. The play, or "piece," to which we allude, is called "*The LEAR of private Life*;" and truly, it is better adapted for private representation than for public. The person who answers to the Cordelia of Shakespeare was played by a Miss —, whom we never saw before (nor since), and Mr. Henry Kemble, the youngest and last of an illustrious brood, it was, we believe, who enacted the mad and deserted father in a style of the most determined placidity. A child might touch him (as the keepers say of the lions), he is so gentle. In truth, he is not a man to tear a passion to tatters, or to overstep the limits of the strictest ceremony. We could indulge our spleen a little on this subject; but as Greece was "*magni memor Herculis*," so we do not forget that the laurels of Mrs. Siddons, and the greater Kembles, should be permitted to overshadow and shelter this weaker scion of the family tree.

COVENT-GARDEN.

This theatre is now (21st September) about to open. We are informed that some changes have taken place in the list of performers; but we hope that none of the bright cluster of comedians are gone, and also that Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kemble will remain, notwithstanding the addition of Mr. Young. This gentleman is the most important accession that we are aware of to the winter corps. Mr. Young is a popular actor and an elegant man. He is, perhaps, the finest declaimer on

the stage: surpassing Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macready, and Mr. Kean, in that respect; though he is less original than those gentlemen in his style of acting, and rather follows the line of the elder Kemble than strikes out one for himself. His excellence lies more particularly in such characters as Pierre, Chamont, and Colonna (in Mr. Shiel's play of *Evadne*), where there is a dash of bluntness mixed with the passion of the parts; and in some of the musical or high-sounding lines of Shakspeare his voice has frequently great power. We do not like his comedy so well as his tragedy, though his manners are really those of a gentleman. His style of speaking has well been called "oriental:" it is gorgeous, sweeping, sonorous, and musical, with less attention than many others bestow on minute points, but exceedingly imposing in its general effect. As we shall frequently have occasion to notice Mr. Young, we forbear troubling our readers with more on the subject at present.

DRURY LANE.

"Overflowing and delighted audiences nightly recognise and acknowledge the Coronation as the most correct and splendid exhibition ever produced on the British stage," are the words of Mr. Elliston, who invades the old privilege of the summer theatres by keeping open his huge playhouse, when it would have been much more liberal to close the doors. We hate all the puffing and red-letter ostentation of this theatre; but we dislike much more that Mr. Elliston (who, when he was lessee of the Circus, talked stoutly about the great theatres and their illiberality) should be allowed to "lord it o'er his betters:"—for so, at present, the Lyceum and the Haymarket are—and to show a grasping disposition, to the detriment of his rivals. It has always been customary for Covent Garden and Drury Lane to close their doors during a certain period of the year; and within that period other smaller theatres exercised their art. Last year, Mr. Elliston, under some pretence or other, kept Drury Lane open during a great part of the recess; and now he keeps it open during the whole recess without any excuse at all. We confess that we do not like this. We admire "fair play;" and it does not

seem to us fair play for Mr. Elliston to break in upon old established custom, where the infraction tends to benefit himself and to do injury to other people. There is "something rotten in the state of Denmark."

With regard to the Coronation, we beg to observe, that Mr. Elliston's red-letter intimation is not true: *overflowing* audiences do *not* attend to recognise either one thing or another; but, on the contrary, audiences of a very moderate, and sometimes meagre amount, meet at Drury Lane to witness the "fantastic tricks" which are there played off, and to see Mr. Elliston himself in a crown and royal robes, and bowing and aweing the candle-snuffers and call-boys, who gaze in dumb and profound admiration at every movement and expression which their master thinks proper to commit. Mr. Charles Kemble (whose grace on ordinary occasions few people will dispute) makes the king somewhat too lofty; and Mr. Elliston is not lofty enough, nor has he that evenness of manner which becomes a monarch. In other respects his Coronation is worth seeing: his trumpeters are important, and his bishops are awful: the lords and ladies are—so so, but the champion is a host in himself. His plumes are as high as those in the Castle of Otranto, and look altogether as full of peril. We wonder how Messrs. Carberry and Co. the plumassiers (for Mr. Elliston gives us the names of his tradesmen and "artists," down to the makers of the brass-wire) contrived to fix together upon one simple head such a towering forest of ostrich plumes—but so it is: Mr. Collett (for he has declared himself to our Lion's Head) rides over the pit, in steel and feathers, with an air that would have been thought imposing even in the fields of Cressy.

Before we dismiss this subject we may remark, that the play-bills inform us that "every person engaged in the preparations for the 19th of July," has given his advice on the subject of the "splendid exhibition" at Drury Lane. This means, we presume, that Lord Gwydir and Mr. Fellowes, and the rest of the noble exhibitors, have given their opinions on the Brydges-street pageant; and hence it is, of course, that its exceeding correctness has arisen.

Geraldi Duval, the Bandit of Bo-

hemia.—After what we have felt ourselves compelled to say touching the manager of Drury Lane, it would have given us pleasure to have told our readers that this “new dramatic piece” was worthy their attention; but it is not. The drama, although founded on a tale of Mrs. Opie, which has its foundation in a fact, is tortured by the dramatist so as to appear horrid and improbable. Gerald Duval, the hero of the piece and of the story, is spoiled in his infancy; and by the time he arrives at the age of sixteen or seventeen, he is a fine flourishing instance of what mismanagement is able to produce. His prepossessions and his prejudices are strong and unopposed; and his pride thrives in proportion as his insolence is encouraged, or, which is the same thing, unchecked. He fancies various things, and obtains them; and, amongst others, he has a fancy for a young lady of rank, whose inclinations, however, do not lie towards M. Duval; on the contrary, she has a penchant for some other gentleman. This induces her to slight Gerald, who, on his part, resolves to wash away the offence with her blood. He in fact makes an attempt upon her life, which fails; and (instead of being hanged as he deserves) he is sentenced to prison for a long period of time. From this imprisonment he escapes; and though years have elapsed, he pursues his victim again and again, with all the “old original” vengeance that first stimulated him to murder. After several other attempts in vain, he is again seized, and suffers death. The original Gerald Duval is still, we believe, in prison, spinning out his punishment. When he was apprehended, he is reported to have said, *Je te retrouverai un jour*, and Mrs. Opie, and the Drury Lane dramatist, acting upon this hint, have imagined a variety of new atrocities, which, if ever the culprit survives his incarceration, he may be perhaps tempted to justify or exceed. The author of the play is said to be a Westminster scholar; this is enough to bespeak our indulgence; though we would rather that his taste should have led him, like his school-fellow Mr. Walker, to take the higher ground of the drama.

Rosina is, as our readers know, a pleasant simple afterpiece, and con-

tains some exceedingly pretty songs which Miss Povey executes delightfully. We do not think that this young lady has received her full share of admiration. Her voice is very fine and rich. Madame Mara, we understand, said that it was the finest voice which she had heard in England; and her experience and taste are entitled to some attention. The young lady who played Phœbe sung her songs very agreeably; and Knight,

Ever merry, ever young,
made an excellent William. His quarrel scene was admirably hit off; his little jealous strut is quite a copy for an artist, and the box on the ear sends him spinning round like a teetotum, to the exceeding amusement of the wicked Phœbe, and of our laughing friends in both the galleries. Mr. Cooke acted Belville, but not to our taste; and a man of the name of Meredith (we believe), dressed like a brewer's drayman, spoiled the Irish rustic with great effect. Connor used to act this part in a fine style at the Haymarket, last year; but not so acteth Mr. Meredith. We wish that we could say a few words in favour of Mr. Barnard's Captain Belville. He seems a good-natured man, and fills all his parts respectably; but the gay, the gallant, is not for him; he is nearer Horatio than Lothario. He is fitter to give a turn to a precept than to instruct us by his example. Yet we have seen him play a waiter, or a bustling landlord, much to our satisfaction; and on the whole, with the exception, perhaps, of Cooper, he is the brightest star of the company which Mr. Elliston has enlisted for our summer's improvement and delight.

Five Hundred Pounds is a slight farce, in which *Nonplus*, a spendthrift, gets into debt and difficulty, and, in order to extricate himself, determines to alarm his uncle, *Subtle*, out of the money which he wants. In the prosecution of this laudable scheme he disembodies himself, and takes upon him the functions of a ghost. *Subtle*, who is averse to spirits (at least of the impalpable kind), makes a precipitate retreat on the appearance of his ghostly nephew, and in his hurry drops his pocket book, which contains the sum that *Nonplus* has occasion for! There is a lady, and some love, superadded to

this frail outline; but we will not trouble the reader with either the one or the other. We may observe, however, that the gentlemen who write farces think it incumbent on them to make their heroes as little like gentlemen as possible. They are generally successful in their amours; and are rewarded at the end of the piece, although they may have committed, in the course of representation, half a dozen actions that would have sentenced them to a last look at St. Sepulchre's.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This lively little theatre goes on merrily. Miss Kelly is the soul of the place; and the fluttering of Wrench, and the strong rugged humour and pathos of Emery, never come amiss to us.

The Cure for Coxcombs is a didactic afterpiece. Wrench, who is gentleman, coxcomb, and soi-disant artist, incited more by the beauty of Mrs. —, than the hope of rivalling either Raffaele or Correggio, introduces himself to her presence, with an agreeable confidence that is peculiar to himself. Here he prevails on her to sit for her portrait; and while he is daubing it with all the effect and self-satisfaction of an empiric, he mingles with the strokes of his pencil those pleasanter touches of compliment which are so well known to relieve the tedium of sitting, while they diversify the toils of the artist. At last, the painter's compliments deepen into a declaration of love; and then it is that the lady, who waits for her husband's return home, inflicts upon the unhappy penciller that sort of admonition which no one but he who has deserved it can appreciate. It effects, however, a cure of that tendency to gallantry which

led the hero of the piece into his dilemma; and hence the title of *The Cure for Coxcombs*. Wrench played exceedingly gaily and delightfully; some may think he is too "slip-shod" at times, even for farce: we think not.

HAYMARKET.

Venice Preserved.—A young debutante, of the name of Brudenell, has made her appearance at this theatre, in the character of Belvidera. She is lady-like and gentle, and expresses the softer emotions agreeably; but she is not adapted to the higher walks of tragedy; and she would be lost in a conflict of the stormier passions. There must be something greatly marked in a countenance to give us truly all the fluctuations of grief, and to tell the story of profound despair; there must be a power of eye, and a depth of voice, and a dignity of gait, beyond the ordinary graces of women, to strike us on the stage. Miss Brudenell has few of these requisites. She is, if we may venture the word, too feminine; for, though it is desirable for an actress to picture all the gentle movements of the spirit in tones and looks as gentle, she must, nevertheless, have some sterner qualifications for the tragic chair. Mr. Conway played his old character of Jaffier very respectably, and in some parts very well; and Mr. Terry acted Pierre with that decided good sense and spirit which he shows in every thing. If there was any thing to object to, it was that he was too bitter almost for the part of Pierre; he did not "round it off" quite enough.

There is a clever little comedy from the pen of Mr. Kenny, called *Match Breaking*; but we must speak of it hereafter.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. XX.

"All the world is out of town," and, therefore, so is music also; and it is well for the provinces that the metropolis, sometimes, is thus evacuated by those who demand the gratifications afforded by high science; since this demand would otherwise go near to deprive the residents of the body of the empire of all chance of

the progression in art that is to be drawn from the hearing of fine musical performances. For though individuals do continually visit London, and do there attend the best concerts, such single and isolated advantages could never have half the effect of a grand county meeting. A whole town, and not only a town—a

county, and perhaps even more than one county, receive from such, to them rare assemblages of talent, a simultaneous stimulus to improvement, which interest, example, conversation, and a thousand other nameless motives, bring into the fullest play. The rays are thus concentrated into a focus, from which their collected heat is thrown with a degree of force that accomplishes far more than could be done by any other contrivance. Thus the love and practice of music are mainly propagated in smaller circles, and produce not only individual solace and social enjoyment, but many advantages to trade, to charity, and to science, at a comparatively trifling expence. A little patronage from a few great names is, perhaps, almost the only thing necessary: and the subject is well worthy the attention of those who watch over and promote the progress of civilization, not less than of those interested more particularly in the cultivation of music.

These introductory remarks are drawn from us by the succession of county meetings which are just beginning. *Salisbury*, this year, has taken the lead; and is to be followed by Worcester and Chester. A festival meditated in Norfolk has been given up *for want of public support*. The Salisbury meeting was well attended. Madame Camporese and Mrs. Salmon, Ambrogetti, Vaughan, W. Knyvett, and Bellamy, were the principal singers; and it is a curious fact, for it shows the diffusion of language as well as of music, that the Italians bore away the greatest share of the popular applause. That the style of Camporese, wherever style is in the slightest degree understood, should attract admirers is no matter of wonder, particularly when she is compared with such a singer as Mrs. Salmon, who, however, generally wins all ears by her beautiful tone, and her exquisite, delicious facility. But every note from Camporese goes to the heart, in spite of an intractable voice which is a little *passée*. We confess, we like to know that *soul* gets the better of *soffeggi*. The humour of Ambrogetti completely relaxed the minds of his audiences; and, in his *Presto, Presto, Signori*, on the last night, he danced about the orchestra, scolded the band, and

shook hands with Lindley at the conclusion, with such irresistible glee, that he was dismissed with thunders of applause. The sacred performances were received with less boisterous, but not less heartfelt approbation. Vaughan was a particular favourite. Mr. Card, from Norwich, played a flute concerto with considerable success. Lindley was, as usual, wonderful, delightful, and *supreme*, as an instrumentalist.

The Ninth Number of the Quadrille Rondos.—This series of lessons has been very well sustained; and the number before us, although not equal to those which have preceded it, has yet a title to many of their excellencies. It has, apparently, been the intention of the composers who have been engaged in these publications, to give them sufficient elegance and brilliancy to satisfy performers of some attainment, and yet to place them within the reach of more moderate powers. This has certainly been effected; for, in the one respect, they cannot fail to afford amusement, and, in the other, improvement. In the present rage for quadrilles their very title will attract and recommend them to notice. Mr. Kiallmark, in number nine, has chosen a subject of which we confess ourselves weary, namely, the Barcarolle; but we know this is not the case with the rest of the world. It has always been a favourite; and it will not be less relished in its present shape. It is light, pretty, and extremely easy.

Heart beating, a favourite air by Giordani, arranged as a rondo for the pianoforte by T. Cooke. This lesson is intended for learners; and has greater merit than we usually find in this class of compositions. The subject is good; and is arranged in a spirited style. The passages, though extremely simple, are calculated to afford beneficial practice.

The Psychean!! Waltz, with variations, by Klose, is of the same description, though inferior. The variations are upon an unmeaning subject, and are common-place. Variation five will give good exercise to a young hand; and perhaps the whole piece is sufficiently pretty to attract the performers for whom it is intended.

Mr. Rolfe has published twelve

progressive pieces for the pianoforte. They are of the easiest description.

Mr. Kiallmark's *Divertimento* for the harp and pianoforte is a very agreeable duet. It is adapted to very small acquirements. There is no great choice of easy duets for these instruments; and as such it will be found useful.

Fantasia on the favourite air Di piacer, by Pio Cianchettini. There is one fault which pervades the whole of this fantasia—an over-indulged imagination. It is impossible to follow Mr. Cianchettini through his flights of fancy: the ear finds no resting place; and although there are many sweet and beautiful passages, they cloy from their constant recurrence, and fatigue from want of connexion. None but the composer himself, we are well aware, could do it justice. We have seen many meritorious works from the hand of Mr. Cianchettini; and as his composition now suffers merely from a redundancy of images, time, there is little doubt, will cool the ardour of his fancy, and render him eminent.

Mr. Burrowes has published the twelfth number of his *Caledonian* airs, which completes the set. It is an agreeable conclusion to a very nice collection of pianoforte lessons. They are all in the form of airs with variations; and, consequently, a test of the composer's power of invention and imagination. Scotch music is always a favourite; and amongst the airs Mr. Burrowes has selected will be found many old friends of tried excellence.

Fantasia for the Pianoforte, on Mozart's Air E amore un ladroncello, by J. H. Griesbach. This gentleman is a pupil of Mr. Kalkbrenner, and a young composer, the piece before us being only Op. 2. It is, however, a highly creditable composition, and would do honour to an older master. The selection of the subject is a proof of an elegant mind, and Mr. Griesbach has adorned his work with many graceful and melodious passages. The solo for the bass, at page 6, is extremely good; and we distinctly trace the school in which he has been trained in this and many other instances. We are happy to congratulate Mr. Griesbach on his success in

this early application of his talents to musical compositions.

We now turn to a *Sestetto* for the pianoforte, two violins, viola, violin-cello, and bass, by Mr. Kalkbrenner himself. It partakes of the leading characteristics of Mr. Kalkbrenner's style; strength combined with grace and originality. We seldom find in this gentleman's compositions a common-place passage. His manner is peculiar; perhaps more so than that of any other modern writer. We have always thought it requires a general acquaintance with this composer's style before it can be really understood and enjoyed; and we attribute it to the fact that it stands alone. We are also convinced that the more it is studied the more highly it will be appreciated. In the present work we particularly admire the minuet, trio, and adagio. The latter is very expressive. Indeed, we consider the whole piece as amongst Mr. Kalkbrenner's best productions.

Amongst the selections of this month are a third duet, by Watts, from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*; the second book of Mr. Latour's arrangements from the same opera, both with a flute accompaniment, *ad lib.* and the second book of airs, from *Il Turco in Italia*, by Mr. R. Lacy, also with a flute accompaniment, *ad lib.*

The vocal pieces are few, and of little interest; the best of them is *Father, accept the humble praise*, an arranged sacred song, by Mr. T. Cooke, who, by the way, has also published his music to the Coronation spectacle at Drury-lane. The same ceremony has also called forth tributary stanzas, and music, from other hands. Mr. Danneley, of Ipswich, has printed a *bravura and chorus*, *Hail to our King*; and Mr. Harris, a sort of cantata, *Bright Star of Brunswick's royal Line*, of which their overflowing loyalty is the principal recommendation; and this has been found sometimes a good saleable commodity enough.

The Laburnum Tree, a song, by Mr. Harris, was made, we presume, for Vauxhall; since it is by no means equal to his duets, and other productions we have seen of that cast.

THE COOK'S ORACLE.*

DR. KITCHENER has greatly recognised the genius of his name by taking boldly the path to which it points; disregarding all the usual seductions of life, he has kept his eye steadily on the larder, the *Mecca* of his appetite; and has unravelled all the mysteries and intricacies of *celery soup*, and *beef haricot*, to the eyes of a reading public. He has taken an extensive *kitchen range* over the whole world of stews, and broils, and roasts, and comes home to the fireside (from which, indeed, his body has never departed) boiling over with knowledge—stored with curiosities of bone and sinew—a made-up human dish of cloves, mace, curry, catsup, cayenne, and the like. He has sailed over all the soups; has touched at all the quarters of the lamb; has been, in short, round the stomach world, and returns a second *Captain Cook*! Dr. Kitchener has written a book; and if he, good easy man, should think to surprise any friend or acquaintance by sily asking, "What book have I written?" he would be sure to be astounded with a successful reply, "a book on Cookery." His name is above all disguises. In the same way, a worthy old gentleman of our acquaintance, who was wont to lead his visitors around his kitchen garden (the Doctor will prick up his ears at this), which he had carefully and cunningly obscured with a laurel hedge, and who always said, with an exulting tone, "Now, you would be puzzled to say where the kitchen garden was situated;" once met with a stony-hearted man, who remorselessly answered, "Not I! over that hedge, to be sure." The Doctor might expect you, in answer to his query, to say; "A book, Sir! Why, perhaps you have plunged your whole soul into the ocean of an epic; or rolled your mind, with the success of a Sisyphus, up the hill of metaphysics; or played the sedate game of the mathematics, that Chinese puzzle to English minds! or gone a tour, with Dugald Stuart, in search

of the picturesque; or leaped double sentences, and waded through metaphors, in a grammatical steeple-chace with Colonel Thornton; or turned literary cuckoo, and gone sucking the eggs of other people's books, and making the woods of the world echo with one solitary, complaining, *reviewing* note." Such might be the Doctor's notion of a reply, to which we fancy we see him *simmering* with delight, and saying, "No, Sir! I have not meddled either with the curry of poetry, or the cold meat of prose. I have not wasted over the slow fire of the metaphysics, or cut up the mathematics into thin slices—I have not lost myself amongst the *kick-shaws* of fine scenery, or pampered myself on the mock-turtle of metaphors. Neither have I dined at the table and the expense of other men's minds! No, Sir. I have written on cookery, on the kitchen, on the solids, 'the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials!'"

If it were not that critics are proverbial for having no bowels, we should hesitate at entering the paradise of pies and puddings which Dr. Kitchener has opened to us; for the steam of his rich sentences rises about our senses like the odours of flowers around the imagination of a poet; and larded beef goes nigh to lord it over our bewildered appetites. But being steady men, of sober and temperate habits, and used to privations in the way of food, we shall not scruple at looking a leg of mutton in the face, or shaking hands with a shoulder of veal. "Minced collops" nothing daunt us; we brace our nerves, and are not overwhelmed with "cockle catsup!" When Bays asks his friend, "How do you do when you write?" it would seem that he had the Cook's Oracle in his eye—for to men of any mastication, never was there a book that required more training for a quiet and useful perusal. Cod's-head rises before you in all its glory! while the oysters revolve around it, in their firmament of melted butter, like its well-or-

* The Cook's Oracle: containing Receipts for plain Cookery, &c. the whole being the Result of actual Experiments, instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician. London. Constable and Co. 1821.

dered satellites! Moorgame, mackarel, muscles, fowls, eggs, and force-meat-balls, start up in all directions, and dance the hays in the imagination. We should recommend those readers with whom dinner is a habit, not to venture on the Doctor's pages, without seeing that their hunger, like a ferocious house-dog, is carefully tied up. To read four pages with an unchained appetite, would bring on dreadful dreams of being destroyed with spits, or drowned in mullagatawny soup, or of having your tongue neatly smothered in your own brains, and, as Matthews says, a lemon stuck in your mouth. We cannot but conceive that such reading, in such unprepared minds, would have strange influences; and that the dreams of persons would be dished up to suit the various palates. The school-girl would, like the French goose, "be persuaded to roast itself." The indolent man would "steep a fortnight," and even then not be fit for use. The lover would dream that his heart was overdone. The author would be roasted alive in his own quills, and basted with cold ink. It were an endless task to follow this speculation; and, indeed, we are keeping our readers too long without the meal to which we have taken the liberty of inviting them. The dinner "bell invites" us—we go, and it is done.

The book, the Cook's Oracle, opens with a preface, as other books occasionally do; but "there the likeness ends;" for it continues with a whole bunch of introductions, treating of cooks, and invitations to dinner, and refusals, and "friendly advice," and weights and measures, and then we get fairly launched on the sea of boiling, broiling, roasting, stewing, and again return and cast anchor among the vegetables. It is impossible to say where the book begins; it is a heap of initiatory chapters—a parcel of graces before meat—a bunch of heads,—the asparagus of literature. You are not troubled with "more last words of Mr. Baxter," but are delighted, and re-delighted, with more first words of Dr. Kitchener. He makes several starts, like a restless race-horse, before he fairly gets upon the second course; or rather, like Lady Macbeth's dinner party, he

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stands much upon the order of his going. But now, to avoid sinking into the same trick, we will proceed without further preface to conduct our readers through the maze of pots, gridirons, and frying pans, which Dr. Kitchener has rendered a very poetical, or we should say, a very palatable amusement.

The *first* preface tells us, *inter alia*, that he has worked all the culinary problems which his book contains, in his own kitchen; and that, after this warm experience, he did not venture to print a sauce, or a stew, until he had read "two hundred cookery books," which, as he says, "he patiently pioneered through, before he set about recording the results of his own experiments!" We scarcely thought there had been so many volumes written on the Dutch oven.

The *first* introduction begins thus:

The following receipts are not a mere marrowless collection of shreds, and patches, and cuttings, and pastings;—but a *bonâ fide* register of practical facts,—accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued, or evaporated, by the igniferous terrors of a roasting fire in the dog-days,—in defiance of the odoriferous and calefacient repellents, of roasting,—boiling,—frying,—and broiling:—moreover, the author has submitted to a labour no preceding Cookery Book-maker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter—having *eaten* each receipt, before he set it down in his book.

We should like to see the Doctor, we confess, after this extraordinary statement. To have superintended the agitations of the pot,—to have hung affectionately over a revolving calf's heart,—to have patiently witnessed the noisy marriage of bubble and squeak,—to have coolly investigated the mystery of a haricot,—appears within the compass of any given old lady or gentleman, whose frame could stand the fire, and whose soul could rule the roast. But to have eaten the substantials of 440 closely printed pages, is "a thing to read of, not to tell." It calls for a man of iron interior, a man "*alieni appetens, sui profusus*." It demands the rival of time; an *edax rerum*! The Doctor does not tell us how he travelled from gridiron to frying-pan—from frying-pan to Dutch oven—from Dutch oven to spit—from spit to pot—from pot to fork: he leaves

us to guess at his progress. We presume he ate his way, page by page, through fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetable; he would have left us dead among the soups and gravies. Had a whole army of martyrs accompanied him on this Russian retreat of the appetite, we should have found *them* strewn the way; and *him* alone, the Napoleon of the task, living and fattening at the end of the journey. The introduction goes on very learnedly, descanting upon Shakspeare, Descartes, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Glasse, Professor Bradley, Pythagoras, Miss Seward, and other persons equally illustrious. The Doctor's chief aim is to prove, we believe, that cookery is the most laudable pursuit, and the most pleasurable amusement of life. Much depends on the age of your domestics; for we are told, that "it is a good maxim to select servants not younger than THIRTY." Is it so? Youth "thou art shamed!" This first introduction concludes with a long eulogy upon the Doctor's "laborious stove work;" and upon the spirit, temper, and ability, with which he has *dressed* his book. The Doctor appends to this introduction, a chapter called "Culinary Curiosities," in which he gives the following recipe for "persuading a goose to roast itself." We must say it out-horrors all the horrors we ever read of.

How to roast and eat a goose alive.—"Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature, (but a goose is best of all for this purpose), pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared: then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free; within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water, wherein salt and honey are mingled; and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded, and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when as you see her begin to roast; for by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by

the fire that stops her way out, the unwenried goose is kept in;* she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart, and all her body, and the apple sauce will make her dung, and cleanse and empty her. And when she roasteth, and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead: it is mighty pleasant to behold!!!" See *Wecker's Secrets of Nature*, in folio, London, 1660, pp. 148, 309.

The next chapter, or introduction, (for we are not within forty spits' length of the cookery directions yet!) is entitled "Invitations to Dinner;" and commences thus:

In "the affairs of the mouth," the strictest punctuality is indispensable;—the gastronomer ought to be as accurate an observer of time, as the astronomer. The least delay produces fatal and irreparable misfortunes.

It appearing, therefore, that delay is dangerous, as mammas say to their daughters on certain occasions, the Doctor directs that "the dining-room should be furnished with a good-going clock." He then speaks of food "well done, when it is done," which leads to certain learned sentences upon indigestion. The sad disregard of dinner-hours generally observed meets with his most serious displeasure and rebuke; but to refuse an invitation to dinner is the capital crime, for which there is apparently no capital punishment.

Nothing can be more disobliging than a refusal which is not grounded on some very strong and unavoidable cause, except not coming at the appointed hour; according to the laws of conviviality, a certificate from a sheriff's officer, a doctor, or an undertaker, are the only pleas which are admissible. The duties which invitation imposes, do not fall only on the persons invited, but like all other social duties, are reciprocal.

If you should, therefore, fortunately happen to be arrested, or have had the good luck to fracture a limb; or if, better than all, you should have taken

* This cook of a goose, or goose of a cook, which ever it may be, strangely reminds us of the Doctor's own intense and enthusiastic bustle among the butter-boats. We fancy we see him, and not the goose, "walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire." By this time, we should suppose, he must be about "roasted enough."

a box in that awful theatre at which all must be present once and for ever; you may be pardoned refusing the invitation of some tiresome friend to take a chop: but there is no other excuse, no other available excuse, for absenting yourself; no mental inaptitude will save you. Late comers are thus rebuked:

There are some, who seldom keep an appointment;—we can assure them they as seldom “scape without whipping”—and exciting those murmurs which inevitably proceed from the best regulated stomachs,—when they are empty and impatient to be filled.

Carving is the next subject of the Doctor's care; but he resolutely, and somewhat vehemently, protests against your wielding the king of knives at any other table than your own; thus for ever excluding an author from the luxuries of table anatomy. After giving an erudite passage from the “*Almanach des Gourmands*,” the Doctor wanders into anecdote, and becomes facetious after the following recipe.

I once heard a gentle hint on this subject given to a blue-mould fancier, who, by looking too long at a Stilton cheese, was at last completely overcome by his eye exciting his appetite, till it became quite ungovernable and unconscious of every thing but the *nifty* object of his contemplation; he began to pick out in no small portions, the primest parts his eye could select from the centre of the cheese.

The good-natured founder of the feast, highly amused at the ecstasies each morsel created in its passage over the palate of the enraptured *Gourmand*, thus encouraged the perseverance of his guest—“Cut away, my dear sir, cut away, use no ceremony, I pray:—I hope you will pick out all the best of my cheese—the rind and the rotten will do very well for my wife and family!”

There is something so serene and simple in the above little story, that we recommend it to persons after dinner, in preference to those highly seasoned and spicy jests, which Mr. Joseph Miller has potted for the use of posterity.

The next introduction contains “*Friendly Advice to Cooks and other Servants*,” but we cannot help thinking that Dr. Swift has in some degree forestalled our own good Doctor in this department of literature; although, perhaps, Dr. Kitchener is the most sober of counsellors. The

following, to be sure, is a little suspicious. “Enter into all their plans of economy, and endeavour to make the most of every thing, as well for your own honour as your master's profit.” This, without the note, would be unexceptionable; but the Doctor quotes from Dr. Trusler (all the Doctors are *redolent* of servants!) as follows:—“I am persuaded, that no servant ever *saved* her master sixpence, but she *found* it in the end in her own *pocket*.”—“Have the *dust* removed,” says Dr. Kitchener, “regularly every fortnight!”—What *dust*?—Not that, we trust, which people are often entreated to “come down with.”—The accumulation of soot has its dire evils; for “many good dinners have been spoiled, and many houses burned down, by the soot falling:”—thus the Doctor, very properly, puts the greater evil first. “Give notice to your employers when the contents of your coal cellar are *diminished* to a chaldron.”—*Diminished*! We should be glad to hear when our cellars had increased to this stock. There is no hope then for those chamber-gentlemen who fritter away their lives by sack or bushel! Dr. Kitchener is rather abstruse and particular in another of his directions:—“The *best rule for marketing*, is to pay *ready money* for every thing.” This is a good rule with the elect:—but, is there no luxury in a baker's bill? Are butchers' reckonings nothing? Is there no virtue in a milk-tally? We cannot help thinking that *tick* was a great invention, and gives many a man a dinner that would otherwise go unfed.

The chapter on weights and measures is short, but deeply interesting and intense. There is an episode upon *trough nutmeg-graters* that would do the water-gruel generation good to hear.

And now the book begins to *boil*. The reader is told that meat takes twenty minutes to the pound; and that block-tin saucepans are the best. We can fish out little else, except a long and rather skilful calculation of the manner in which meat jockeys itself, and reduces its weight in the cooking. Buckie and Sam Chiffney are nothing to “a leg of mutton with the shank bone taken out;” and it perhaps might not be amiss if the Newmarket profession were to con-

sider how far it would be practicable to substitute the *cauldron* for the *blanket*, and thus reduce by *steam*. We should suppose a young gentleman, with half an hour's boiling, would ride somewhere about feather-weight.

Baking is dismissed in a page and a half. We are sorry to find that some joints, when fallen into poverty and decay, are quite unworthy of credit: "When baking a joint of *poor* meat, before it has been half baked, I have seen *it* (what?) start from the bone, and shrivel up *scarcely to be believed*."

Roasting is the next object of Dr. Kitchener's anxious care; and if this chapter be generally read, we shall not be surprised to see people in future roasting their meat before their doors, and in their areas; for the Doctor says—

Roasting should be done in the open air, to ventilate the meat from its own fumes, and by the radiant heat, of a clear glowing fire,—otherwise it is in fact baked—the machines the economical grate-makers call roasters, are in plain English, ovens.

The Doctor then proceeds, not being content with telling you how to cook your victuals, to advise carefully as to the best method of cooking the *fire*. "The fire that is but just sufficient to receive the noble sirloin, will parch up a lighter joint;" which is plainly a translation into the cook's own particular language of "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." The chapter does not conclude without observing that "every body knows the advantage of *slow boiling*—*slow roasting* is equally important." This is an axiom.

Frying is a very graceful and lively species of cooking, though yielding perhaps, in its vivacity and music, to *broiling*—but of this more anon. We are sorry to find the Doctor endeavouring to take away from the originality of *frying*, classing it unkindly with the inferior sorts of boiling—calling it, in fact, the mere corpulence of boiling.

A fryingpan should be about four inches deep, with a perfectly flat and thick bottom, twelve inches long, and nine broad—with perpendicular sides, and must be half filled with fat: good frying is in fact—boiling in fat. To make sure that the pan is quite clean, rub a little fat over it—and

then make it warm and wipe it out with a clean cloth.

Broiling follows. We really begin to be enacting this sort of cookery ourselves, from the vigour and spirit with which we have rushed along in the company of Dr. Kitchener. *Broiling* is the poetry of cooking. The lyre-like shape of the instrument on which it is performed, and the brisk and pleasant sounds that arise momentarily, are rather musical than culinary. We are transported at the thought to that golden gridiron in the beef-steak club, which seems to confine the white cook in his burning cage, which generates wit, whim, and song, for hours together, and pleasantly blends the fanciful and the substantial in one laughing and robust harmony.

The Doctor is profound on the subject of vegetables. And when we consider the importance of it, we are not surprised to hear him earnestly exclaim, "I should as soon think of *roasting an animal alive*, as of boiling a *vegetable after it is dead*." No one will question that the one is quite as pardonable as the other. Our readers cannot be too particular in looking to their brocoli and potatoes.

This branch of cookery, requires the most vigilant attention.

If vegetables are a minute or two too long over the fire,—they lose all their beauty and flavour.

If not thoroughly boiled tender, they are tremendously indigestible, and much more troublesome during their residence in the stomach, than under-done meats.

We pass over the rudiments of dressing fish, and of compounding broths and soups, except with remarking, that a turbot is said to be better for *not* being fresh, and that "lean juicy beef, mutton, or veal, form the *basis of broth*."

Gravies and sauces are not neglected. The Doctor writes—

However "*les pompeuses Bagatelles de la Cuisine Masquée*" may tickle the fancy of *semi-connoisseurs*, who leaving the substance, to pursue the shadow,—prefer wonderful and whimsical metamorphoses, and things extravagantly expensive to those which are intrinsically excellent,—in whose mouth—mutton can hardly hope for a welcome, unless accompanied by Venison sauce—or a rabbit any chance for a race down the red lane, without assuming the form of a frog or a spider;—or pork, with—

out being either "goosified," or "lambified," and game and poultry in the shape of crawfish or hedgehogs;

These travesties rather show the patience than the science of the cook,—and the bad taste of those who prefer such baby tricks to old English nourishing and substantial plain cookery.

We could have made this the biggest book with half the trouble it has taken me to make it the best;—concentration and perspicuity have been my aim.

We do not know what the Doctor understands as "a big book;" but to our notions (and we are experienced in the weights and measures of printed works), the Cook's Oracle is a tolerably huge and Gog-like production. We should have been glad to have had a calculation of what the MS. lost in the printing. In truth, a comparative scale of the wasting of meat and prose during the cooking, would be no uninteresting performance. For our parts, we can only remark, from experience, that these our articles in the London Magazine boil up like spinage. We fancy, when written, that we have a heap of leaves fit to feed thirty columns; and they absolutely and alarmingly shrink up to a page or two when dressed by the compositor.

The romantic fancy of cooks is thus restrained:

The imagination of most cooks, is so incessantly on the hunt for a relish,—that they seem to think, they can not make sauce sufficiently savoury, without putting into it, every thing that ever was eaten;—and supposing every addition must be an improvement, they frequently overpower the natural flavour of their plain sauces, by overloading them with salt and spices, &c.:—but, remember, these will be deteriorated by any addition, save only just salt enough to awaken the palate—the lover of "piquance," and compound flavours, may have recourse to "the Magazine of Taste."

Again—

Why have clove and allspice,—or mace and nutmeg in the same sauce,—or marjoram,—thyme,—and savory;—or onions,—leeks,—shallots—and garlick: one will very well supply the place of the other,—and the frugal cook may save something considerable by attending to this, to the advantage of her employers, and her own time and trouble.—You might as well, to make soup, order one quart of water from the Thames, another from the New River, a third from Hampstead, and a fourth from Chelsea, with a certain portion of spring and rain water.

The Doctor himself, however, in spite of his correction of the cooks, is not entirely free from the fanciful. When you have opened a bottle of catsup, he says, "use only the best superfine velvet taper corks." This is *drawing* a cork with the hand of a poet.

And now, will the reader believe it? the work commences afresh! After all our labour,—after all our travelling through boiling, broiling, roasting, &c. we find that we have the whole to go over again. To our utter dismay, page 142 begins anew with—*boiling!* It is little comfort to us that the joints and cuttings come in for their distinct treatment: we seem to have made no way; and sit down with as much despair as a young school-girl who, after three quarters of a year's dancing, is put back to the *Scotch step*. Beef has been spoken of before; but we have not at all made up our minds on the following subject:

Obs.—In Mrs. Mason's Ladies' Assistant this joint is called haunch-bone; in Henderson's Cookery, edge-bone; in Domestic Management, aitch-bone; in Reynolds' Cookery, ische-bone; in Mrs. Lydia Fisher's Prudent Housewife, ach-bone; in Mrs. M'Iver's Cookery, hook-bone. We have also seen it spelt each-bone, and ridge-bone, and we have also heard it called natch-bone.

Of "half a calf's-head," Dr. Kit-chener says, silyly enough, "If you like it *full-dressed*, score it *superficially*; beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it over the head with a *feather*; powder it," &c. Such a calf's-head as this, so full-dressed, might be company for the best nobleman's ditto in the land.

It is quite impossible for us to accompany Dr. Kit-chener regularly through "roasting, frying, vegetables," &c. as we are by no means sure that our readers would sanction the *encore*. We shall pick a bit here and a bit there, from the Doctor's dainty larder; and take care to choose, as the English do with a French bill of fare, from those niceties which are novelties.

"A pig," observes the Doctor, as though he were speaking of any other dull obstinate personage, "is a very troublesome subject to *roast*. Most persons have them *baked*; send a quarter of a pound of butter, and

beg the baker to *baste* it well." The following occurs to us to be as difficult a direction to fulfil as any of Sir Thomas Parkins's wrestling instructions: "Lay your *pig back to back* in the dish, with one half of the head on each side, and the ears one at each end, which you must take care to make nice and *crisp*, or you will get scolded, as the good man was who bought his wife a pig with one ear." The point at the end is like the point of a spit. Again: "A sucking pig, like a young child, must not be left for an instant!" Never was such affection manifested before for this little interesting and persecuted tribe.

If Isaac Walton be the greatest of writers on the *catching* of fish, Dr. Kitchener is, beyond doubt, triumphant over all who have written upon the *dressing* of them. The Doctor dwells upon "the fine pale red rose colour" of pickled salmon, till you doubt whether he is not admiring a carnation. "Cod's skull" becomes flowery and attractive; and fine "silver eels," when "stewed Wiggy's way," swim in beauty as well as butter. The Doctor points out the best method of killing this perversely living fish, observing, very justly, "that the humane executioner does certain criminals the favour to *hang* them, before he breaks them on the wheel."

Of salmon, the Doctor rather quaintly and *poizingly* observes,— "the *thinnest* part of the fish is the *fattest*." "If you have any left, put it into a pye-dish, and cover it," &c.: the direction is conditional we perceive. Remember to choose your lobsters "*heavy and lively*." "Motion," says the Doctor, "is the *index* of their freshness."

Upon oysters, Dr. Kitchener is eloquent indeed. He is, as it were, "*native* here, and to the manner born."

The true lover of an oyster, will have some regard for the feelings of his little favourite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator,—but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously, that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging, till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death.

Who would not be an oyster,

to be thus surprised, to be thus pleasingly ejected from its tenelement of mother of pearl,—to be thus tickled to death? When we are placed in our *shell*, we should have no objection to be astonished with a similar delicate and titillating opening!

Giblet soup requires to be eaten with the fingers. We were not aware that these handy instruments could be used successfully in the devouring of gravies and soups.

N. B. This is rather a family dish than a company one,—the bones cannot be well picked, without the help of alive pincers.

Since Tom Coryat introduced forks, A. D. 1642, it has not been the fashion to put "pickers and stealers" into soup.

After giving a most elaborate recipe for mock turtle soup, he proceeds—

This soup was eaten by the committee of taste with unanimous applause, and they pronounced it a very satisfactory substitute for "the far fetcht and dear bought" turtle; which itself is indebted for its title of "sovereign of savouriness," to the rich soup with which it is surrounded; without its paraphernalia of double relishes, a "starved turtle," has not more intrinsic sapidity than a "PATTED CALF."

And a little further on he observes—

Obs.—This is a delicious soup, within the reach of those who "eat to live;" but if it had been composed expressly for those who only "live to eat," I do not know how it could have been made more agreeable: as it is, the lover of good eating will "wish his throat a mile long, and every inch of it palate."

Our readers will pant to have "Mr. Michael Kelly's sauce for boiled tripe, calf-head, or cow-heel." It is this:

Garlick vinegar, a tablespoonful,—of mustard, brown sugar, and black pepper, a teaspoonful each; stirred into half a pint of oiled melted butter.

Gad 'a mercy, what a gullet must be in the possession of Mr. Michael Kelly!

We think the following almost a superfluous direction to cooks:—"Take your chops out of the frying-pan," p. 324; but then he tells you, in another place, "to put your tongue into plenty of cold water;" p. 156. which makes all even again.

After giving ample directions for the making of essence of anchovy, the Doctor rather damps our ardour

for entering upon it by the following observation: "*Mem. You cannot make essence of anchovy half so cheap as you can buy it.*"

The following passage is rather too close an imitation of one of the puff-directions in the Critic:

To a pint of the cleanest and strongest rectified spirit, (sold by Rickards, Piccadilly,) add two drachms and a half of the sweet oil of orange peel, (sold by Stewart, No. 11, Old Broad Street, near the Bank,) shake it up, &c.

Obs.—We do not offer this receipt as a rival to Mr. Johnson's curaçoa—it is only proposed as an humble substitute for that incomparable liqueur.

The Doctor proceeds to luxuriate upon made dishes, &c.; in the course of which he says,—“The sirloin of beef I divide into three parts; I first have it nicely *boned!*” This is rather a suspicious way of having it at all. Mrs. Phillips's Irish stew has all the fascination of her country-women. In treating of shin of beef, the Doctor gives us a proverb which we never remember to have heard before:

Of all the fowls of the air, commend me to the shin of beef,—for there's marrow for the master, meat for the mistress, gristles for the servants, and bones for the dogs.

On pounded cheese, the Doctor writes—“The *piquance* of this *buttery-caseous* relish,” &c. Is not this a little *over-done*? The passage, however, on the frying of eggs, makes up for all.

Be sure the fryingpan is quite clean; when the fat is hot, break two or three eggs into it; do not turn them, but, while they are frying, keep pouring some of the fat over them with a spoon:—when the yolk just begins to look white, which it will in about a couple of minutes, they are enough;—the white must not lose its transparency, but the yolk be seen *blushing* through it:—if they are done nicely, they will look as white and delicate as if they had been poached, take them up with a tin slice, drain the fat from them, trim them neatly, and send them up with the bacon round them.

The beauty of a poached egg, is for the yolk to be seen *blushing* through the white, —which should only be just sufficiently hardened, to form a transparent veil for the egg.

So much for the Cook's Oracle. The style is a *piquant* sauce to the solid food of the instructions; and we never recollect reading sentences that relished so savourily. The Doctor appears to have written his work upon the back of a dripping pan, with the point of his spit,—so very cook-like does he dish up his remarks. If we were to be cast away upon a desert island, and could only carry one book ashore, we should take care to secure the Cook's Oracle; for, let victuals be ever so scarce, there are pages in that erudite book that are, as Congreve's Jeremy says, “a feast for an emperor.” Who could starve with such a larder of reading?

SONG.

THERE may be some who loved, like me,
Though reason, feeling, pride, reproved;
Loved with aching constancy—
Hopelessly loved.

Some, who to words but half sincere
That should have been but half believed,
Lent, like me, a willing ear,
And were deceived.

Suffering like me, perhaps they found
One struggling wrench, one wild endeavour,
Break the tie that else had bound
Their souls for ever!

And they were freed—and yet I pine
With secret pangs, with griefs unspoken:
No—their hearts were not like mine,
Else they had broken!

Y.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

LAYBACH.

LAYBACH, a city whose name has excited so much interest to all Europe, is the capital of Carniola, and is situated in the ancient Vindelician Illyria, where it was a place of considerable importance. The ancients, who attributed its foundation to Jason, called it Armona, the Austrians Laybach, and the Italians Lubiana; which names have been also given to the river that runs through the city in a longitudinal direction, and divides it into two nearly equal parts. Across it are three bridges, all of them remarkable on account of the numerous images of saints, and their pious symbols; and always crowded with persons who resort to them to pay their devotions. Laybach contains, at the utmost, not more than 20,000 inhabitants, who speak a dialect differing but little from the Croatian and the real Illyrian; but there are few of them who are not also acquainted with either German, Italian, or Romaine,—and not unfrequently with all these tongues. The long residence of the French among them, has rendered them very familiar likewise with that language, so that the people are in fact polyglots: even the lower classes possess those elements of information which are not always to be found in the universities and academies of other countries, since, in addition to these different idioms, and the various Slavonian dialects, a knowledge of both Greek and Latin is more general here, among all ranks, than among people of education elsewhere.

The streets of Laybach are broad, well-built, and extremely clean. Several of the public buildings are worthy the attention of the traveller, on account of their graceful simplicity; nor will the extensive provincial library fail to excite his curiosity.

The Carniolians are of large stature, powerful, and rather inclined to stoop; they have mild, noble, and expressive countenances; and the females are remarkable for their delicacy of skin and fresh complexions; but their mouths are far from beautiful, being but poorly furnished with teeth,—the want of which is very general among the inhabitants of the sub-alpine plains, and is attributed by them to the quality of the water they drink. They possess an extraordinary attachment to finery, and a passion equally strong for dancing and theatrical amusements. Their national costume is really charming. With respect to their moral qualities, it is almost impossible to find any people more amiable or perfect: sober, devout, hospitable, and moderate in all his inclinations, the Carniolian has the reputation, among the East-Illyrian provinces, of being crafty, merely because he is more civilized. The history

of this people does not record a single revolution or political storm, not even a temporary interruption of the public tranquillity: to them, therefore, Voltaire's remark applies in its full force, "*Heureux le peuple dont l'histoire est ennuyeuse!*" It is, perhaps, more remarkable, that persons who have resided several years at Laybach do not remember to have heard of a single criminal. Even the language itself has no expressions for many of those crimes which are so frequent in other parts of Europe. In 1812, fifty years had elapsed since there had been an instance of a public execution; nor were the people acquainted with even so much as the forms of the various instruments elsewhere employed for the purposes of punishment.

Owing to its situation, Laybach holds regular intercourse with Vienna, Venice, and Constantinople, with all of which it has numerous connexions. The nearest Illyrian cities are—Adelsberg, celebrated for the Zirknitz lake, whose waters are as productive of fish, as its banks are of game and corn;—Idria, known for its mines;—Krainburg, whose fine situation recalls to mind the most impressive features of Swiss landscape;—the beautiful Trieste, that once rivalled Genoa in its palaces, and was not inferior to any port of the main land;—lastly, the smiling Gonizza, that commands the course of the delightful Isonzo, and whose more remote fields are irrigated by the waters of the Trinaro. This is a country replete with the reminiscences of heroic history: it preserves the memory of Castor and Pollux, the first who are said to have navigated the Save; of the conqueror of the Golden Fleece, who here founded cities during his progress; of Iapis, their first legislator; of Diomedes, the first king of Tergeste (Trieste); and of Antenor, who penetrated farther, and settled on the banks of the Brenta, where he founded Padua.

Laybach is overlooked by a castle situated upon a beautiful hill, covered with the finest plants, and commanding the city: the country around is enriched with noble woods of beech and fir; and about three quarters of a mile from the city flows the Save, upon which river, according to tradition, the Argonauts first launched their vessel.

No country surpasses Carniola in natural treasures. It is impossible to form an idea of the vast variety of its insects, and of its vegetable productions, from the *Flora* and the *Fauna Carniola*; for although two valuable works, they are very imperfect with regard to modern discoveries. The skins of the foxes and bears of this district are

highly esteemed in commerce for their extreme beauty; game of every description is abundant; and the market of Laybach is supplied, even to excess, with both salt and fresh-water fish. Here are caught the largest crabs in Europe, or perhaps in the world, being from ten to fifteen inches long; and these, with a kind of land tortoise, are highly esteemed, and reckoned great dainties. The annals of ancient epicurism inform us, that Lucullus had the delicate snails served up at his tables sent from Illyria; and even at present, the *lumache Illiriche* constitute a favourite dish of the Venetian and Neapolitan gourmands.

In proportion as the Carniolians are favoured by nature, do they seem to neglect the conveniences and the luxuries of art. When the French armies arrived here, they were obliged to order furniture from other places, for the inhabitants were unacquainted with most of the commonest articles. The walls of their rooms are only white-washed, or at most, are ornamented with some pattern, which is formed by means of the figure being cut out in a piece of wood: this is placed to the surface of the wall, and the colour then applied. Even what articles of furniture they have, are neither elegant nor convenient:

their beds resemble coffins in shape and dimensions. Notwithstanding their vicinity to, and their intercourse with, Venice, they are uncontaminated by any of its dissipation, and particularly gambling; although the French have now instructed them in some games of hazard. The promenades at Laybach are not remarkable for beauty, but the fine scenery of the environs renders these less necessary than in other places. The noble woods of Leopold's-Ruhe are about a quarter of a league from the city; and a variety of other enchanting rural spots render the vicinity pre-eminently delightful. Rebell, a landscape-painter from Rome, is now employed in taking views of many of the most picturesque and striking of these scenes.

This city has produced some eminent scholars and learned men:—the naturalists Scopoli, Fabricius, Panzer, and Paikull, were born here; as were also Baron Zois, one of the greatest mineralogists of the present day; Pezneigger, the translator of several of the Greek poets; Wodnik, Adeling, and Gräntz, the two latter of whom were very eminent philologists; and Kallister, the present librarian at Laybach, a man whose talents and information deserve a wider field for their exertion.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Population of Naples.—Cavalier Luca di Samuelli Cagnazzi, the Author of an Essay upon Population, states that in 1451, under Alphonso I, the population of Naples was 1,597,376, and went on increasing progressively while the kingdom was under the Arragonian government, till the year 1505. Under the Austrian dominion its numbers fell off, but they increased again, and the population was gradually enlarged. In 1766, during the reign of Charles III, the inhabitants amounted to 3,953,098; in 1775, they were increased to 4,249,430; in 1791, to 4,925,381, and in 1804 to 4,974,659. In his work this writer often corrects the errors and mis-statements of Malthus and other celebrated authors on the science of political economy.

Copenhagen.—The Museum of Northern Antiquities which was established at Copenhagen no longer ago than 1809, has so increased since that period, that it now contains upwards of 6,000 articles, and is become one of the most extensive and valuable collections of the sort, in Europe. The discovery of pieces of antiquity is announced, and the articles themselves are described, in the *Antiquarian Annals*, a publication destined to this purpose.

Apograph.—Mr. Andrew Smith, a young man at the Ayr Stone manufactory, has invented a machine for making copies of drawings, differing in many respects

materially from the Pantograph, an instrument hitherto used for that purpose; he has, therefore, distinguished it by the name of 'Apograph.' The drawings may be copied upon paper, copper, or any other substance; and may be made either to the same scale as the original, or magnified, or reduced.

Russia. The Academy of the Sciences at St. Petersburg has held a conference for the purpose of inquiring what has been done since 1815, towards investigating the history of the Slavonic nations, particularly during the interval between the sixth and eleventh centuries; and to ascertain what steps had been taken for discovering their remains and monuments, whether of remote antiquity or of the middle ages. A. C. Lehrberg's *Researches into the ancient History of Russia*, published by the Academy in 1816, was allowed to be the most solid and satisfactory historical work on the subject that has appeared. It has been faithfully translated into Russian, by D. Jazykow, at the expence of the Chancellor, Count Romanzow, and enriched with an index, and Lehrberg's map of Russia in the year 1462. Many excellent historical papers are to be found in the different journals published in this country, that deserve to be given to the world in a separate and less fugitive form.

The Melzi Library.—The whole of the

magnificent and celebrated collection belonging to Count Melzi, of Milan, has been lately purchased by Frank Hall Standish, Esq. and will speedily be removed to this country. Among other rarities of the fifteenth century, is the *Livii Historia*, Spiraë 1470, printed upon vellum, with capitals most exquisitely illuminated,—the only perfect copy known to exist; another is the *Lucretius* Bresciæ, Ferrandi. Mr. Dibdin enumerates in the third volume of his *Decameron*, the valuable books printed upon vellum belonging to this collection.

Modern Greek.—M. Jules David, son of the celebrated French painter, after diligently studying the modern language of Greece, during his residence in that country, has published the results of four years' application and observation, in a treatise, entitled, *Parallèle des Langues Grecques, Ancienne et Moderne* in which he labours to prove that an acquaintance with the modern idiom is indispensable to those who would fully comprehend all the force and beauty of Homer and the other ancient writers. He has compared the ancient and modern idiom in a very ingenious manner, and elucidates many things in the former that had before been very negligently and superficially treated of, or even not at all noticed. Among these are, the theory of the *Syntelic* and the *Paratasis*, the collocation of words, and the structure of hypothetical sentences; on all which questions he has succeeded in throwing considerable light.

Antique Glass.—A cabinet has been opened at the Studij at Naples, containing a collection of various specimens of this material found among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. This valuable assemblage of articles exhibits the greatest variety both in forms and colours, and proves in the most satisfactory manner that the ancients were as well acquainted as ourselves with the manufactory of this material, whether for articles of use or those of mere decoration and luxury. There are a great number of very curious cinerary urns, most of which are inclosed in vessels of lead.

Canova's Statue of Washington.—The artist has represented Washington as writing his farewell address. He is seated in an ancient Roman chair, with his right leg drawn up and his left carelessly extended; holding in one hand a pen and in the other a scroll; at his feet lie the baton of a Field Marshal, and a sword like the ancient Roman *faulchion*. The costume is also Roman, the head and neck bare, a close vest and braccæ, with a girdle round the waist, upon which are displayed Medusa's head and other classical emblems. The statue is of white marble of the finest kind, as is likewise the pedestal, upon the sides of which are four bas-reliefs, commemorating the following important circumstances in the life of the hero, viz. his taking of the Ame-

rican armies—the capture of the British army at York-town—his resignation of all his public trusts—and lastly, his retirement from public to private life and agricultural occupations. This is acknowledged by all connoisseurs who have seen it, to be one of the most felicitous productions of Canova's chisel.

Italian Literature.—The fashion of publishing books annually under the title of almanacks, so long and so extensively prevalent in Germany, is now much in vogue in Italy, where there now appear a great variety of these pocket-books, each devoted to some particular subject. Many of these relate to the Theatre and Drama, and give an account of the new pieces that are brought out on the Stage. One of these, the *Almanacco Teatrale* has undertaken a series of descriptions and views of the various theatres in Italy, which it has commenced with the celebrated La Scala, at Milan, altogether perhaps superior to any of its numerous rivals. — The pocket-book published by Villardi, of Milan, under the title of *L'Ape delle Dame*, is a species of compendium of natural history illustrated with very elegant plates. — *La Tersicore Milanese*, another almanack by the same publisher, contains coloured plates of the principal female-dancers at the theatre La Scala.—But an almanack far superior to any of its competitors, in taste, in the style and variety of its contents, and in its external elegance, is a collection of anecdotes, narratives, &c. entitled, *L'Uomo in Conversazione, ossia una Raccolta di Novelle, Faccie, Motti, &c.*—Molini, of Florence, has begun to publish a small edition of the most classical and popular writers of Italy, in the economical and convenient form of Walker's classics, and similarly embellished with frontispieces and vignettes. The first of this series is the *Decameron*, a most elegant specimen of typography, for the text of which the most correct and esteemed editions have been followed. — Leoni, who has been so successful in his versions from many of our best English authors, has now completed six volumes of his translation of Shakspeare. Pompeo Ferrario has been less fortunate in his attempt to bring his countrymen acquainted with the Shakspeare of Germany, the powerful Schiller, for he has not only translated him in prose, but in many instances has given the sense of the original very vaguely and inadequately, or else has totally mistaken it.—Sonzogno, of Milan, has announced a most extensive and voluminous undertaking in a series of the *Autobiographies* of eminent men of every age and nation, from Flavius Josephus down to Goethe; and such was the zeal with which he descanted upon the usefulness of such a publication, and the success it must necessarily meet with from a discerning public, that Bettoni, another

celebrated Milanese publisher, immediately announced a similar project, to which he lays a prior claim, having notified his intention to commence such a work two years ago at Padua.—Professor Giovanni Gherardini, already known by his version of Darwin's poem on the Loves of the Plants, and of Schlegel's Lectures on the Drama, has now translated Sismondi's interesting and elegant work under the title of *Litteratura Italiana idal Secolo decimo quarto fino al Secolo decimo nono*.—The study of the German language increases very fast in the North of Italy. In the two universities of the Lombard Venetian Kingdom, and in its Lyceums and Gymnasiums, lectureships have been instituted for this purpose, and the students have gratuitous access to the lectures there delivered on the language and literature of Germany. At Milan there are about 500 German students, 200 in the two Lyceums, and 300 elsewhere; but the collective amount of the individuals in that city who are acquainted with German, and able to converse in, or read it, is not less than 5,000.

Spanish Literature.—Don Juan de Dios Gil de Lara, an officer in the Artillery, has translated Moliere's comedy of *L'Avare*, which he has illustrated with explanatory notes, but he has been by no means successful in preserving the ease, spirit, and comic force of the original.—Don Antonio Savinon has been far happier in his version of Legouvé's interesting poem *La Mort d'Abel*, which he has rendered with both elegance and fidelity.—Another work on the list of translations from the French, is Louvet's notorious production, *Fablas*, which D. S. A. Llorente has selected as one worthy of being communicated to his countrymen. The reasoning by which he attempts to defend his choice of this work is suspicious and unsatisfactory: he asserts, that the popularity it has acquired among a nation so wise (*sabia*) as the French are, is a sufficient proof of its sterling merit; and would fain prove that the work contains within itself an antidote against the immorality it appears to inculcate, in the moral reflections that are interspersed through it.—But, unfortunately, moral reflections are not likely to make any great impression upon the reader of a voluptuous narrative, and at the same time the shocking catastrophe is so highly improbable, that any one may justly flatter himself with being able to commit similar irregularities, and indulge in the same vices, without incurring the like consequences. The tone and colouring of the work is not that of a moralist, who would dissuade from vice, which the author paints as charming, and seems only to regret that it should be *unfortunate*. In short, the moral reflections would be attended to only by such persons as would not read *Fablas*, and *Fablas* will be read only by those who

skip over moral reflections as unpalatable and impertinent.—Of other recent productions, the principal ones are political pamphlets, but none of these are distinguished by that depth of thought, vigour of expression, and comprehensive acquaintance with the subject, necessary to secure them an attention beyond that of the passing day. Most of the journals are continued, with the exception of the *Constitucional*, the editor of which has been taken care of by the Constitutional Government, into whose views he does not appear to have entered. The paper containing a greater variety of information than any other is the *Universal*; yet its long theatrical critiques are very prolix and insipid. Among the monthly periodicals, the *Revisor Politico y Literario*, edited by Don Manuel Monso de Viado, displays the talent by which that writer has distinguished himself. Viado, who is a native of Asturia, was educated at the University of Oviedo, where he was preparing himself for the profession of the law, when the war breaking out against the French Republic determined him to prefer that of arms. In 1805 he was appointed administrator general of the crown tithes in the kingdom of Granada; and on the invasion of the French the Junta of that province sent him as their deputy to Seville. By Joseph Buonaparte he was appointed administrator of the estates of the crown in Jaen. He afterwards crossed the Pyrenees with the French, and remained some time in France. Among the numerous works which he has published, the most important one is a translation of Robertson's *America*, with critical and historical notes.—This year the list of journals has been increased by two new ones—*El Christiano en la Sociedad*, and, *Las Decadas Medico Quirurgicas*: the objects of the latter are: 1. To inform both professional men and the public in general of all discoveries, and of every thing relative to medicine and surgery, whether in Spain or elsewhere. 2. To give an impartial account of opposite theories, discussions, &c. 3. To convey intelligence respecting all endemic diseases; or, 4. extraordinary cures. 5. Lastly, to communicate miscellaneous queries and observations, and to give lists and analyses of all medical publications appearing in Spain, and the more important foreign ones.—The Deaf and Dumb Institution at Madrid, which is under the direction of Don Tiburzio Hernandez and the Economical Society, has had a public examination of its pupils, which proved very satisfactory, and excited much interest; yet the establishment itself is not in a very flourishing condition, in consequence of the exhausted state of its funds, and the want of due support from the public. It requires also a building better adapted to the purpose, and more spacious than the present one.—

El Romancero de Riego, por Don Benito Perez, will be gratefully perused by every admirer of an individual, who has recently become so celebrated. In these poems the author has imitated the lofty tone of the old romances in a very skilful and successful manner.—The story of the unfortunate Cornelia Bororquia, which is well known to the readers of Langle's Travels through Spain, is given to the public in an heroic epistle, entitled, *Epistola de Cornelia Bororquia, a su Amante Vargas, escrita desde el Santo Oficio de Sevilla*. The virtuous and beautiful Cornelia was the daughter of the Marquis of Bororquia, Governor of Valencia, and was publicly burnt at Seville. Her only crime was that of refusing the dishonourable offers of a powerful, but abandoned suitor. This wretch, when he perceived that it was in vain to expect to overcome her aversion, carried her away, and had her thrown into the dungeons of the inquisition; where, on

his offering violence to the victim of his guilty passion, she stabbed him with a knife.—*El Remedio de la Melancholia, o sea Coleccion de Recreaciones Jocosas y Instructivas*, por D. Augustin Zaragoza Godinez, is a collection of anecdotes and facetiae, resembling the generality of compilations of this nature.—*Juicios Atadas y Pensamientos sueltos, o juguete de Imagination en joco-serios Versos, Romances, y Letrilles*, por Don Apolinar Ercilla, is another work professing to be amusing and facetious, but is destitute of the requisite spirit and wit.—The celebrated orator of the Cortes, D. Francisco Martinez de la Rosa, has published a pamphlet, in which he animadverts, with extreme severity, upon the policy adopted by the northern courts.—Bignon's work on the Congress at Troppau, and Drunon's 'Essai sur les Garanties individuelles que reclame l'Etat actuel de la Société,' have each been translated into the Spanish language.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the critical position which Russia and Turkey hold to each other, the great point of foreign political interest at present is Spain. Every movement in that country is of the most ominous import. The departure of the king from Madrid, in order to take the benefit of some mineral waters for his health, seems to have been the signal for the explosion of the popular discontent. Of this the club Fontana, assembled at Madrid, seems to be the focus; and a conspiracy, detected at Saragossa, is said to have originated in its machinations. General Riego, was at the head of this conspiracy, has been deprived of his command, and sent to retirement at Lerida. General Morillo, who was, it may be recollected, the General selected by the king to stem the revolutionary torrent in South America, from which country he has but lately returned, after having displayed powers which amply sustained the high military character he had previously obtained in the peninsular campaigns, has, however, been obliged to resign, in consequence of an universal outcry raised against him, because he attempted to repress the seditious songs of some ballad-

mongers in the public streets. A mob immediately assembled, and it was with difficulty the interposition of the soldiery saved his life. The nomination of a new minister of war, in the person of Don Rodriguez, was very near bringing on a crisis. On the 4th of September the people assembled in immense multitudes in the Puerta del Sol, and demanded the instant return of the king to Madrid, the immediate dismissal of the French ambassador, the convention of the Cortes, and the removal of every suspected individual from the king's person. In the mean time the king has transmitted two answers to the capital, replying to addresses sent to him in consequence of the tumults of the 4th. The first of these is to the permanent deputation of the Cortes, in which he expresses his regret that any discontent should follow the selection of his ministers; assures them that he feels all the inconveniences which emanate from any error in the choice of public functionaries, and that the good direction of affairs, and even the credit of the government, depend upon that choice; he goes on to say, that if his success has not been always

commensurate with his desires, which cannot fail to be sometimes the case in so difficult an exercise of the judgment, he has always had in view to select men the most conspicuous for their merit and their talents, because the consolidation of the Constitutional system depended upon the selection, as well as his own glory, which he considers as identified with the happiness of the monarchy, and the honour of the Spanish name. In answer to the municipal body, he assures them that he will meet their desires by returning to Madrid as soon as his health will permit.

The negotiations between Russia and the Porte have not assumed any new character. Immense Russian armies are assembled on the frontiers, preparing, it is said, to pass at the word of command into Moldavia and Wallachia. An imposing Turkish force is stationed on the banks of the Pruth, ready to act on the least hostile indication. The Emperor has set out on an excursion through his provinces, and, it is said, will, after inspecting the Cossacks of the Don, repair to the head quarters of General Wittgenstein, where the great question of peace or war will be finally decided. In the meantime, a letter of his to the Emperor of Austria, upon this subject, has been put into active circulation,—its concluding sentence is as follows:—"My mother is for war, my brothers are for war, my cabinet is for war,—but—I am for peace, and I will prove that I am Emperor."—There are some pacific manifestations also shown on the part of the Ottoman government; the free passage of the Dardanelles was again allowed to vessels laden with corn, and, if they chose to unload at Constantinople, the government price was 8½ piastres, which had been formerly 9. The Grand Seignior has also issued a very important proclamation to all the Turkish civil and military authorities. He expresses great regret, that in consequence of the recent insurrection, the popular indignation has not sufficiently discriminated between the innocent and the guilty; and orders, not only forbearance in future, but even protection to be extended to all the Greeks not actually implicated. This, at any

time a great concession from a government never very remarkable for its tolerant principles, cannot be looked upon, at the present crisis, in any other light than as a most pacific overture.—There is nothing new on the part of the Greeks.

The United States of America have at length received what they were so long struggling for,—the actual cession of the Floridas from Spain. By a proclamation from General Jackson, dated the 17th July, 1821, those provinces are declared to be under the American dominion, to be exercised, *pro tempore*, in his person. He says that the inhabitants shall be incorporated in the union of the United States, as soon as may be consistent with the principles of the federal constitution, and admitted to the enjoyment of all the rights, privileges, and immunities, of the citizens of the United States; that, in the mean time, they shall be protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion they profess; and that all laws and municipal regulations, which were in existence at the cessation of the late government, shall remain in full force. The General concludes by enjoining an obedience to this change of government, which will not be very much disputed, unless the people of the Floridas held the Spanish government in better odour than either those of Venezuela or Madrid seem to do. This cession was the consequence of protracted, and, at times, rather angry discussions; and America seems very fully to estimate its importance.

The return of the Queen's suite has brought us the details of her Majesty's interment at Brunswick. The procession seems to have been received with marked respect in all the continental towns through which it passed. The Queen's remains were deposited in the royal vault at Brunswick, by the side of her gallant father; and at the foot of the grave is the coffin of the late Duke, her brother. There was no funeral service; but a very beautiful prayer was pronounced, at the burial-place, by the Rev. Mr. Woolff, the officiating minister of the place. When her Majesty was deposited in the tomb, one hundred young ladies, of the first families in Brunswick, ad-

vanced and strewed the place with flowers; after which ceremony, they knelt down upon the spot and, after a short prayer, departed. Thus ends the eventful history of Queen Caroline!

His Majesty has arrived in town, in high health and spirits, from his Irish excursion; and by the time this meets the eye of the reader, he will, in all probability, have met the welcome of his German subjects. His protracted stay in Ireland seems not at all to have exhausted either the hospitality or the enthusiasm of the people of that country. A series of balls and banquets enlivened his sojournment; and his departure has been followed by a subscription, already amounting to 10,000*l.* in order to commemorate his gracious visit by some national testimonial. A grand triumphal arch and an emerald crown are at present spoken of. The King departed from the town of Dunleary, which he desired might be henceforth called King's Town, and its adjacent harbour, the Harbour of George the Fourth. As the King was about to embark, a deputation from Dublin presented him with an address, accompanied by a crown of laurel. His Majesty appeared highly delighted; and thus emphatically answered the deputation:—"Gentlemen, I approached your shores with pleasure—I leave them with regret—may God Almighty bless you all."—He then embarked; and so strong, we had almost said fiery, was the loyalty of some, that four gentlemen actually plunged into the water, and swam after the boat in order to shake hands with him, which they did. It has been said that these gentlemen expected to be made *Knights of the Bath*. Upon the King's departure, Lord Sidmouth wrote a letter to the Lord Lieutenant, thanking him, in his Majesty's name, for his attention, and recommending unanimity and oblivion of all party differences amongst the people in future. A highly desirable consummation, if it be attainable. The King experienced much stormy weather on his homeward voyage, by which he was at last forced, contrary to his previous arrangement, to put into Milford Haven.

At a Court of Proprietors, held

during the last month at the Bank of England, the chairman made a very important communication with respect to the metallic currency. It was, that the issue of specie was by no means confined to the payment of either one or two pound notes; but that the holder of a note to any amount, however large, might get, upon application, its full value in the current coin of the realm. We are sorry to say, however, that he also announced the total failure of the long cherished and humane project of producing a bank note, incapable of being imitated except at such an expence as to deter from the attempt. The Bank failed, a few days ago, in the prosecution of one of their clerks, Mr. Turner, accused of having defrauded them of no less a sum than 10,000*l.* The fraud, as alleged, was one of extreme ingenuity. Upon the acquittal of Mr. Turner on the first charge, the Bank voluntarily abandoned three other bills of indictment which had been found against him.

The inquest on Honey has ended in a general verdict, imputing manslaughter to the persons who acted. In fact, the verdict is of such a nature that no person can be arraigned on it. A subscription was entered into, at the suggestion of a ministerial paper, for such of the life-guards as were injured in this unfortunate conflict, which a committee of the regiment very constitutionally and properly refused. Its amount was but trifling; and its progress and its issue show that both the public and the military concurred in its condemnation.

The Queen's funeral has had a very serious issue, with respect both to Sir Robert Baker and Sir Robert Wilson. The first of these gentlemen has been obliged to give in his resignation as chief magistrate of police, which office is held by Mr., now Sir Richard Birnie; and Sir Robert Wilson has been erased from the list of the army; he held the rank of Major-General. Sir Robert Wilson, who is at present in Paris, has addressed a letter to the Commander-in-Chief, demanding a public inquiry into his conduct.

Parliament has been further prorogued to the 29th of November.

BIRTHS.

- Aug. 18. In Upper Brook-street, Lady Elizabeth Steele, a son.
 — At Oakfield-lodge, Mortimer, Berks, the lady of Henry Rich, Esq. a son.
 28. At Carlton-hall, Northamptonshire, the Hon. Lady Palmer, a daughter.
 — At Gatecombe, the lady of Sir Lucius Cartis, Bart. a son.
 30. At Brighton, the lady of Charles Craven, Esq. a daughter.
 — At Boyle-farm, Lady Mary Stanley, a daughter.
 31. At Stock-lodge, Essex, the lady of Thos. Eastwood, Esq. a daughter.
 Sept. 1. At Boxley-heath, Kent, the lady of Captain Sydney Cotton, a daughter.
 — At her father's house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the Marchioness de Nadaillac, a son.
 3. At Margate, the Countess Alfred Walsh, a daughter.
 5. The lady of John Frazer, Esq. Bernard-street, Russell-square, a son.
 — The lady of James Ricardo, Esq. of the South Lawn, Lambeth, a son.
 — The lady of the Hon. and Rev. L. Dundas, a son.
 6. At Warwick, the lady of C. Wake, MD. a daughter.
 — At Blackdown-house, Sussex, the lady of James Cowan, Esq. of London, a son and heir.
 10. At the Rectory, Newington Butts, the lady of the Rev. Arthur Cyrill Onslow, a daughter.
 13. At Earl Spencer's, Wimbledon-park, Lady Sarah Lyttleton, a daughter.
 — In Cumberland-street, the lady of the Rev. Thomas Clayton Glyn, a son.
 — The Right Hon. Lady Mary Balfour, a daughter.
 20. In Berkeley-square, Lady Mary Fitzroy, a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Longniddry-house, Mrs. Drysdale, a son.
 At Lamington-house, the lady of Peter Rose, Esq. a daughter.
 At Newton, Inverness-shire, the lady of Major L. Stewart, 24th regt. a son.
 In Hope-street, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Ramsey, a son.
 At Hopes, East Lothian, the lady of Wm. Hay, Esq. a son.

IN IRELAND.

- The lady of C. D. O. Jephson, Esq. of Mallow-castle, in the county of Cork, a son and heir.

ABROAD.

- At Neemuch, East-Indies, the lady of Lieut.-Col. J. Ludlow, CB. a son.
 In the Island of St. Christopher, the lady of the late Charles Hamilton Mills, Esq. a son,
 At Constantinople, Lady Strangford, a son.
 At Rome, the lady of Thomson Bonar, Esq. of Camden-place, Kent, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- Aug. 23. At West Wrattling, Richard Greaves Townley, Esq. jun. eldest son of Rich. Greaves Townley, of Fulborne, in the county of Cambridge, to Cecil, second daughter of Sir Charles Watson, Bart. of Wrattling-park, in the same county.
 27. At Conway, North Wales, Sir David Erskine, Bart. of Cambo, Fifeshire, grandson of the Earl of Kellie, to Jane Silence, only daughter of the late Hugh Williams, Esq. of Conway.
 29. At Putney, by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, the Rev. W. C. Brant, of Putney-heath, to Isabella Anne, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Geo. Wright, of Halifax. N. S.
 30. At Marylebone-church, Major Sir Hen. Floyd, Bart. of 8th Light Dragoons, to Mary, eldest daughter of Wm. Murray, Esq. of Bryanstone-square, and of the Island of Jamaica.
 — At Astley, in the county of Worcester, Robert Bolton Waldron, Esq. of Feckenham, to Lucy, youngest daughter of Thomas Shrawley Vernon, Esq. of the former place.
 Sept. 3. At Lambeth, by Special License, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Frederick Manners Sutton, eldest son of John

Manners Sutton, Esq. of Killham, Notts, to Henrietta Barbara, third daughter of the Hon. and Rev. John Lumley Saville, of Edmondstow, in the same county.

4. At St. James's-church, George Hole, Esq. of Chumleigh, grandson of the late Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, to Jane, youngest daughter of R. H. Crew, Esq. Secretary to the Hon. Board of Ordnance.
 5. George Daintry, Esq. eldest son of John Smith Daintry, Esq. of Foden Bank, in the county of Chester, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Hext, Esq. of Restormel-park, Cornwall.
 — At St. Pancras, Joseph Kirkpatrick, Esq. jun. Banker, Newport, Isle of Wight, to Maria Isabella, only daughter of John Kirkpatrick, Esq. of Paris.
 6. At Worth, Sussex, by the Rev. Samuel Legatt, Chaplain of the Forces, Horatio Legatt, Esq. of the Royal Terrace, Adelphi, to Anna Maria, second daughter of the Rev. Geo. Maximilian Bethune, LLD. of Worth Rectory.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Rd. Darch, vicar of Milverton with Longford, in the county of Somerset, to Isabella Ann, eldest daughter of the late Captain Elphinstone, RN. of Belair, near Plymouth.
 — John Gott, Esq. eldest son of Benjamin Gott, Esq. of Armley-house, to Mary Anne, daughter of Edward Brook, Esq. of Chapel Allerton, both near Leeds.
 8. At Abinger, in Surry, John Campbell, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister at Law, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Scarlett, Esq. MP. for Peterborough.
 13. At Derby, Capt. Batty, of the 1st or Grenadier regt. of Guards, to Joanna Maria, eldest daughter of John Barrow, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty.
 — At Marylebone-church, Capt. George Digby, RN. to Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir John Walsh, Bart. of Warfield, in the county of Berks.
 — At Camberwell-church, Edward Lodge Ogle, Esq. to Elizabeth Frances, eldest daughter of the late J. M. Woodyear, Esq. of the Island of St. Christopher.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Money, Esq. of Hanover-street, Hanover-square, to Jane, only daughter of Thos. Lane, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn.
 15. At Knaresborough, by the Rev. E. Dawkins, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, Lieut.-Col. Dawkins, MP. Coldstream Guards, to Emma, eldest daughter of Thos. Duncombe, Esq. of Cassgrove, in the county of York.
 — At Edgebaston, Warwickshire, William Jesser Sturch, eldest son of W. Sturch, Esq. of Montague-street, Russel-square, to Caroline, third daughter of Timothy Smith, Esq. of Ickneild-house, near Birmingham.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut.-Col. Fearon, 31st regt. to Miss Palmer.
 — At Broadwater, Sussex, Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart. of Rufford, Hull, in the county of Lancaster, to Miss Louisa Allamand.
 — At Eling-cottage, Hants, the seat of Samuel Eliot, Esq. Wm. Stewart, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, to Mary, only daughter of Richard Bendyshe, Esq. of Barrington-hall, Cambridge-shire.
 17. At Walcot-church, Bath, Arthur Male, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister at Law, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Robert More, Esq. and sister to Robert Bridgman More, Esq. of Linley-hall, Bishop's-castle, Shropshire.
 18. John Dawbney Harvey, Esq. of Wiveliscombe, in the county of Somerset, to Fanny, second daughter of the late Wm. Dyne, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Dunnichen, Forfarshire, the Earl of Kintore, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Francis Hawkins, Esq. Senior Judge of Circuit and Appeal at Barcilly, in the Hon. East-India Company's service.
 At Menlough-castle, Capt. Thos. Mullins, 7th Fusiliers, grandson to the Rt. Hon. Lord Ven'ry, to Elizabeth Theodore, daughter of Sir John Blake, Bart.
 At Seton-house, Dr. John Fletcher, of Edinburgh, to Agnes, second daughter of James Seton, Esq.

IN IRELAND.

Captain Hore, RN. son of the late Wm. Hore, Esq. of Harpurstown, in the county of Wexford, and Cousin to the Earl of Courtown, to Jane Caroline Solly, youngest daughter of Mrs. Jessop, and of the late Richard Solly, Esq. of York-place, Portman-square, London, and grand-daughter of Sir Frederic Flood, Bart.

At Rathmelton, county of Donegal, Ireland, Wm. Darby, Esq. 13th regt. Nephew to Admiral Sir Henry D'Esterre Darby, to Laura Scott, youngest daughter of the late Col. Scott, of the 6th regt. of foot.

ABROAD.

At Lausanne, by the very Rev. the Dean of Raphoe, Ralph Smyth, Esq. of Gaybrook, in the county of Westmeath, Ireland, to Georgiana, eldest surviving daughter of the Hon. J. T. Capel and Lady Caroline Capel.

At Paris, at the chapel of his Excellency the British Ambassador, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Frederic W. Frankland, Esq. Lieut. Queen's Royal Regt. of Foot, to Catherine Margaret, only daughter of the late T. Scarth, Esq.

At St. Helena, by the Rev. Mr. Boyce, sen. Chaplain to the Hon. Company, George Watson, Esq. to Eleanor, eldest daughter of Thomas O'Conner, merchant in that Island.

DEATHS.

Aug. 21. At Peterhead, Jane, eldest daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Terry.

23. In his 70th year, the Rev. Jonathan Williams, who fell down dead on his road home from Maker, where he had been dining with the Bishop of Exeter.

24. At Falmouth, aged 85, Mr. H. Barnicoat. Notwithstanding the advanced age to which this individual attained, he is said never to have experienced even an hour's indisposition during the whole of his long life.

25. Mr. Bartolozzi, son of the late eminent engraver of that name, and of considerable reputation himself in the same profession, aged 64.

26. At Oakwood, near Chichester, in her 23d year, Louisa, third daughter of Sir George Hilario Barlow, bart. GCB.

— At Brighton, aged 70, Chas. H. Cazenove, esq.

28. In Portland-place, after a long and severe illness, Lady Graham, wife of Sir James Graham, bart. MP. for the city of Carlisle.

29. Mr. Edward Hill, youngest son of Sir John Hill, bart. of Hawkstone, Staffordshire; and Sept. 3, his brother, the Rev. Richard Hill.

— At Langley, Bucks, in his 76th year, the Rev. Gilman Wall, rector of Pit Portion, Tiverton, Devonshire.

30. Aged 52, James Robinson Scott, FRSE. FLS. late senior president of the Roy. Med. Society, Edinburgh, Lecturer on Botany, &c.

Sept. 1. Wm. Kinnard, esq. senior magistrate of the Thames Police.

2. At his house, on the Terrace, High-street, Marylebone, in his 74th year, George Elwes, esq.

— At Cottage-place, Chelmsford, aged 78, Lady Camilla Robinson, sister to the Earl of Tankerville.

5. In his 66th year, the Rev. George Cope, DD. Canon Residentary of the Cathedral of Hereford.

6. In his 53d year, Edward Charles Howell Shepherd, esq. of Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

— At Tunbridge, at the house of his son, the Rev. Thos. Knox, the Rev. Vicesimus Knox, DD. rector of Runwell and Ramsden Crays, Essex, aged 68. Dr. Knox has long been known as an elegant writer and accomplished scholar. His "Essays," which first appeared about 40 years ago, are deservedly esteemed for the excellence of their style, for the pure and sound morality they inculcate, and for the correct critical taste and scholarship which they display. Dr. Knox was always a zealous advocate for classical education, on which subject he lately produced a pamphlet vindicating its utility and its advantages. His "Winter Evenings' Lucubrations" also place him high as a writer of moral Essays; nor must it be forgotten that his Essays on Education have contributed much to reform those errors in the discipline of our universities upon which he therein animadverted.

7. At Cheltenham, James Goddington, esq. banker Birmingham.

— At Charlton-house, near Blackheath, in her 17th year, Caroline, second daughter of Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, bart.

8. At Odelle Castle, near Bedford, in her 84th year, the Right Hon. Isabella, Countess of Egmont, only daughter and heiress of Lord Nassau Paulet, third son of Charles, the second Duke of Bolton.

12. At his house in South Audley-street, Colonel Evelyn Anderson, only brother to Charles Anderson Pelham, Lord Yarborough. He married Caroline Georgiana Johnston, daughter of the late Governor and Lady Cecilia Henrietta Johnston.

— At Ramsgate, Sophia, the wife of Charles Mackinnon, esq. of Camden-hill, Kensington.

— At East Retford, universally regretted, Dennis Frith, esq. aged 73.

13. At his residence, in Portland-place, aged 58, Michael Atkinson, esq.

— At Truro, in his 23d year, Thomas Vivian, esq. son of John Vivian, esq. of that place, and brother to Major General Sir Hussey Vivian.

14. At his house, in the Stable-yard, St. James's Palace, in his 65th year, Henry Frederick Grabbecker, Esq. many years First Page to her Majesty Queen Charlotte.

16. At his house, in Hanover-street, Hanover-square, Lorenzo Stable, esq. aged 69.

17. Mary Anne, the wife of Charles March, esq. of Dover-street, Piccadilly.

Longevity.—At the house of Mr. Cartner, of Beaumont, near Carlisle, Mrs. Tamer Irwin, formerly of Kirkandrews, aged 100 years, who died, after a short indisposition, and in full possession of her faculties.

Lately, at Margate, aged 55, Abraham Mendez Furtado, esq. better known by the name of Charles Furtado, the celebrated piano-forte player.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Paisley, aged 17 months, James Weir, "The wonderful gigantic child." When 13 months old, and he continued to increase ever since, he weighed 5 stone: his girth round the neck was 14 inches; breast 31; belly 39; thigh 20½; and round the arm 11½. He was born in the parish of Cambusnethan, county of Lanark.

At Edinburgh, aged 71, Joseph Dale, esq. long known as a very eminent musical teacher.

At her house, George-street, Edinburgh, aged 70, the Hon. Margaret Drummond, relict of George Haldane, esq. of Gleneagles.

At Ormiston, Mrs. Jane Ferguson, daughter of the Hon. James Ferguson, Lord Pitfour.

At Burrowmuirhead, near Edinburgh, the Lady of Major A. Rose.

At Fernacarry-house, Roseneath, in his 23d year, Donald, second son of Capt. Campbell.

At Edinburgh, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Wharton, esq. and Lady Sophia Wharton.

At Viewfield-house, near Dunbar, Mrs. Burnet, Lady of Mr. Burnet; and a fortnight preceding, at the same place, her sister, Miss Henrietta Lawson.

In three contiguous parishes in the county of Aberdeen, viz. Logan Buchan, Ellon, and Cruden, widow Hutcheon, aged 92, Jean Brown 100, and John Tawse 106, all, particularly the two last, retaining their faculties unimpaired till very nearly the time of their decease.

In the parish of Kenmore, Mrs. MacLaren, aged 106. This venerable woman retained her faculties to the last. Many other individuals, who have lately died in Perthshire, attained to nearly the same age, for instance, James Stuart of Graysmont, and Stewart the Tinker, in Aberfeldy, who both died at the age of 105 years.

ABROAD.

At Bourdeaux, Madame Moreau, widow of the celebrated General Moreau.

At Rio Janeiro, in his 77th year, Field Marshal John Shadwell Connell, Counsellor of War, and Knight of the Order of the Tower and Sword. He entered the Portuguese service as Capt. 1763, with leave, being then a Lieutenant in the British army. He was Governor of Lagos and Faro,

and till 1818, of the kingdom of Algarve, in Portugal.

At Kingston, in Upper Canada, in his 26th year, Claude Scott Brown, esq. assistant commissary general.

At Otaheite, the Rev. Henry Bicknell. This gentleman, who was a native of Over Compton,

Dorset, was the first individual who offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and his labours for twenty years among the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands were attended with great success.

At Boulogne, Edward John Holland, esq. of Devonshire-place, in his 71st year.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has presented the Living of Amblesome, in Pembrokeshire, to the Rev. D. H. Saunders.—The Rev. Thos. D'Eve Belts, Clerk, B.A. instituted to the Rectory and Parish church of Colney, Norfolk, on the presentation of Jehoshaphat Postle, esq. of Colney-hall.—The Rev. Robert Crockett, M.A. of Brasenose College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Nailston cum Normanton, Leicestershire.—The Rev. James Edwards, to the Rectory of Lanmadoc, Glamorganshire.—The Rev. Thomas Mills, A.B. of Christ Church, Oxford, to the Rectory of Stutton, Suffolk.—The Rev. Edward Combe, to the Rectories of Earnhill and Donyatt, Somerset.—The Rev. L. J. Boor, to be Master of the Free Grammar School,

at Bodmin.—The Rev. John Jacob to the Head Mastership of the Dock Classical and Mathematical School, at Plymouth Dock.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has collated the Rev. George Randle, M.A. and Student of Christ Church, Oxford, to the Vicarage of Easby with Worth, near Sandwich, Kent.—The Rev. John Latev, to the Rectory of Rede, Suffolk.—The Rev. Henry De Foe Baker, M.A. to the Vicarage of Greetham, in the county of Rutland.—The Lord Chancellor has presented the Rev. John Singleton to the Rectory of Sutterby, near Spilsey, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. Wm. Vernon to succeed to the Prebend of North Newbald, in the county of York, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. Wheeler.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE prominent points for consideration this month are the bulk and the condition of the crop. The harvest occupies so considerable a portion of time in all seasons, and in uncertain or wet weather it is so much protracted, that even in the best years there must be some variation in the quality of the corn; in moderate, this difference is still more considerable, and in those decidedly bad, a great portion of the growth becomes absolutely unfit for use. If the harvest, in those counties which are earliest, begins unpropitiously, it commonly happens, that the later are thrown into a period more unpromising, and thus a delayed becomes a bad harvest. The whole of the last spring and summer was of a kind to indicate that the corn would ripen late. The grain had, at no one period, been as much forwarded and hardened as usual by the solar heat, and the wetness of the harvest has increased the evil. It is therefore probable, that an important proportion of the crop, either from the natural accidents of the year, or from an eager desire to house or stack it with all possible dispatch, will be found to consist of what is generally called soft corn, and will need artificial means of drying before it can be ground, or will require to be mixed with old wheats, or those in the best condition, in larger bulks than ordinary. This will constitute the capital variation between the sound and the unsound grain, though in every part of the kingdom the sample is very much mixed and deteriorated by shrivelled and valueless kernels. To compensate these defects comes in the quantity, and we believe that there never was a more abundant produce from the earth. From these premises, it will follow that there will be immense differences in the value of wheats; that the old will be in demand, and much of the new excessively depreciated; but it is extremely question-

able whether the averages will rise high enough to open the ports. We are inclined to the opinion that they will not mount to the importation rate, unless the weather continue unfavourable. In the meanwhile, however, the temporary effect of the wet upon the markets cannot but be injurious to the general interests both of agriculture, and of the community at large; for the landlord will be led to consider that there is an actual benefit to the tenant, both from price and quantity, and therefore he will be the less disposed to bend to the necessity of abatements. The clergyman will follow the rule of the landowner, and the miller will certainly take some advantage of the high price of the best qualities, and advance the manufactured article above its true value. Such, indeed, have already been the effects of the delayed season; and it is yet to be seen whether these effects will be counteracted by the increased quantity which there is every reason to suppose must sooner or later come into the mart. The fluctuation, which is the circumstance most fatally injurious to the interest of all parties, is likely again to be the prevailing phenomenon of the market for some time to come, at least till the actual quantity and condition of the crop be ascertained.

The barley crop is, perhaps, even more abundant than the wheat, because the growth is principally upon the light lands, to which the rains have been highly favourable during the summer, but it is yet only partially housed, particularly in the northern and eastern districts. It may also be, and it undoubtedly is, a little shortened by the substitution of Talavera wheat, in the eastern counties especially. But there is a large stock in hand, and the new growth has, in the general, taken little injury at present, for much remains to be cut. From the same causes as have af-

fectured the wheats the sample is not quite as fine as in the best years, but bulk must again be regarded as compensating this deficiency in quality. Some premature effects of opinion have, however, appeared in the late transfers of this grain, as in the sales of wheat, though to a less extent.

Oats are, perhaps, scarcely an average crop. Upon the rich soils they are unusually good, but on inferior light or dry lands deficient both in quantity and quality. Notwithstanding the large importations it is believed the stock on hand is not great.

Beans and peas (the former especially) are an abundant growth. The quantity of old on hand is also very large.

Turnips are generally very excellent. The Swedes, which, during the short period of hot weather, drooped and declined, were wonderfully improved by the rains; and where the ridge system has been adopted they are astonishingly fine. The crop of Mr. Clark, sown at $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, which we mentioned in our last report, has gone a great way towards establishing the superiority of that method of culture, and particularly at very wide intervals. Of the multitudes of farmers who have inspected this field, there is not one but admires the prodigious size of the bulbs, the undeviating regularity of their growth, and the luxuriance of the tops: a spectator at the distance of a few yards can scarcely perceive that they are sown in ridges; so completely is the whole piece over-shaded with green. Dr. Rigby's turnips, sown at 30 inches, are such as almost to vie with Mr. Clark's, and we look upon these agriculturists' experiments to be highly important to the culture of this valuable article of good husbandry. Complaints of the injury farmers have suffered from damaged and spurious seed are very rife and heavy, particularly in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire; indeed, after the tricks practised in the preparation of the various seeds by chemical operations, lately exposed, it is impossible to guard purchasers too strongly as to the character of the merchant with whom they have dealings.

The hay is considered now to be scarcely an average crop. Pastures have been productive, and the stock in grazing counties has thriven to the fullest expectation of the proprietors.

Cattle are selling ruinously low, scarcely obtaining in some instances the price they cost a year ago. Lean beasts have therefore declined. Scots are, at present, 20 per cent. lower than last autumn, though the supply is scanty. Fat stock is not likely to be over plentiful, since it is naturally to be supposed that the agricultural depression has operated against the provision of any large quantity during last season.

Sheep are certainly more numerous than

ever, and the trade for lambs was rather brisker at some fairs, but the prices (12s. or 14s. a head) cannot remunerate the grower. Shearlings are to be bought for less money than they sold for as lambs last year.

At the various fairs the demand for cattle was every where exceedingly slack. Carlisle was the worst ever remarked. Nothing scarcely was done. *Ninety thousand* sheep and lambs were penned at Wilton, and the prices they fetched were nearly 8s. a head *below* those of last year. Ewes were sold from 8s. to 23s.; lambs from 5s. to 18s.; an immense number were left unsold. At Stockwith fair, black colts, which a short time since would have brought 40l. with difficulty reached 15l.

At St. Gile's Hill fair, Winchester, the supply of cheese was unusually small, yet sales were heavy, and a great part of what was pitched was not disposed of. The prices were, best old Somerset, 70s.; new Wilts, from 40 to 46s.; seconds, 28 to 32s.; skim, 18 to 22s.

Wool has sunk in price: long wool is worth from 13s. 6d. to 15s. per stone of 16½. In Cornwall, the depression is attributed to their manufacturers being this year thrown out of the India trade.

The produce of hops will be large, though the mould has in some grounds affected them.

At the late meetings of the Lincolnshire and of the Glamorganshire agricultural societies, premiums were distributed for the best stock exhibited; for superior farming; and to shepherds and labourers for good conduct: and one to Mr. Whitworth, of Acre House (by the Lincolnshire) for his trouble in experiments, to ascertain the best quality of ray grass.

The Glamorganshire society awarded its prizes for the best bull, and the best boar, to the *Misses Bassett*. These ladies, by their attention to good breeding, have established a more than ordinary title to the rewards of husbandry.

As the season for wheat sowing is rapidly approaching, it may be useful to have it known that recent experiments have proved that the sulphate of copper, which has been used as a pickle for seed wheat, possesses the property of destroying any seeds of cockle which may by chance be mixed with it. At the same time, it should appear, that a great proportion of the wheat itself is liable to injury from the action of the pickle, so that this preparation requires great caution in using.

The evidence taken by the Committee of the House of Commons, to inquire into the agricultural petitions, is printed, and is very voluminous. Every engine is employed to rouse the landed interest to get up a new and stronger set of petitions for protection, as numerous signed as possible.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR AUGUST, 1821.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

The mean temperature of the air for this month, is $4\frac{1}{2}$ higher than in August, 1820; and the mean temperature of spring water at 8 o'clock A.M. is 53.30 , that is $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ higher than in the preceding month. So sultry were the nights of the 22d, 23rd, and 24th, that the self-registering thermometer did not sink below 63° in an exposed place, and on each of those days it rose to 80° in the shade. The atmospheric and

meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month are, 2 coloured *parhelia*, 1 solar halo, 2 rainbows, 74 meteors of various sizes in the evenings (many of them with trains) which have uniformly presaged wind and rain; lightning in the evenings of the 5th, 8th, and 24th; and 6 strong gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 2 from the E. 1 from SW. and 3 from the W.

DAILY REMARKS.

August 1. An overcast sky and a damp air, except in the afternoon, when plumose *cirri* and *cirrocumulus* appeared in flocks and in beds above nascent *cumuli*.

2. Much dew at sunrise, and a lilac haze around the horizon, surmounted by orange and lemon colours; a fair morning with *cirri* and *cumuli*, and gentle crossing winds: a waved sky in the afternoon, and rain in the night.

3. A.M. light rain, and calm: a fine afternoon, and 2 coloured *parhelia*, one on each side of the sun, in cirrostrative clouds, at 6 P.M. From 9 till half past 10, 5 meteors shot in different directions, two of them had long sparkling trains which disappeared with the meteors, the largest of these, having been formed in the lower atmosphere to the southward, cast a whitish light on the ground. Whilst these meteors appeared, a pretty white level *stratus* rose from the grass-fields and lakes, and was followed by a dense fog throughout the night.

4. A.M. generally overcast with *cirrostratus*: in the afternoon, fair, with nascent *cumuli* and plumose *cirri*, some of the latter transformed into *cirrocumuli* in small round flocks of a silvery colour; a calm and cloudless night. From 9 till 12 P.M. 16 small and middle-sized meteors appeared in various parts of the sky; six of these had very long luminous trains, and some of them continued to issue sparks after the bodies had disappeared: they were of various colours, as white, light red, and a mixed light blue and red; 4 of the caudated meteors were thus traced in their flight between 10 and 11 o'clock; 1 through the northern crown, 1 under *Sagittarius*, 1 between *Alioth* and *Benetnasch* in *Ursa Major*, and 1 between *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, notwithstanding the light which the latter afforded.

5. Fair, with hot sunshine, and a pleasant breeze: a clear sky by night, except a few patches of cirrostrative cloud near

the northern point of the horizon, from behind which it lightened at slow intervals for three hours. From 9 till 12 P.M. 12 meteors appeared, five of them had long trains—the largest of these at 20 minutes before 11 o'clock, was of the apparent size and colour of the planet *Jupiter*, and passed through a space of about 26° , viz. from between the star α and \times in *Draco*, thence under *Alioth* in *Ursa Major* to *Cor. Caroli*—its train was about 20° long, and threw off inflammable sparks a short time after the body had disappeared.

6. Chiefly overcast with a mixture of clouds, which let fall light showers in the afternoon: a cloudy night. At a quarter before 9 P.M. a brilliant meteor descended almost perpendicularly, and within $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of the moon's northern limb. This was the nearest meteor to the moon that we have hitherto seen after her first quarter, and when shining in an unclouded space.

7. At 6 A.M. a perfect rainbow, followed in the morning by compound clouds, and some drops of rain at intervals: the afternoon fine, with a brisk NW. wind; overcast with *Cirrostratus* from the westward at night.

8. Rain, and a strong gale from the SW., with but little variation in the temperature of the air during the last 24 hours. Some flashes of lightning from the passing clouds in the night.

9. A stormy day, with *Nimbi* and heavy showers, but of short duration. From 10 till 12 P.M. 10 meteors appeared, while the moon shone bright in the middle of her second quarter; so that at that age her light was not sufficient to obscure the smallest and brightest of these, of which one exhibited a long train, and passed between the constellations *Pisces* and *Pegasus*, at a quarter before twelve o'clock—the sky was apparently clear, but there was haze around the horizon, and a brisk gale from the westward, at the time of their appearance.

10. Sunshine, and a brisk westerly gale, with a prevailing mixture of clouds, and a quiescent barometer throughout the day. Four small meteors appeared in the course of the evening, three of these to the northward.

11. Sunshine between the showers, and a brisk westerly gale in the day, and one rainbow in the evening. Two brilliant meteors appeared about 10 P.M., the first, which inclined to the south, had a very quick motion, and was even seen passing with great velocity behind an attenuated cloud: the other, which inclined towards the north, advanced comparatively slow, almost in a horizontal direction, and left a short sparkling train behind it. A calm and dry night.

12. A low and level *Stratus* appeared in the fields till after sunrise, and in its ascent formed into nascent *Cumuli*. A fine day, and a beautiful sky of passing *Cirrocumuli* at night, enlightened by the full moon.

13. A.M. sunshine, and an inosculation of various modifications of clouds: an overcast sky in the afternoon, and rain and wind by night.

14. A.M. rain and wind: P.M. fine between the showers.

15. A fair day, with prevailing *Cirrocumulus*: overcast and sultry at night, and two winds, the lower one from the W. the upper one from NW.

16 and 17. Calm and overcast, and rather humid below, except in the afternoons, which were fine—the nights very sultry.

18. Overcast, with *Cumulostratus* of an electric appearance, through the cirrostrative part of which the sun's disc was well-defined, and pleasant to look at with the naked eye nearly all day, and not unlike the silvery colour of the full moon in a clear winter's night. The sun having had a similar appearance the two preceding mornings, and several spectators deeming it an uncommon phenomenon, and wishing to know the cause, it may be necessary just to say that it arose from the intervention of an attenuated cloud, of such an uniform density as just to bar the passage of the solar rays. At 10 minutes before 10 P.M. a coloured meteor passed from the star γ in Aquila to α in the head of Hercules, a space of 26° , the train was of a light red colour, and about 16° long; and a dense cloud had not long before moved off, from that part in a westerly direction. At 35 minutes past 10 o'clock, a bright meteor appeared without a train, about 12° above the western point of the horizon, and descended obliquely towards the SW. A fine dewy night.

19. A fine day, and a clear, calm, dewy night. The sun rose and set fiery red.

20. A slight *Stratus* early, and a cloudless day: a fine calm dewy night, with *Cirrus* from the southward. Two small meteors appeared at a quarter before 9 P.M. one on each side of the northern crown.

21. A.M. as the preceding: the afternoon fair, with plumose and horizontal bands of *Cirrus*, which in the evening passed off to dark *Cirrostratus*, and to appearance divided the sun's disc in two semicircles just before it set. A clear night. From 9 till 12 P.M. 9 small meteors appeared in various directions, in an apparently clear sky, one of which had a train behind it.

22. A hot cloudless day and night, with the exception of a *Stratus* in the evening, and a few small *Cumuli* at mid-day. Between 10 and 11 P.M. 3 small meteors appeared to the westward.

23. The day and night nearly as the preceding, but the wind came round to the SE. in a refreshing breeze at mid-day, and in the evening veered to the east. About 9 P.M. a large and brilliant meteor, with a long coloured train, appeared several seconds in descending obliquely from near the zenith towards the NW., 7 other meteors also appeared in various parts of the sky between 9 and 12 o'clock, without any other characteristic than that of being small, at a great altitude, and having a great velocity.

24. A fair day, with *Cirrocumuli* in light flocks, and a large *Cumulostratus* cloud overhanging its base towards the north, in which direction some low flashes of lightning were observed in the evening. Much *gossamer* about for some days past. From 10 till 12 P.M. 4 small meteors appeared, two under the constellation Hercules, one under Ursa Major, and one under *Georgium Sidus*.

25. The sky overcast by a dense and humid cirrostrative haze, from which some light drops of rain fell towards the evening.

26. As the preceding day and night, excepting two hours in the evening, when *Cirrocumulus* in light flocks appeared above *Cumulostratus*.

27. An overcast sky and a strong gale from the east, with some light rain, except in the afternoon, which was fine.

28. Rain and a moderate gale from the same quarter most of the day and night.

29. Uncommonly heavy rain from 6 till 11 o'clock A.M.: P.M. foggy.

30. A.M. a fog, through which some light rain fell at intervals: P.M. showery.

31. Showery in the day; and a cloudy night.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month.	Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO-METER.			HYGROME-TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.	
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirro-cumulus.	Cirro-stratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulostratus.			Nimbus.
1		29.98	29.97	29.975	76	55	65.5	90	75	100	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2		30.20	30.15	30.175	76	60	68	80	60	75	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	0.09
3		30.03	30.01	30.020	73	59	66	80	75	70	NE to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.25	.02
4		30.10	30.04	30.070	72	59	65.5	74	65	75	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
5		29.97	29.94	29.955	80	60	70	64	50	70	SE to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
6	☾	29.99	29.91	29.950	76	56	66	65	51	60	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
7		30.07	30.05	30.060	73	57	65	68	44	58	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.30	.01
8		29.94	29.64	29.790	64	59	61.5	81	97	100	SW38
9		29.58	29.58	29.580	70	55	62.5	82	54	67	W	...	1	1	1	1	1	120
10		29.55	29.55	29.550	68	56	62	64	55	70	W	1	1	1	1	130
11		29.79	29.67	29.730	68	52	60	68	68	81	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	114
12		30.00	29.92	29.960	73	52	62.5	70	60	82	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
13	☉	30.04	29.96	30.000	75	59	67	72	70	92	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.25	.32
14		29.81	29.75	29.780	70	52	61	88	87	86	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	109
15		30.06	29.98	30.020	76	60	68	70	60	84	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
16		30.14	30.12	30.130	74	61	67.5	75	65	90	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.25	...
17		30.17	30.10	30.135	77	62	69.5	83	67	86	SW to W	...	1	1	1	1	1	1
18		30.15	30.06	30.105	73	57	65	74	60	73	NW	1	1	1	1	1
19		30.21	30.21	30.210	70	56	63	71	72	80	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	.20	...
20	☾	30.22	30.18	30.200	74	60	67	70	54	70	E to SE	1	...	1	1	1	1	1
21		30.18	30.16	30.170	75	59	67	62	58	70	E to SE	1	...	1	1	1	1	1
22		30.17	30.13	30.150	80	63	71.5	75	56	65	NE	1	1	1	1	1	.40	...
23		30.09	30.02	30.055	80	63	71.5	71	58	70	NE to SE	1	1	1	1	1
24		29.97	29.94	29.955	80	63	71.5	65	57	70	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
25		29.97	29.96	29.965	75	63	69	70	80	90	SE to W	1	1	1	1	1	.30	...
26		30.06	30.00	30.030	75	59	67	76	73	82	W to NE	...	1	1	1	1	1	1
27	☉	30.12	30.07	30.095	69	58	63.5	73	56	65	NE to E	1	1	1	1	1	1	101
28		29.90	29.86	29.880	63	57	60	67	67	91	E	1	1	1	.25	.23
29		29.75	29.73	29.740	67	61	64	98	91	96	E to SW	1	1	1	...	1.75
30		29.75	29.73	29.740	73	62	67.5	96	82	97	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	110
31		29.84	29.72	29.780	70	60	65	87	91	87	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.10	.37
		30.22	29.55	29.966	80	52	65.80	75.1	66.4	79.1		19	18	25	10	20	17	14	2.60	3.71

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.22 Aug. 20th, Wind East.
 { Minimum..... 29.55 Do. 10th, Do. West.

Range of the Mercury..... 0.67
 Mean barometrical pressure for the Month..... 29.966
 for the lunar period, ending the 27th instant..... 29.995
 for 16 days, with the Moon in North declination..... 30.076
 for 14 days, with the Moon in South declination..... 29.909
 Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury..... 3.900
 Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 0.430
 Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 21

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 80° on four different days.
 { Minimum..... 52° in three different nights.

Range..... 28
 Mean temperature of the Air..... 65.80
 for 31 days with the Sun in Leo..... 65.03
 Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 24.00
 Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 53.30

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air..... 100° in the evenings of the 1st and 8th.
 Greatest dryness of.... Ditto..... 44 in the afternoon of the 7th.
 Range of the Index..... 56
 Mean at 2 o'clock PM..... 66.4
 at 8 Do. .. AM..... 75.1
 at 8 Do. .. PM..... 79.1
 of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock..... 73.5
 Evaporation for the month..... 2.60 inches.
 Rain and hail, for Ditto..... 3.71 ditto.
 Prevailing Winds, W.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 5; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 11; an overcast sky, without rain, 8; foggy 1; rain, 6—Total, 31 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus.
 19 18 25 10 20 17 14

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
—	3	5	5	1	5	7	5	31

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Sept. 22.)

SINCE the date of our last report the most interesting subject of mercantile attention has been the extraordinary rise in the price of corn, as it has had a great influence on the general market. Many speculations have been made on the probability of the ports being opened for the admission of foreign grain. It is now, we believe, above a twelvemonth since we expressed it as our opinion, that even should the harvest of 1821 prove unfavourable, the average price would hardly rise, so as to allow of the importation of foreign wheat before the spring of 1822; and we think, we may still venture to maintain the same opinion. There have been, it is true, many vague reports in circulation, tending to excite a belief of the probability of the ports opening for the importation of foreign grain. These rumours are, we believe, chiefly spread for the purpose of affecting the funds, as the exaggerated statements industriously circulated of an expected failure of the harvest, in consequence of the very unfavourable weather, are calculated to excite an alarm, and promote the views of the holders of foreign grain, by getting the average price to rise above 80s. for a moment. But if the new wheat should turn out to be, in general, of a very inferior quality, it must be sold at a proportionably low price, which will keep down the average, and the more according as the quantity spoiled is large. Nor let it be thought, that the rise in the price of good wheat must be so great as to make up the difference; for, we think, we have rather better grounds than mere conjecture for saying, that if this year's crop could be proved to have entirely failed, there is sufficient old wheat in the United Kingdom for twelve months' consumption. When we speak, however, of our opinions on this subject, we do not mean to exclude the probability of the average rising sufficiently high to allow of the importation of grain from Canada; if we consider the resources of the Canadas, we may rest assured, that they will be able to supply us with more than sufficient to keep down the averages below 80s. unless the same nefarious practices that succeeded last year, in deluging the country with foreign oats, should be again resorted to with the same success; should the averages rise so far as to admit the produce of the Canadas, we can hardly grudge this advantage to our fellow subjects beyond the Atlantic, condemned by the strictness of our commercial system from disposing of their superfluous produce to any but the mother country. Having thus stated our views of this important subject, we subjoin the following prices, at which corn from foreign countries is admitted for home-consump-

tion: wheat 80s., rye 53s., barley 40s., oats 27s., beans 53s., peas 53s.—Prices at which corn from the British settlements in Canada is admitted: wheat 67s., rye 44s., barley 33s., oats 22s., beans 44s., peas 44s.—The aggregate averages for the week ending 8th instant, which regulate foreign importation: wheat 55s. 8d., rye 28s. 9d., barley 25s. 11d., oats 19s. 8d., beans 27s. 8d., peas 30s. 5d. For several weeks preceding, the averages were, of course, a shade lower. Being now upon the subject, we will, contrary to our usual custom, commence our monthly report with—

Corn.—Without going into long details, we will merely give the gradual advance on the prices of one description of grain, in consequence of the unfavourable weather during the last four weeks, and we select for this purpose Essex and Suffolk wheat:

Per quarter.

	Red.	White.
Aug. 27.....	40s. 54s.....	48s. 62s.
Sept. 3.....	45s. 60s.....	54s. 70s.
10.....	54s. 78s.....	60s. 82s.
17.....	54s. 78s.....	60s. 82s.

This rise having naturally held out great temptation to the farmer, immense quantities, about 20,000 quarters, have been pressed into the market since Monday, the effects of which were felt yesterday, the holders having been very eager to sell at prices from 2s. to 4s. lower than on Monday, but without tempting buyers. Some sales of barley, beans, peas, and oats were effected nearly on the same terms as on Monday, but these sales were very inconsiderable, and the market was in a state of great stagnation.

The rapid advance in the price of corn excited last week great interest in the colonial market: in two weeks wheat had advanced about 20s. per quarter, other descriptions of grain had also risen materially: in consequence of this advance, the continuance of bad weather, the appearance of a bad harvest, and the reported probability of the opening of the ports for foreign corn, there were extensive speculations in rice, which advanced from 12s. to 15s. and 15s. 6d.—Large purchases of rum, which was fully 1d. per gallon higher.—Speculators made great inquiries after coffee, refined and foreign sugars, and every article of general export, which they anticipated would rise with great rapidity on the prospect of the opening of the ports. The return of fine weather, and the fall of the corn market, has again thrown a gloom upon trade, and though the advance in many articles is still maintained, yet sales cannot be made in the present dull state of the markets.

The preservation of peace between Russia and Turkey appears to be less doubtful than

it was a month back. Letters from Odessa of August 27, state, that the Russian government there has publicly announced, that Russian ships will no longer be detained in the Bosphorus by the Turks, and that trade in general is not subject to any impediments. This was considered as a proof that war was not probable.

Cotton.—The prices of cotton have, on the whole, improved during the last month, though the accounts from Liverpool were at first not favourable; the demand for exportation was considerable here at the beginning of this month, and low Bengals in particular were in great request; even after the demand for exportation had, in some measure, subsided, they maintained their price. The demand continued good, and the market was evidently improving till the 13th of this month, when the East India Company declared an extensive sale for the 9th of October; which, of course, tended rather to keep down the prices. The present state of the market is as follows:—The purchases of cotton, for the last week, consist of 310 Bengal, $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ in bond; 250 Surat, $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $8d.$; 30 Madras, $7d.$ a $7\frac{1}{2}d.$; 150 Upland, $9\frac{1}{2}d.$; 80 Pernambuco, $12\frac{1}{2}d.$

The arrivals, from the 14th to the 20th inst. inclusive:—Calcutta, 819; Madras, 50; Jamaica, 207; Rio Janeiro, 70.

The accounts from Liverpool are very favourable; the sales for the first three days this week average 2,000 bags per day. The prices of cotton here are little varied; notwithstanding the extensive sale declared by the East India Company, there are no sellers at any reduction; the particulars of the quantity at present declared:—

Bengals.....	9548
Surats	5975
Madras	576
Bourbon	233

16,332

The arrivals at Liverpool, for the four weeks, ending 15th of September, were 30,000 bags, and the sales 23,000.

Sugar.—The market has not presented any remarkable fluctuation this month: the prices of Muscovades have been in general low. Accounts having been received from Jamaica, at the beginning of September, which stated that the weather had been very unfavourable to the crops, an improvement in the demand took place, but without much influence on the prices. Foreign sugars have been uncommonly low, as the following account of a sale in the beginning of this week will show; 321 chests Havannah; the white sold $6s.$ a $8s.$, yellow $3s.$ a $4s.$ lower; good white $40s.$ and $40s. 6d.$, good yellow $25s. 6d.$ and $26s.$; a good proportion of the latter was taken in at these prices. Brazil sugars; brown $17s.$ a $19s. 6d.$, yellow $24s.$ a $26s.$, low white $29s. 6d.$ a $31s. 6d.$, selling in considerable

parcels at these rates. A public sale of 234 chests was afterwards brought forward, but the prices offered for the first lot being exceedingly low, the whole was immediately withdrawn.

The very low prices of Havannah and Brazil sugars attracted the attention of the buyers; two parcels were brought forward to public sale; 229 chests were nearly all taken in, $27s.$ a $28s.$ for good yellow; the second sale, 140 chests, sold rather freely, $27s. 6d.$ and $28s.$ for good yellow, $25s.$ and $26s.$ for good brown, which may be stated at $1s.$ a $2s.$ higher than the previous prices; 75 packages Brazil sold at nearly the same advance, middling white $34s.$, ordinary $29s. 6d.$ a $31s. 6d.$; yellow $22s.$; brown $18s.$ a $20s.$

There is little alteration in the prices of Muscovades this week; the sales are more limited; the fine sugars fully support the previous prices, and in some instances are a shade higher; the inferior browns still hang heavily on hand.

There have been considerable purchases this week of lumps and loaves; the refiners in consequence are very firm, and in several instances prices have been realised which were not before attainable: the stocks of goods on hand are very much reduced, and many houses have worked out.

The holders of Foreign sugars are not inclined to accept the present low prices of the market; the purchases by private contract are in consequence quite inconsiderable.

By public sale yesterday forenoon, 69 chests Brazil sugars were brought forward; grey sold $26s.$ a $28s.$, yellow $21s.$ a $22s. 6d.$, brown $18s.$ and $18s. 6d.$

Average prices of raw sugar by Gazette:

Aug. 25.....	32s. $2\frac{1}{2}d.$
Sept. 1.....	31s. $9\frac{1}{2}d.$
8.....	32s. $7\frac{1}{2}d.$
15.....	31s. $5\frac{1}{2}d.$
22.....	31s. $3\frac{1}{2}d.$

Coffee.—The market was very heavy for nearly a fortnight, subsequent to our last report, when the demand improved, and prices rose a little; but this appearance of revived demand tempting the holders, they declared extensive sales, and an improvement of $1s.$ to $2s.$ per cwt. was, in fact, at first obtained, but the quantity brought forward being very large, naturally caused a depression, which still continues.

The quantity brought forward this week has been very extensive; on Thursday, in one sale, 687 casks and 602 bags; and, as the greater proportion consisted of ordinary, good, and fine ordinary Jamaica, a further depression of $3s.$ in the prices may be stated since Tuesday, and since Friday last the market has declined $6s.$ per cwt. in the ordinary descriptions; the finer qualities are also lower, but no considerable depression has taken place. Havannah Cof-

fee has fallen this week 3s. a 4s. per cwt.; St. Domingo about 2s.

By public sale this forenoon, 145 bags, 101 brls. and 99 hhds. of Havannah coffee went off at the prices of yesterday, fine ordinary 106s. 6d. and 107s., good ordinary 105s. and 103s. 6d.

Tea.—At the East India sale, Boheas sold at an advance of 2½d. to 3d., common Congou, 2d., finer sorts, 1d., Twankay 1d. higher. Owing to the large quantity of private trade teas, (chiefly caper, hyson, and gunpowder) they have been sold very reasonably, and in many instances, cheaper than they ever were before.

Spices.—The East India Company has declared for the 12th of November, a sale of 500,000 lb. cinnamon; 20,000 lb. mace; 100,000 lb. nutmegs; 1,000 lb. oil of mace, and 1,000 tons of saltpetre. This declaration has had but little effect on the market.

Baltic Produce.—The demand for tallow was very brisk towards the middle of this month, and large purchases were made at increased prices, but the market has since become very languid, so that yesterday no sales of yellow candle could be made at 45s. Hemp has likewise been in good request, and an advance of 15s. took place between the 4th and the 18th instant. Flax rather heavy, but the demand improving.

Oils.—There are several vessels reported from the Davis Streights fishery this week; they are well fished, but report indifferently of the ships they spoke. The accounts they bring are not credited, and in consequence the oil market must be stated exceedingly heavy; one or two parcels are reported at 22l. and 23l., but the first price could not be obtained for a cargo or a large parcel.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There has been a brisk and extensive demand for rum, but it has now rather relaxed; the late increase in the prices is, however, fully maintained. Brandy is much inquired for; good Cognac realises 3s. 10d. and 3s. 11d., and the holders are asking 4s. Geneva remains without alteration.

Wool.—There is little variation in price; during the present year the demand has been steady, and, as the importation has not been considerable, nearly all the old stock has been worked up. Some advance in the price having taken place in Germany and Spain, the new wools come at higher limits. The manufacturers however generally resist the advance, and expect, that by holding off from purchasing for some time, the importers will give way: the wool market is in consequence heavy.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Riga, August 31.—Flax. 47 r. are asked for Marienburg Crown; and the following sorts are paid for at the annexed prices: Thiesenhausen and Druiana, 45½

r.; ditto, ditto, dark grey, 43½ r.; Risten Threeband, 29½ to 30 r.; Tow, 13 r.—*Hemp:* we have received some supplies at the end of this week, and the trade was duller. Purchases may be made at the following prices:—Ukraine, clean, 107 to 106; Polish, ditto, 112 r.; Ukraine Outshot, 83; Polish, ditto, 88 to 87 r.; Ukraine pass, 74 to 75 r.; Polish, 78; Ukraine torse, 49½ r. *Potashes* are held at 105 r.; and our stock is small. *Tallow* without demand, 138 banco roubles are asked for white crown. A little has been doing in yellow crown at 142 r.; 135 r. are asked for soap tallow; but it might probably be had rather lower. *Seeds* are in general dull; but something is, however, occasionally doing. Purchases might easily be made at the following prices: Remaining sowing linseed, 4½ to 5 silver roubles; Druiana (of 111 to 115 lbs.), at 14 to 17 b. r.; crushing (of 110 to 112 lbs.), 12 to 15 b. r. Hemp (of 93 lbs.) 9½ to 10 r. per barrel. *Grain.* Rye is but little inquired for. Courland rye (of 113 to 116 lbs.) was last sold at 55 to 59 r. Barley is rather more in demand; and Courland (of 110 lbs.) has been sold at 43 r.; and (of 106 to 109 lbs.) at 52 r.

Odessa, 15 August.—An imperial ukase has suddenly revoked the privileges of a free port, granted to this town by a preceding ukase; instead of which, there is to be a kind of entrepot, as there was before. This measure is ascribed to the representations of the merchants of Riga and St. Petersburg. The Governor-General, the merchants, and all the foreign consuls, have sent a memorial to his Majesty, representing the infallible ruin that must ensue to numerous individuals who have speculated on the privileges of the free port, and the certain destruction of the rising commerce of this place.

Hamburg, 15 September.—Cotton: But little doing this week: American and Brazil descriptions were duller; but East India fully maintained its price. *Coffee:* There have been large purchases this week; and the prices have not only been maintained, but the finer descriptions have even risen a trifle.—*Grain:* here, as in Holland, the accounts by the last two English mails have caused a brisker demand and higher prices; wheat, in particular, of the best quality, has been in great demand, large orders having been received; and it is 12 rix dollars higher than last week; other sorts in proportion. Rye is not in demand; yet it is held a few dollars higher. Old barley, of the best quality, and fine oats are much sought for exportation, and both paid 3 to 5 rix dollars higher. Fine rape-seed also has met a ready sale, at an advance of 8 rix dollars. We are very eager for the next accounts of the state of the corn-trade in England. *Spices:* pepper is still in demand. Pimento dull; no

change in the finer descriptions, except that cassa flor. has declined a little. *Rice*: neither the demand nor the price has yet been affected by the rise in the price of corn.—*Tea*: prices are fair, and a favorable opinion is entertained of the further course of this article.—*Sugar*: a good deal has been doing in our refined this week; and the better sorts are held at $\frac{1}{4}$ d. higher, and the stock being but small, this advance must be acceded to. Lumps meet a ready sale at 9d. to 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. and, according to all appearance, an improvement may be expected. As we have received this week large imports from Brazil, the demand for raw sugars has now become slack; and inferior sorts, in particular, might probably be had on lower terms.

Dresden, 20 August.—The discussions of the Committee on the navigation of the

Elbe are terminated. A convention has been agreed upon, by which the navigation of that river is free from the point when it becomes navigable (Melnik) to its mouth. The staples at Magdeburg, Dresden, and Pirna are abolished. The 35 custom-houses on the Elbe are reduced to 14, and probably will be reduced to 12. The 8 states lying on its banks, Bohemia, Saxony, Prussia, the three principalities of Anhalt, Mecklenburg, and Denmark, have agreed on certain fixed duties, which are not to be augmented without the consent of all the states concerned. The whole convention is drawn up in a spirit highly favourable to commerce; and the most sanguine hopes are entertained that it will tend to a system of liberal trade hitherto unknown in the internal navigation of Germany.

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Aug. 25. Colston, D. E. Islington-road, upholsterer. [Pope, Old Bethlem. T.
Cooper, Geo. Jun. Old Ford, Middlesex, farmer. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street. T.
Fry, G. Newbury, Berks, mercer. [Smith, Basinghall-street. T.
Hankes, R. Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-inn-fields, hat-manufacturer. [Harvey, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.
Hodgson, Jos. Staindrop, Durham, shopkeeper. [Turner, 5, Bloomsbury-square. C.
Howard, E. and J. Gibbs, Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, money-scriveners. [Shaw, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn-square. T.
Lambert, R. Ardwick, near Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. [Ellis, Chancery-lane. C.
Parry, T. Manchester, R. Seaton, Pontefract, York, and J. Armitage, Pontefract, York, cotton-spinners. [Ellis, Chancery-lane. C.
Rothery, J. and T. Pape, Leeds, seed-crushers. [Robinson, 26, Essex-street, Strand. C.
Taylor, H. Sidney-place, Commercial-road, master-mariner. [Crabb, 2, Bell's-buildings, Salisbury-square. T.
Taylor, John, New Cut, Lambeth, ironmonger. [Wootton, Nicholas-lane. T.
Thorn, J. T. Plymouth, currier. [Sandys, Crane-court, Fleet-street. C.
Whiteside, R., H. Fisher, and T. Hastie, Whitehaven, Cumberland, merchants. [Falcon, 4, Elm-court, Temple. C.
Aug. 28. Ashton, J. Knutsford, Chester, veterinary surgeon. [Blackstock, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.
Bedford, Thos. Bristol, stationer. [Bridges, Red Lion-square. C.
Bell, J. Downshire-hill, Hampstead, victualler. [Jones, 24, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. T.
Greenhouse, W. Ludlow, Salop, tanner. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.
Hillary, J. P. Mark-lane, wine-merchant. [Reardon, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street. T.
Jones, A. W. New Brentford, corn-merchant. [Toone, 3, Craven-street, Strand. T.
Marshman, Robt. Love-lane, corn-factor. [Smith, New Basinghall-street. T.
Seaton, Robt. Wentbridge, York, cotton-spinner. [Blakeck, 14, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-st. C.
Sept. 1. Bethell, Wm. V. Liverpool, merchant. [Chester, Staple-inn. C.

Bird, T. Solihul Lodge, Warwick, coal-dealer. [Hall, Great James-street, Bedford-row. C.
Bowman, R. Manchester, grocer. [Hurd, Temple. C.
Brammall, D. Whitehouse, York, file-manufacturer. [Blagrove, Symond's-inn. C.
Cassels, R. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, wine-merchant. [Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street. T.
Davis, S. Butts, Stafford, maltster. [Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
Hartland, J. Gloucester, mercer. [Stevenson, 8, Lincoln's-inn. C.
Marshman, R. Love-lane, cloth-factor. [Smith, New Basinghall-street. T.
Thomas, R. Rochdale, Lancaster, hat-manufacturer. [Hurd, Temple. C.
Wright, C. Ludgate-hill, wine-merchant. [Noel, 6, Gray's-inn-place, Gray's-inn. T.
Sept. 4. Crowden, R. Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, boot-maker. [Fox, Austin-friars. T.
Davis, T. Great Barr, Stafford, maltster. [Reynolds, 30, Hertford-st. Fitzroy-square. C.
Driver, N. Steambridge, Gloucester, clothier. [King, 11, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.
Fisher, J. Lancaster, soap manufacturer. [Makinson, Middle Temple. C.
Goundry, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, bacon-dealer. [Bell, 9, Bow Church-yard. C.
Hart, J. and J. M'Alpin, Carlisle, hosiers. [Clenell, Staple's-inn. C.
Knowles, J. and H. Walker, Salford, Lancaster, machine-makers. [Willis, Warrford-court. C.
Langley, J. G. H. Bristol, porter-seller. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.
Rawlins, J. Whitehaven, Cumberland, grocer. [Clenell, Staple's-inn. C.
Stafford, T. Bath, jeweller. [Nethersole, 15, Essex-street, Strand. C.
Woodward, J. and J. Shenton, Birmingham, spirit-merchants. [Drake, Old Fish-street, Doctor's Commons. T.
Sept. 8. Alexander, C. Aldermanbury, linen-dra-per. [Gates, 23, Newgate-street. T.
Baynes, C. Weston-point, Chester, innkeeper. [John, Palsgrave-place, Temple. C.
Cooper, Jas. Newport, Isle of Wight, victualler. [Roe, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street. C.
Egling, J. T. Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, victualler. [Cockayne, 5, Lyon's-inn. T.
Elphick, W. West Ham, Sussex, farmer. [Walton, Girdler's-hall, Basinghall-street. T.
Eybe, F. and A. Schmaeck, Bury-court, St. Mary

- Axe, merchants. [Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street. T.
- Gibson, J. South-street, Finsbury-square, merchant. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.
- Marshall, J. Nine Elms, Battersea, tanner. [Drew, Bermondsey-street, Southwark. T.
- Nelson, J. Kendal, Westmorland, corn-dealer. [Gray, 136, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.
- Sawden, B. S. Bridlington-quay, York, corn-factor. [Crowder, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.
- Warren, J. Bridgewater, Somerset, tanner. [Taylor, 9, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.
- Yell, J. sen. and J. Yell, Jun. Woodham Ferris, Essex, jobbers. [Bridges, 23, Red Lion-sq. C.
- Sept. 11. Compton, W. Birmingham, linen-draper. [Swain, 6, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.
- Deeping, Geo. Lincoln, fellmonger. [Stocker, New Boswell-court. C.
- Dixon, William, High street, Portsmouth, tailor. [Hurst, Milk-street, Cheapside. T.
- Goodwin, John, Bristol, coal-merchant. [Vizard, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
- Oliva, T. C. Quebec, North America, merchant. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.
- Parr, W. Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, tailor. [Popkin, 34, Dean-street, Soho. T.
- Stead, Thos. Thrum-hall, York, cotton-spinner. [Walker, 29, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
- Tunstall, H. Liverpool, provision-dealer. [Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
- Sept. 15. Agar, M. Walbrook, oilman. [War-rand, Mark-lane. T.
- Bill, Samuel, Hill-top, Stafford, timber-merchant. [Alexander, New-inn. C.
- Brown, C. Dundee, merchant. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.
- Corbyn, J. J. Pilgrim's-hatch, Essex, master-mariner. [Delmar, 25, Norfolk-st. Strand. T.
- Dawson, J. Penrith, Cumberland, coach-maker. [Steel, 88, Queen-street, Cheapside. C.
- Hillary, T. P. Little Tower-street, wine-merchant. [Hodgson, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry. T.
- Mawdsley, H. Ormskirk, Lancaster, plumber. [Blackstock, 4, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.
- Norfolk, Hez. Mountsorrel, Leicester, worsted-maker. [Taylor, 14, John-st. Bedford-row. C.
- Ryder, A. Commercial Sale-rooms, cotton-merchant. [Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-street. T.
- Smalpage, J. Leeds, woollen-draper. [Makinson, Temple. C.
- Wright, D. Well-street, Wellclose-square, dealer in corn. [Jones, Mincing-lane. T.
- Sept. 18. Batley, John, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, grocer. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.
- Bayley, C. Abingdon, Berks, linen-draper. [Nelson, 11, Essex-street, Strand. C.
- Burrows, J. Gloucester, mercer. [King, 11, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.
- Reid, A. Pimlico, carpenter. [Topping, 18, Greville-street, Hatton-garden. T.
- Rolfe, W. Teignmouth, Devon, builder. [Burfoot, Inner Temple. C.
- Wardle, Isaac, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Hurd, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Aug. 25 to Sept. 18.

- Spence, B. merchant, Lerwick.
- Bell, J. merchant, Glasgow.
- Henderson, W. flax-spinner, Mainsfield, Dundee.
- McGillivray, D. drover, Balnacarnich.
- Bennett, G. merchant, Keith.
- Williamson, E. merchant, Latheron.
- Bruce, J. ironmonger, 271, High-st. Edinburgh.
- Moffat, R. cattle-dealer, Milton, near Glasgow.
- Riddoch, W. merchant, Banff.
- Webster, J. ship-master, Ferry-port-on-Craigs, Fife.
- Graham, W. and Brothers, merchants, Glasgow.
- Blair, R. farmer, Inchennan.
- McDonald, J. merchant, Perth.
- McEachern, D. Jun. and Co. merchants, Bridgend.
- Miller, R. tailor, Glasgow.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 21 Sept.	Hamburg. 18 Sept.	Amsterdam 21 Sept.	Vienna. 5 Sept.	Nuremberg 13 Sept.	Berlin. 15 Sept.	Naples 7 Aug.	Leipsig. 3 Sept.	Bremen. 17 Sept.
London ...	25-60	37-3	41-10	10-6	fl. 10-12	7-2 $\frac{1}{2}$		6-14 $\frac{1}{2}$	617 $\frac{1}{2}$
Paris	—	26 $\frac{3}{10}$	59	118 $\frac{3}{4}$	fr. 119 $\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{3}{4}$	678	80	—
Hamburg .	181 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	35 $\frac{1}{4}$	144 $\frac{1}{2}$	145 $\frac{1}{4}$	153 $\frac{1}{4}$	22-60	146 $\frac{3}{4}$	133 $\frac{1}{2}$
Amsterdam	59	109	—	134	135 $\frac{1}{4}$	141	41	135 $\frac{1}{4}$	122 $\frac{1}{4}$
Vienna ...	251	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	36	—	40	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	46-05	102	—
Franckfort.	3 $\frac{3}{8}$	147 $\frac{1}{2}$	36 $\frac{5}{8}$	—	100	103 $\frac{3}{8}$	57-10	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	111 $\frac{1}{2}$
Augsburg .	250	147	56 $\frac{13}{16}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	100 $\frac{1}{4}$	—
Genoa	475	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	93	60 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	56-70	—	—
Leipsig. ...	—	146	—	—	100	104 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—
Leghorn ...	510	89	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon ...	554	37 $\frac{3}{8}$	42 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz	15-55	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ...	433	—	64 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa ...	15-55	—	104 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	15-60	94	105 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto	555	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	42	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 13 Sept.	Breslaw 12 Sept.	Christiana. 5 Sept.	Petersburg. 31 Aug.	Riga. 3 Sept.	Leghorn 10 Aug.	Madrid. 10 Sept.	Lisbon. 7 Sept.
London	153 $\frac{1}{2}$	7-3 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 Sp. 60	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	9 $\frac{1}{16}$	48 $\frac{3}{4}$	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	51
Paris	79 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{16}$	104	16-1	542
Hamburg	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	152 $\frac{7}{16}$	190	8 $\frac{9}{16}$	9 $\frac{3}{16}$	92	—	39 $\frac{1}{4}$
Amsterdam .	135	142 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	9 $\frac{11}{16}$	—	102	—	44 $\frac{1}{2}$
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	855

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Aug. 24 to Sept. 21.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-17..12-16
Ditto at sight	12-14..12-13..12-11
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-18..12-17..12-15
Antwerp	12-9
Hamburgh, 2½ U	38-2 ..38-0
Altona, 2½ U	38-3 ..38-1
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-70..25-66
Ditto 2 U	26-0 ..25-90
Bordeaux	26-0 ..25-90
Frankfort on the Main	153 ..157
Ex. M.	
Petersburg, rble, 3 U	8½
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-25..10-23
Trieste ditto	10-25..10-23
Madrid, effective	36
Cadiz, effective	36
Bilboa	35¾
Barcelona	35½
Seville	35½
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	47
Genoa	43¾
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	39½ ..39¾
Palermo, per oz.	116 ..118
Lisbon	50
Oporto	50
Rio Janeiro	48½ ..49
Bahia	59
Dublin	9¼ ..9½
Cork	9

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	13	6	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	10	0	4	9½
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 31s. 3½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 12½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Cwt. in Spitalfields.

Ware	£2	0	0	to	4	0	0
Middlings	1	0	0	to	1	10	0
Chats	0	0	0	to	0	0	0
Common Red	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Aug. 27 to Sept. 24.

	Aug. 27.	Sept. 3.	Sept. 10.	Sept. 17.	Sept. 24.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle	34 8 to 41 6	36 6 to 42 3	32 0 to 42 9	32 0 to 43 6	31 6 to 43 6
Sunderland	35 6 to 42 0	35 6 to 0 0	37 6 to 43 6	37 0 to 39 0	35 6 to 44 6

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Aug. 18	Aug. 25	Sept. 1	Sept. 8	Sept. 15
Wheat	56 7	55 11	54 7	55 8	61 6
Rye	34 3	31 3	26 7	28 9	28 9
Barley	26 10	26 1	25 10	25 11	27 5
Oats	21 5	20 10	20 0	19 8	21 1
Beans	29 4	29 2	27 2	27 8	29 2
Peas	32 8	31 2	32 0	30 5	31 10

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Aug. 24, to Sept. 24.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	53,049	602	910	54,561
Barley	8,082	450	—	8,532
Oats	65,822	5,485	2,300	73,607
Rye	231	—	—	231
Beans	10,570	—	—	10,570
Pease	6,167	—	—	6,167
Malt	14,036	Qrs.;	Flour 40,145	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 123 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	45s. to 65s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 56s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to 65s.
Sussex, ditto	42s. to 56s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Pockets	30s. to 50s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.			
3 0 to 4	4..4	8 to 5	10..1 8 to 1 16
Whitechapel.			
3 10 to 4	4..4	0 to 5	0..1 10 to 1 16
St. James's.			
3 0 to 4	0..3	3 to 4	15..1 10 to 2 5

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at Newgate.			
Beef	2s.	4d. to 3s.	4d.
Mutton	2s.	6d. to 3s.	2d.
Veal	2s.	8d. to 4s.	8d.
Pork	2s.	4d. to 4s.	4d.
Lamb	3s.	0d. to 4s.	0d.
Leadenhall.			
Beef	2s.	6d. to 3s.	8d.
Mutton	2s.	6d. to 3s.	4d.
Veal	3s.	4d. to 5s.	4d.
Pork	3s.	0d. to 4s.	8d.
Lamb	2s.	8d. to 3s.	10d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Aug. 24, to Sept. 21, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
11,857	2,800	145,820	1,750

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Sept. 21st, 1821.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.
Canals.	£. s.	£. s.		£.	Bridges.	£. s.	£. s.		£.
Andover.....	5	—	350	100	Southwark	13	—	7356	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	16	—	1482	100	Do. new	12 10	7½ p.c.	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham	70	3 10	1760	—	Vauxhall	15	—	3000	100
Basingstoke	6	—	1260	100	Do. Promissory Notes	92	5	54,000l.	—
Do. Bonds.....	40	2	54,000l.	—	Waterloo	5 5	—	5000	100
Birmingham (divided).....	560	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l.	27 10	—	5000	60
Bolton and Bury.....	95	5	477	250	— Annuities of 7l.	22 10	—	5000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny	80	4	958	150	— Bonds.....	100	5	60,000l.	—
Chelmer and Blackwater.....	90	5	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield	120	8	1500	100	Barking.....	32	—	300	100
Coventry	970	44	500	100	Commercial	102 10	5	1000	100
Croydon.....	3	—	4546	100	— East-India				
Derby.....	135	6	600	100	Branch	100	5	—	100
Dudley	62	3	2060½	100	Great Dover Street.....	33	1 17 6	492	100
Ellesmere and Chester.....	66	3	3575½	133	Highgate Archway.....	4	—	2393	50
Erewash	1000	58	231	100	Croydon Railway.....	—	1	1000	65
Forth and Clyde	500	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.....	—	—	1000	60
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	20	—	1960	100	Severn and Wye	31 10	1 12	3762	50
Do. optional Loan.....	47	3	—	60	Water Works.				
Grand Junction	212	9	11,815½	100	East London.....	87	—	3800	100
Grand Surrey	60	3	1521	100	— Grand Junction	53	2 10	4500	50
Do. Loan	98	5	48,800l.	—	Kent	32 10	—	2000	100
Grand Union	—	—	2849½	100	London Bridge.....	50	2 10	1500	—
Do. Loan	93	5	19,327l.	—	South London	25	—	800	100
Grand Western.....	3	—	3096	100	West Middlesex	50	2	7540	—
Grantham.....	130	7	749	150	York Buildings.....	24	—	1360	100
Huddersfield	13	—	6312	100	Insurances.				
Kennet and Avon	17	16	25,328	100	Albion	44	2 10	2000	500
Lancaster.....	26 10	1	11,690½	100	Atlas	4 15	6	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool.....	315	12	2879½	100	Bath	575	40	—	—
Leicester	290	14	545	—	Birmingham	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union	83	4	1895	100	British	50	3	—	250
Loughborough.....	3600	170	70	—	County	39	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray	—	12	250	100	Eagle	2 12 6	5	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell	—	30	—	—	European	20	1	50,000	20
Monmouthshire	—	10	2409	100	Globe.....	123	6	1,000,000l.	100
Do. Debentures	92	5	43,526l.	100	Hope	3 5	5	40,000	50
Montgomeryshire	70	—	700	100	Imperial	90	4 10	2400	500
Neath.....	420	25	247	—	London Fire.....	24	1 4	3000	25
North Wilts	—	—	1770	25	London Ship.....	20	1	31,000	25
Nottingham.....	200	12	500	100	Provident	17	18	2500	100
Oxford	645	32	1720	100	Rock	1 18	2	100,000	20
Peak Forest	66	3	2400	100	Royal Exchange	250	10	745,100l.	—
Portsmouth and Arundel.....	35	—	2520	50	Sun Fire.....	—	8 10	—	—
Regent's	26	—	12,294	—	Sun Life	22 10	10	4000	100
Rochdale	45	2	5631	100	Union.....	40	1 8	1500	200
Shrewsbury	165	9	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Shropshire	140	7 10	500	100	Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company).....	58 10	4	8000	50
Somerset Coal.....	107 10	7	771	50	Do. New Shares	47 10	3 8	4000	50
Stafford & Worcestershire.....	700	40	700	100	City Gas Light Company	103	8	1000	100
Stourbridge	210	9	300	145	Do. New	54	4	1000	100
Stratford on Avon	11	—	3647	—	Bath Gas	18 5	—	2500	20
Stroudwater	495	22	—	—	Brighton Gas	14 10	14	1500	20
Swansea	190	11 10	533	100	Bristol	27 10	2	1000	20
Tavistock	90	—	350	109	Literary Institutions.				
Thames and Medway.....	20	—	2670	—	London	33	—	1000	75gs
Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1810	75	1300	200	Russel	11 11	—	700	25gs
Warwick and Birmingham	224	12	1000	100	Surrey.....	6	—	700	30gs
Warwick and Napton	210	11	980	100	Miscellaneous.				
Wilts and Berks.....	—	—	14,288	—	Auction Mart	22	1 5	1080	50
Wisbeach.....	60	—	126	105	British Copper Company	52	2 10	1397	100
Worcester and Birmingham	24	1	6000	—	Golden Lane Brewery	—	—	2299	80
Docks.					Do.	8	—	3447	50
Bristol	15	—	2209	146	London Commercial Sale Rooms	19	1	2000	150
Do. Notes	109	5	268,324l.	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class.....	82	4	—	—
Commercial	69	3	3132	100	Do. 2d. Class.....	69	3	—	—
East-India	168	10	450,000l.	100	City Bonds	105	5	—	—
East Country	21	—	1038	100					
London	101½	4	3,114,000l.	100					
West-India	176	10	1,200,000l.	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th Aug. to 24th September.

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Aug.															
25	237	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	61	—	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
27	—	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	60	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	76	6	76
28	235	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	61	—	—	5	75 $\frac{1}{2}$
29	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	60	—	—	5	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
30	235	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	231 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	4	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
31	236	77	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	87	96	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	232 $\frac{1}{2}$	60	—	—	4	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept.															
1	236	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	61	—	—	5	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
3	236	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	62	—	—	5	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	237	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	96	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	233 $\frac{1}{2}$	62	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	5	76
5	shut.	shut.	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	shut.	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	4	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
6	—	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	63	—	—	4	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
7	—	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	233 $\frac{1}{2}$	65	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	8	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
8	—	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	233 $\frac{1}{2}$	64	—	—	4	76
10	—	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	233 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	4	76
11	—	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	233 $\frac{1}{2}$	62	83	—	3	75 $\frac{1}{2}$
12	—	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	64	—	—	3	75 $\frac{1}{2}$
13	—	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	64	—	—	3	75 $\frac{1}{2}$
14	—	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	64	—	—	3	75 $\frac{1}{2}$
15	—	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	62	—	—	3	75 $\frac{1}{2}$
17	—	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	64	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	3	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
18	—	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	96	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	64	—	—	4	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
19	—	—	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	64	—	—	6	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
20	—	—	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	76	—	234 $\frac{1}{2}$	64	84	—	3	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
21	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	—	—	75 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	64	—	—	2p	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
24	—	—	76	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	63	—	—	2p	76

IRISH FUNDS.

	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.	Government Stock, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Royal Canal Stock, 4 per cent.
Aug.										
29	—	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	85	—	—	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—
30	230	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	84	—	—	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	46	—
31	230	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	93	46	—
Sept.										
3	—	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	93	—	22 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	—	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
7	231	86	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109	109	—	—	—
8	231	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	93	—	—
13	—	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109	109	—	—	23 $\frac{1}{2}$
14	—	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	109	109	—	—	23 $\frac{1}{2}$

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Aug. 24, to Sept. 17.

1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Aug.	fr.	c.
24	88	45
27	88	15
30	87	40
Sept.		
3	88	35
6	85	75
8	85	75
10	85	85
12	86	20
15	86	35
16	86	35

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.							NEW YORK.	
	Aug.	Sept.						Aug.	
	31	4	7	11	14	18	21	10	17
Bank Shares.....	—	—	22·176	22·176	—	23	23	113	112
6 per cent.....	1812.....	99	99	99	99	99	99	108	103
	1813.....	102	par.	102	par.	par.	par.	109	109
	1814.....	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	102	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	102	102	102	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$
	1815.....	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	112	—
7 per cent.....	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102	102	110 $\frac{1}{2}$	—

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.